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THE

MORAL STATISTICS OF GLASGOW

IN

1863,

PRACTICALLY APPLIED.

BY

A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

GLASGOW:
PORTEOUS & HISLOP, WEST NILE STREET.
GEORGE GALLIE, BUCHANAN STREET.
JOHN M'CALLUM, RELIGIOUS INSTITUTION ROOMS.
1864.

X
C
8045

GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY DUNN AND WRIGHT,
26 WEST NILE STREET.

120

PREFACE.

THE Glasgow Temperance Mission is a small society which derives a fourth of its income from the princely liberality of John Henderson, Esq. of Park, and which aims at the suppression of intemperance, by presenting religious motives to the mind. Ever since the writer—some seven years ago—joined its executive committee, he has heard at its meetings, expressions of regret at the seeming impossibility of awakening the church to a proper conviction of its duty in the matter of intoxicating drinks. In some congregations, the minister is unwilling to introduce the subject; in others, the majority of the session and members are displeased at their pastor's frequent warnings and entreaties. Very often abstainers blame ministers alone for indifference or opposition, when the truth is, the blame and responsibility rest upon the church as a whole. Ministers are to a great extent exactly what the people desire. In the Southern States of America the clergy defend slavery from the Bible, while in the North their brethren of the same denominations condemn it. So powerful is the mutual influence of a session and minister, that the one can paralyze the other. Unless both move together, like a pair of willing horses in a chariot, progress is impossible. The directors of the Temperance Mission have often wished they could obtain permission to address congregations at their usual prayer meetings, and as often believed that such permission would be denied. Aware of the difficulty of entering the church through the united acquiescence of ministers and sessions, the writer proposed to the committee to draw out a tract on the subject to the Sabbath school teachers, and to visit the different societies. As they approved of the idea, he at once commenced the tract, and got the first two pages set up in type. But as soon as he had looked at the city's statistics—our increasing immorality and crime—he became convinced, that in the space of a tract he could not give an adequate representation of the city's vice and woe, and therefore he determined to write at greater length. Acting now upon his own responsibility, he assumed a freedom and independence of tone which he would not have adopted had he been writing for the society.

After following several of the windings of our national intemperance, he deemed it not unnecessary to add a few miscellaneous thoughts, on several subjects which are being much discussed at the present day. From page 216, onwards to the end, is a selection of thoughts from the lessons given to our Adult Sabbath

Class during the spring and summer of 1864. We have taken the liberty to think for ourselves, and our advice to our scholars is, "Depend on the Holy Ghost, and think for yourselves." We hope yet to have opportunity to *prove* that God, in the Bible, permitted the *use* of intoxicating drinks *precisely* as He permitted polygamy and slavery, and that He disapproved, and disapproves of all the three alike. Then our task will be ended.

As to the *spirit* in which we have written, we are conscious it has been solely with the desire of calling attention to tremendous evils. As to the style, we know it will be deemed overstrained, fierce, imperious, scornful. Though each page be a photograph of our feelings when we wrote, the frequently passionate strain has been intentional. It would have been much easier to have written every sentence cool, calm, polite. But he would be a strange man who could gather, and give expression to the groans of the city without emotion. We have sought to raise an alarm, and therefore have cried as loudly as we could. Often have we observed how a powerful bass singer could encourage many around him to let out their voice. We hope that men naturally more timid than we are, yet possessing more influence, may be induced by our somewhat vociferous tone, to speak more freely than ever they have done. We have attempted occasionally to sting by sarcasm. It may pass for rudeness—be it so. Every variety of style is needed to awaken society. But this we can honestly say, we have not tried to give offence to any; and we hope none will be taken. Bowed down by the deep consciousness of our own unworthiness, constitutional tendencies, and besetting sins, we hope to be the last on earth either to command or to condemn a brother. Some allowance may be made for us when we state how this book has been composed. A few pages have been written on such evenings as we could find time, after returning from our daily toil. What was written at night, while the pen was rushing before a torrent of feeling, was handed next morning to the printer; and thus language which we in cooler moments might have suppressed, was allowed to escape. We have not had much practice in composition—for months together not writing a sentence. In preparing our lessons, we merely dream over the subject for an hour to collect illustrations, and trust to the spur of the moment to supply the words. This habit will account for the strangeness of our style. But to have done; we have not tried to please, but to make men displeased with themselves and the condition of society at the present day. We do hope that this hurried and imperfect performance may induce our clergymen, and the directors of our city's benevolent and religious institutions, to start at once the Volunteer Mission, for no other agency will ever lift the city up. Each congregation will have its own society, and all be embraced in five district Unions.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Yearly cost of Intoxicating Drinks to each of the three Kingdoms,	7
Contrast between the offerings of Glasgow to Bacchus and Belial, and to Jesus Christ,	16
Amount of the City's Annual Ruin Investment,	18
Homes of the Poor,	21
Pawns, Loan Societies, and Credit Clubs,	44
Small-Debt Actions and Arrestments,	49
Pauperism,	53
Destitution and Misery through Drink,	55
On Picking the Pockets of the Humane and Pious,	58
On Destitution not caused by Drink,	59
Work for all,	61
Co-operative Societies,	66
On Benevolence crushing honest, unaided Labour,	72
Widows,	73
Female Domestic Servants,	74
Excess of Females in Glasgow,	77
On Saving the Unfortunate after they are Drowned,	78
Wife-beating and Child-starving,	80
Infant Mortality,	81
Uneducated Children,	82
Religious Ignorance,	84
Loss of Wages through Drunkenness,	87
On the Treating System,	90
City Mortality,	92

PAGE

Sudden Deaths, - - - - - - - - 98

Crime in Glasgow for three Years, 1861-63, - - - - 99

Insanity, - - - - - - - - - 107

Illegitimacy, - - - - - - - - 108

Prostitution, - - - - - - - - 152

Returns from the Ruin Investment, - - - - - 177

Midnight Scenes in Glasgow, - - - - - - 178

The Omnipotence of the Physical, - - - - - 187

Shut the Whisky-shops, - - - - - - 198

Missionary Volunteers, - - - - - - - 219

Lay Speakers in the Church, - - - - - - 226

Fall of Man, - - - - - - - - 246

The Trinity, - - - - - - - - 259

The Divinity of Jesus Christ, - - - - - - 260

The Final Separation a proof of love to both the Saved and the Lost, - 272

The Ground of Separation, - - - - - - 278

Eternity of Punishment, - - - - - - 297

On the Inspiration of the Scriptures, - - - - - 314

On Gracious Sense, - - - - - - - 340

Remarks on some Views of Drs Candlish and Caird, Bishop Colenso, Professor Owen, and Sir Wm. Hamilton, - - - - 341

The Scottish Sabbath, - - - - - - - 376

The Free United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, - - - 384

Passage from a Life History, - - - - - - 388

THESES.

1st, Christian Temperance is the regulation of every thought, word, and action, in such a manner as to please God.

2nd, The will of God is to be ascertained by listening to His voice in nature, providence, and the Bible.

3rd, All the three revelations from God to man, viz., Nature, Providence, and the Word, abound with *appearances* which may lead into error, and with *facts* which alone can conduct to the truth.

4th, The appearances in Nature, Providence, and the Word, support the proposition "That the moderate use of intoxicating drinks while in health is innocent and lawful;" while all the facts overturn it, and shew that even such use is injurious, dangerous, and forbidden.

5th, The opinions of Plato, the heathen philosopher, on the subject of intoxicating drinks, are more agreeable to the mind of God than those of the majority of modern Christians.

6th, The doctrine of Plato is that of common sense as well of Scripture, viz., That it is the duty of man to *abstain* from all those pleasures or practices which are hurtful to the body or mind, or dangerous to society; and indulge in those which are innocent, only in such just proportion that the ultimate results shall be good without evil.

7th, The moderate use of intoxicating drinks while in health is not a higher grade of virtue (as has been asserted) than abstinence therefrom, but the very reverse—if the abstinence rests upon the adherence of conscience to the truth.

TO THE

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS

OF GLASGOW.

GLASGOW, *24th Nov.*, 1863.

DEAR FRIENDS,

Our city and our country's shame is intemperance; and of all the vices which spring from our fallen nature, and which are forced into growth by custom, there is none so prolific as it, of crime, misery, and death. While pondering over the human agencies best fitted to repress it, the co-operation of none has seemed so desirable to us as yours. The formation of the opinions and tastes of the rising generation is, to a great extent, in your power. You act upon minds peculiarly impressible, and of unquestioning faith—minds not yet prejudiced by companionship, debauched by habit, or swayed by self-interest. If all the children in our Sabbath schools were taught the duty of abstinence, and warned of the danger of even the most moderate use of intoxicating drinks when in health, we would have hope of our country's reformation.

Your power over the parents, for good, is second only to that which you possess over your scholars. The fact that you are *unpaid* teachers—teachers of the little ones around whom gather all the sympathies of their hearts—that yours is undeniably a labour of love, for which you neither seek nor receive any other reward than the approving smile of your God, secures for you a place in their affection, and a relying confidence, which the missionary or minister very seldom obtain. It is not the first hundred times we have been told by the working classes, that the missionary is a missionary for his pay; but such charge was never made against the Sabbath school teacher. We believe you have not yet realized the extent of your influence upon mankind. While employed in your humble, unnoticed labour, when wearied with the folly that is so often bound up in the heart of the child, you may have imagined how much more you could have promoted the welfare of society, had you occupied some prominent position—as that of pastor in the church. Not so thought the glorious apostle of the Gentiles. He, the master builder of the Christian church, knew, and taught that the meanest and feeblest members of the body were the most necessary. (1 Cor. xii. 22.) If you are not the eyes of the church, you are the hands and feet. If the pastor breaks

the bread of life, you serve it to tens of thousands around. Consider that, while all the ministers and missionaries in Glasgow put together are fewer than 280, the number of Sabbath school teachers is 5985. We undervalue not the labours of the minister or missionary, for they are of God's appointment, and are indispensably requisite; still, we unhesitatingly affirm that, from your numbers, and *especially* from your coming daily into close contact with men of every class, you may be of more service to the world than all our pastors and missionaries, even as the grass, which is trodden under foot, and is despised, is of more worth to man than all the fruit trees that lift their heads to heaven. Leaven, to be of any value, must unite itself to the mass requiring to be leavened. The minister speaks for a few hours on Sabbath, his voice is sound—air in motion. Your daily life, touching humanity at every point, may be a perpetual sermon, of the most efficacious description; for it has long since passed into a proverb, "that example is more forcible than precept." In the grace of your Redeemer, you may be the guide of the young, the strength of manhood, the solace of the afflicted, the staff of old age, and sunshine to the heart of the fallen—sweeter than the light of day.

That you, dear friends, may see the propriety of teaching your scholars what true temperance is, and inculcating abstinence upon all the parents, we will together look at the *cost* and *results* of our city's intemperance; then listen to the voice of God, as addressed to us in nature, providence and the word; and lastly, as in the sight of Him who now is the witness of our thoughts, and soon shall be the Judge of our lives, calmly consider what our duty is.

FIRST—*The Cost.* The only possible way of ascertaining the probable amount annually expended by Glasgow on intoxicating drinks, is to take the Excise Returns, either for the Three Kingdoms, or for Scotland alone, and assign to our city its share of consumption, in proportion to its population. No one will object to this as unfair. Our citizens, while they hurl back the reproach of being more drunken than those of other districts, will likely not maintain they are more temperate. The entire population of Great Britain and Ireland in 1861, was 29,036,508, and of Glasgow and suburbs, 446,639, being one-sixty-fifth of the whole. In that year there were *consumed* within the Three Kingdoms—

19,514,201	Gallons	British Spirits,	the Duty on which,	at 10s	per Gallon,	was £9,757,100
1,600,304	"	Brandy,	"	10s 5d	"	833,513
101,017	"	Gin,	"	10s 5d	"	52,615
3,452,576	"	Rum,	"	10s 2d	"	1,755,129
10,787,171	"	Wines,	"			1,219,533
17,226,035	Barrels, of 36 Gallons each,	Malt Liquors,				5,336,887

Rev. Dawson Burns read a paper at the International Temperance and Prohibition Convention, held in London, September, 2, 3, and 4, 1862, in which he estimated the cost to the consumers of the above liquors, together with a conjectured quantity of cider, perry, &c. (10,000,000 gallons) at £81,000,000 (eighty-one millions

sterling). He reached this conclusion by adopting the late Mr G. R. Porter's method of calculation, which was this :—"On the authority of distillers, the sums paid for British spirits were believed to be three times the total of the duty paid. The same calculation was considered applicable to rum, while brandy was supposed to cost the consumer twice the amount of the Customs receipts. This computation allows for the quantities sold in excess of the Government returns, produced by extensive dilutions; and it also comprehends all the cost of illicit spirits, which never saw an exciseman's face." Mr Burns obtains the sum of £81,000,000 as follows :—

Duty on Whisky,	£9,757,100,	multiplied by	3,	making	30s per Gallon,	£29,271,300
" Brandy,	833,513,	"	2,	"	20s 10d "	1,667,026
" Gin,	52,615,	"	2,	"	20s 10d "	105,230
" Rum,	1,755,129	"	3,	"	30s 6d "	5,265,387
10,441,330 Gallons Wines, at 15s per Gallon, ...						7,839,997
17,226,035 Barrels Malt Liquors, at 42s per Barrel, . . .						36,174,673
Say for Cider, Perry, &c., 10,000,000 Gallons, ...						676,367
						£81,000,000

The sum of eighty-one millions is not far from the truth; yet we are sorry Mr Burns adopted this very loose and erroneous mode of computation. It may have been, and indeed was correct when Mr Porter used it in 1850, in which year he read his paper on "Self-imposed Taxation" before the British Association, but it is very incorrect *now*, when the duty is so much different from what it was in 1850. Thus, for instance, the duty upon whisky in 1850 was 3s 8d per gallon, while in 1861 it was 10s—nearly three times as much—but the price of malt was not three times greater in 1861 than in 1850, nor had the publican three times more profit. By overlooking this, Mr Burns has been led into error. The absurdity of this method of calculation is seen in its having led him to rate brandy at 20s 10d per gallon, and whisky, which is a far cheaper drink, at 30s per gallon. From inquiry, we find that the average price of whisky to the consumer was, in 1861, 20s per gallon, and in 1850 only 11s per gallon, the duty being then so low. Mr Porter, it seems, made allowance for illicit distillation; but we decidedly object to make any allowance, until the quantity so manufactured is correctly ascertained. Nothing is so detestable in statistics or reasoning, as conjecture. It is well known that, to a small extent, spirits are illicitly distilled in Ireland, but it cannot be proved that even so much as 1000 gallons are annually so made in Scotland. Still further, we may say, it appears to us a mistake to question a distiller as to the rates charged to the retail consumer. He knows only what price he charges the publican. The proper parties to apply to are the retail sellers and purchasers. And indeed, to approximate closely to the true amount annually expended in the Three Kingdoms on intoxicating drinks, one would require to interrogate hundreds of persons. To us, the sorest evil in this life is the difficulty of grasping truth absolute. We would

rather be entirely without ideas than have false ones; and therefore we have taken as much pains as our limited time would permit, in order to reach a correct conclusion on the subject. We have made inquiries at the excise office, brewers, wholesale wine and spirit merchants, publicans, and very many consumers. We found that the gentlemen connected with the Publican's Defence Association had a supreme contempt for all statistics prepared by teetotalers. We hope they will not have the same disregard for the statement that follows, for it has been prepared entirely from data obtained from those in the liquor traffic. We used no improper means to get the information—we received nothing in confidence, and therefore we may freely publish the result of our inquiries. We merely said that estimates had been made up by abstainers; that in some points we believed their calculations to be wrong; and that we wished to get at nothing but the truth. As to the retail prices of the various drinks, the proportion of water, &c., we got all these from parties whom we had known before they commenced this abominable business. They knew our object was to make public the information given, and yet they laughed while they gave it, saying they did not care.

WHISKY.—The average price of whisky to the consumers in the three kingdoms is 20s per gallon. There are two principal kinds—that made, 1st, from malt; 2d, from raw grain. At one time, the duty upon this latter description was lower than that upon the former, but in 1860 the duty upon both was fixed at 10s per gallon at proof strength. Since then, the production of raw grain spirits has steadily decreased, the malt whisky having a much finer flavour, and bringing a higher price. Still, a considerable quantity of this very inferior quality finds its way from Scotland into England, to be there "transmogrified" into gin—so say the knowing ones in Glasgow. The excise officers charge the duty upon all kinds of spirits at proof strength, though the whisky is generally sold by the distillers to the publican at 11 over proof—that is, 100 gallons at 11 over proof, are equal to 111 gallons at proof. 11 over proof means that the whisky contains 54·5 per cent. of alcohol. The publican is therefore entitled to put in 11 per cent. of water; but, having a proper regard for the health of his customers, he generally puts in a great deal more. He buys from the distiller at a higher or lower rate, according to the extent of his business and terms of payment. The average price he gives is, for

Raw Grain Whisky, ...	at 11 over proof,	13s	per gallon.
Malt Whisky (moderate quality),	" "	14s	"
" " (better "),	" "	14s 6d	"
Best Islay Whisky, ...	" "	15s 6d	"

The gallon contains 32 gills. From numerous inquiries at publicans, we find that in their hands the 32 gills become, with the addition of water, 40 to 45 gills of raw grain whisky, sold at 5d to 6d per gill.

This lowest kind is sold only in the more degraded parts of the city, and to the poorest of the poor.

40 gills of middling Malt Whisky, sold at 6d per gill, = 20s. for what cost 14s.
38½ " good " " " 7d " = 22s 6d, " 14s 6d to 15s.
3[illegible] " Islay . . , " " 7½d " = 23s 6d, " 15s 6d.
32 " undiluted Islay " " 8d " = 21s 4d, " 15s 6d.

Some of our inns and taverns charge much higher than 8d per gill for undiluted Islay whisky at 11 over proof, but the quantity they sell is very small. Making due allowance for what is consumed by private families, who buy at from 16s 6d to 17s 6d per gallon, and also for the difference between proof strength and 11 over proof, we conclude the average price of whisky to be 20s per gallon.

BRANDY.—A fair brandy costs the publican 48s per case of twelve bottles, containing two gallons, which is 24s per gallon. The average of all kinds to the consumer is 5s a-bottle, or 30s per gallon.

GIN.—The average price is 20s per gallon at proof. In the Excise returns, gin is classed with brandy, under the head of Foreign Spirits, though, as we have said, many a poor wretch gulps down the worst kind of Scotch whisky under the name of gin. The duty upon both is 10s 5d per gallon at proof. As the greater part of the gin is consumed in England, and the quantity of foreign spirits entered as gin is so very small—only 101,017 gallons in 1861—we have, in estimating the expense of strong drinks to each of the kingdoms, placed the whole of these 101,017 gallons to the account of England. The excise returns show England consumed, in 1861, 1,477,841 gallons of foreign spirits, without stating the proportion of brandy and gin; and we, therefore, while keeping to the same number of gallons, have divided them thus—1,376,824 gallons brandy, and 101,017 gallons gin. This will not affect our calculation of the cost to each individual of the population by so much as a halfpenny a head, and this was the only division that was in our power.

RUM.—Average price, 21s per gallon at proof; duty, 10s 2d per gallon, if imported from the place of its production, and 10s 5d if imported from elsewhere.

MALT LIQUORS, including Ale, Beer, Porter, &c.—In Scotland, the ales are higher priced than many of those consumed in England. The Scotch use mostly ales at four, five, and six guineas per hogshead of 54 gallons. These prices are subject to a heavy discount; for instance, 20 per cent. is allowed off Edinburgh six guinea ale, and the Edinburgh hogshead contains 63 gallons. The publicans say they have as much profit off malt liquors as from whisky. One man pointed to a ten gallon cask, and said it cost him 11s 6d net, or 1s 1¾d per gallon, and he retailed it at 6d per quart, or 2s per gallon. He, however, also sold, at the same price, ale which cost him 13s per ten gallons, giving the better description to favoured customers. Some ales are as high as 10d to 1s

per quart, though this price is great extortion, as may be seen by consulting the work which brewers and distillers consider *the* authority regarding the details of their business, which is Professor Thomson's treatise on Brewing and Distillation. Mr William Stewart, who writes the practical part of that work, asks (page 231), "Can ale at £8 to £10 per hogshead be manufactured, malt and hops being used, commensurate with the high price demanded?" and then proceeds to show it cannot. The average of malt liquors in the three kingdoms, including those brewed in private families in England, is 1s 4d per gallon, or 48s per barrel of 36 gallons. The excise returns give only the number of bushels of malt entered for consumption in each kingdom, and no one can say with certainty how many barrels of malt liquors are manufactured from the total quantity of malt. In the standard work on brewing and distillation we have referred to, Professor Thomson says, the average yield from 8 bushels malt, in the large London breweries, is $2\frac{3}{4}$ barrels of strong beer, being 99 gallons in all, or $12\frac{1}{2}$ gallons from each bushel. But this is good and expensive beer, retailed at sixpence and upwards per quart. Mr Huskison, in his place in the House of Commons, asserted that the quantity of ale brewed from 8 bushels of malt was $3\frac{1}{4}$ barrels, or 117 gallons. Mr William Stewart, while corroborating Professor Thomson's opinion as to only 99 being the produce, says, at page 301, "Three bushels of malt are sufficient to make 36 gallons of ale, of a good quality, equal in strength to what is sold by respectable publicans at 3d per pint, or 6d per quart." Now as we have taken the average price not at 6d, but at 4d per quart, we are entitled to take Mr Huskison's rate of yield, viz., $3\frac{1}{4}$ barrels to the 8 bushels malt. If we take Professor Thomson's proportion of $2\frac{3}{4}$ barrels, we must raise the price, and thus we will come to the same cost to the consumer. Mr Huskison's scale of 117 gallons from the 8 bushels, at 1s 4d per gallon, is £7 16s; and Professor Thomson's ratio of 99 gallons, at 1s 8d (though it is retailed at 2s), is £8 5s. By our adopting Mr Huskison's rate, as we have done, we make the total amount for the consumption of the three kingdoms much less than by Professor Thomson's. Indeed, our aim in all our calculations has been, to keep a little within the mark, that our estimate may not be called in question. The duty upon malt is 2s 7d per bushel, and 5 per cent. additional.

WINES.—Since the alteration of the duty, a quantity of light wine has been imported, but less than may be supposed. Of the 10,441,330 gallons of all sorts, entered for home consumption in 1861, there were only 1,036,271 gallons of light wine, four-fifths of the total quantity being between 26 and 40 degrees of strength, the duty on which was 2s 5d per gallon. The average price of all the kinds, to the consumer, is 17s 6d per gallon, or 2s 11d a bottle. Some of the rich drink at a cheaper rate, as they import a butt at a time for their own private use. We will now attempt an ap-

proximation to the exact annual cost of intoxicating liquors in Great Britain and Ireland. In 1861 there were consumed

19,514,201	Gallons	Whisky, at 20s per Gallon,			£19,514,201
1,600,304	"	Brandy,	30s	"	2,400,456
101,017	"	Gin,	20s	"	101,017
3,452,576	"	Rum,	21s	"	3,525,204
10,787,171	"	Wines,	17s 6d	"	9,438,774
17,226,035	Barrels	Malt Liquors, 48s,			41,342,484
		Cider, Perry, &c.,			677,864
					£77,000,000

This amount for the year 1861 is not so large as for 1860 or 1862, but we preferred taking the excise returns for 1861 as the census was then taken, and we could with more accuracy make the calculations which follow. If seventy-seven millions sterling be the cost to the three kingdoms, the share of Glasgow is only a question in simple proportion.

29,036,508 : £77,000,000 :: 446,639.—Answer, £1,184,412

If we take the consumption of Scotland by itself, in order to find the share of Glasgow, the result will be nearly the same, though England pays more per head of population than Scotland, and Ireland considerably less. The comparison between the three kingdoms will reveal some curious facts. There are two separate returns made up by the Commissioners of Excise—1st, the quantity of drinks entered for home consumption in each kingdom; 2nd, the *real* quantity consumed, being corrected returns after all that has passed between one kingdom and another, by permit, has been taken into account. Thus in 1861, the first returns for British spirits state there were entered for England, 8,952,174 gallons; for Scotland, 6,070,091 gallons; for Ireland, 5,022,894 gallons. The second, or correct returns, show there were used, in England, 10,816,605 gallons; in Scotland, 4,410,998 gallons; in Ireland, 4,286,598 gallons.

The quantity of intoxicating liquors consumed in England, in 1861, was

10,816,605	Gallons	Whisky, at 20s, =	£10,816,605,	Duty on which was		£5,408,302
3,227,395	"	Rum, at 21s, =	3,388,764,	"		1,640,591
1,376,824	"	Brandy, at 30s, =	2,065,236,	"		769,724
101,017	"	Gin, at 20s, =	101,017,			
9,037,947	"	Wines, at 17s 6d, =	7,908,204,	"		1,024,179
537,881,105	"	Malt Liq., 1s 4d, =	35,858,740,	"		5,074,790
10,000,000	"	Cider & Perry, =	677,864,			
			£60,816,430			£13,917,586

The above number of gallons of malt liquors includes all brewed in private families, as well as by brewers and victuallers. The malt returns taken, are from 10th October, 1860, to 10th October, 1861. We have calculated only 115 gallons from the quarter of malt, instead of Mr Huskison's rate of 117, as we might have taken, since the price is only 1s 4d per gallon. The weight of

537,881,105 gallons is about 250,000 tons. What a physical power is required to bring this enormous tonnage from the brewery, and lift it to the mouths of the thirsty! What an expense and labour men are at in working out their ruin! The malt liquors annually consumed in England would form a navigable canal 30 feet broad, 5 feet deep, and fully 100 miles long. What a pity England could not spare her ale and beer for a couple of years, to form with them a magnificent canal at the Isthmus of Darien, and thus unite the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. She might do this just to show the world what she could do, were she sober. There is a depth of meaning in the remark of the foreigner, "It is a blessed thing for the world that you Anglo-Saxons are a drunken race. Such are your powers, and energy, and talent, that otherwise you would have become masters of the world."

The population of England, Wales, and Channel Islands, in 1861, was 20,209,671, so there were consumed by each person, including men, women, children, and infants—

.53	Gallon	= about	17	Gills	Whisky,	Cost of which was £3 0s 2d Duty on which was 13s 9d
.16	"	= "	5¼	"	Rum,	
.067	"	= "	2¼	"	Brandy and Gin,	
.44	"	= "	14¼	"	Wines,	
26¾	Gallons				Malt Liquors,	
½	Gallon				Cider, Perry, &c.,	

For Scotland, in 1861—

4,410,998	Gallons	Whisky,	at 20s, =	£4,410,998,	Duty on which was £2,205,499
152,951	"	Rum,	at 21s, =	160,598,	" 77,901
117,827	"	Brandy,	at 30s, =	176,740,	" 61,372
734,120	"	Wines,	at 17s 6d, =	642,355,	" 80,164
21,960,975	"	Malt Liquors,	1s 4d, =	1,464,065,	" 207,197
				£6,854,756	£2,632,133

In 1861, the population of Scotland was 3,062,294; therefore for each head of population there were

1.44	Gallons	= about	46	Gills	Whisky,	Cost of which was £2 4s 9d Duty on which was 17s 2d
.05	"	= "	1½	"	Rum,	
.038	"	= "	1¼	"	Brandy,	
.24	"	= "	7¾	"	Wines,	
7	Gallons				Malt Liquors,	

For Ireland, in 1861—

4,286,598	Gallons	Whisky,	at 20s, =	£4,286,598,	Duty on which was £2,143,299
72,230	"	Rum,	at 21s, =	75,841,	" 36,749
105,653	"	Brandy,	at 30s, =	158,479,	" 55,032
1,015,104	"	Wines,	at 17s 6d, =	888,216,	" 115,191
59,218,445	"	Malt Liquors,	1s 4d, =	3,947,896,	" 558,712
				£9,357,030	£2,908,983

The population of Ireland, in 1861, was 5,764,543; so for each individual there were

.74	Gallon	= about	24	Gills	Whisky,	Cost of which was £1 12s 5d Duty on which was 10s 1d
.012	"	= "	¼	"	Rum,	
.018	"	= "	½	"	Brandy,	
.17	"	= "	5½	"	Wines,	
10½	Gallons				Malt Liquors,	

There are four points which arrest attention on comparing the three kingdoms one with another.

1st, Expense of drinking to each. To every head of population in England, £3 0s 2d; in Scotland, £2 4s 9d; and in Ireland, £1 12s 5d.

2nd, Amount of duty paid by each. In Ireland, 10s 1d per head; in England, 13s 9d; and in Scotland, 17s 2d. The Scotch pay the greatest duty, because whisky is charged 10s per gallon, which is 10s in the pound of the cost to the consumer; whereas the rate on malt liquors is only about 2s 9d per pound of the retail prices.

3rd, The quantity of pure alcohol to each individual, is 58 gills annually to the English, 38 to the Scotch, and 30 to the Irish.

4th, A Scotchman drinks 46 gills of whisky, an Irishman 24, and an Englishman 17. As this is the quantity to each head of population, and as infants, children, and abstainers do not consume all their share, it is plain that there must be a terrible consumption with some who have become the slaves of alcohol.

While every kind of intoxicating liquors necessarily leads to want, disease, degradation, misery, and crime, ardent spirits tower above the rest, like Satan amidst the hosts of the pit. The influence of malt liquors and light wines may, as regards power over the user, be compared to the force of human temptation; but when a man partakes freely of the fiery, inflammatory demoniac, ardent spirits, he then becomes one of the possessed. And yet whisky is the national drink of Scotland. How is this? She owes this, she owes the character of the most drunken nation on the face of the earth, she owes her comparative pre-eminence in crime, to the fostering care of the Government! At one time Scotland had a name for piety and moral worth, but when the use of whisky became general, her glory quickly departed, the virtuous peasantry then ceased to be the

"Wall of fire around their much loved isle."

Mr William Stewart, in Professor Thomson's treatise on Brewing and Distillation, says—

"Before the Union of Scotland and England, the national drink of the former was strong ale, beer, and a species of ale called twopenny, from being sold at twopence per Scotch pint, equal to two quarts English measure. By the 7th Article of the Union, this sort of ale is valued at 9s 6d per barrel of 12 gallons Scots measure, equal to 34 gallons English, on which a duty of 2s per barrel was in future to be paid; and by 8th Anne, cap. 7, an additional 1½d. In the year 1760, the duty was raised to 3s 4½d (a higher duty than at present, though money was then so scarce), in consequence of which, and the increasing consumpt of whisky, the brewing of twopenny gradually diminished, and was finally discontinued altogether, before the end of the century. The high and low duties on spirits extracted from barley and malt, when made for home consumption, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, has either encouraged or suppressed the consumpt, in these different parts of the United Kingdom, so as to have had a decided influence on the habits and manners of the people, and in forming their tastes and desires for the drinks within their reach. In England, the high duties on home-made spirits, and the prohibitory duties on brandy and gin, have kept the mass of the people to the consumption of beer and ale; while in Scot-

land and Ireland, the alternate high and low duties on spirits, and the war duties on malt, have encouraged the consumption of whisky and small beer in preference to malted liquors. By the Article of the Union, the English excise laws were extended to Scotland, and henceforward the two countries were to bear alike all taxation for public exigencies."

Instead of this equal taxation, the Government made the duty upon whisky very high in England, and very low in Scotland. Thus even so late as 1849, the duty in England was 7s 10d per gallon, while in Scotland it was only 3s 8d, or less than one half. The Government thus did all in its power to make whisky the national drink of Scotland. Before the middle of last century, scarcely any of this "burning trash" was consumed by the Scotch. If they still insist upon drinking, better a thousand times will it be for them to return to the twopenny of their forefathers. One of the chief supports of the Publicans' Defence Association said, as we were making inquiries at him—"I have long been in the retail trade; I know all about it; a man may in Scotland get tolerably drunk for sixpence, while I have seen a man in England carrying half-a-crown's worth of malt liquors, without having his head so much affected." It is too true; Scotland, our "auld respected mither," suffers far more in health, character, and morals than either England or Ireland; not because she consumes more than England—for we have seen the Scotch yearly spend 15s 5d less per head on intoxicating liquors than the English—but solely on account of the *nature* of her drink. The sentence pronounced by Burns upon brandy, can with greater truth be passed upon whisky—

"Wae worth that brandy, burning trash,
Fell source o' monie a pain and brash,
Twins monie a poor, doylt, drucken hash
O' hauf his days."

Our national poet blindly sang the praises of the water of death, but the demon laughed at the adulation of the bard; he quickly overpowered the man who wrote "The Cottar's Saturday Night." He knew that of all possible employments, the poet abhorred that of an exciseman; and as if to show his potency over a noble mind, made him the very functionary against whom his most stinging verses were written. From one stage to another the demon degraded him, until the hand that traced "A man's a man for a' that," scrawled these miserably dependent lines—

"Friend of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha wanting thee might beg or steal."

"I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That one pound one I sairly want it;
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life blood dunted,
I'd bear't in mind."

We found that as Glasgow contains one sixty-fifth of the entire population of the three kingdoms, its share of seventy-seven millions—the total cost of intoxicating liquors—is £1,184,412. Its share, as ascertained by the second mode of computation, and which appears to be the fairest, is less than this. The population of Scotland, in 1861, was 3,062,294, and its drink amount was £6,854,756. Again we have a question in simple proportion.

3,062,294 : £6,854,756 :: 446,639.—Answer, £999,773.

But neither of these two sums is the true amount, as Glasgow consumes much more than its relative proportion. 1st, It is the wealthiest city in Scotland, and statistics show, the more money the working classes have, the more goes for whisky. The apparent temperance of Ireland depends more upon poverty than self-control. 2nd, It has the greatest trade, and many traders seem to think they cannot transact their business without drink. The impression is, they must treat in order to succeed. 3rd, There are more strangers and commercial travellers sojourning within it, and men when away from the restraints of home indulge more freely than at other times. 4th, There are more sailors in it, and most of poor Jack's money goes to prostitutes and publicans. All things considered, we are confident Glasgow expends nearly a million and a half annually on intoxicating drinks. Many years ago, Sir Archibald Alison, in his Principles of Population, vol. ii., p. 119, said—"In Glasgow, which is by far the most important town in Scotland, both from its population and manufacturing skill, the consumption of spirits is perfectly enormous, and the evil it produces beyond the reach of human calculation. The author has been led, from his official situation and duties, to pay particular attention, and make much inquiry into the subject, and the result has been, that the sum spent in the consumption of whisky annually in that city, is at least £1,200,000, of which probably £1,000,000 is expended by the operatives or working classes." We agree in the opinion that the evil the whisky produces is "beyond the reach of human calculation." We shall attempt that calculation, and though we may approximate to the city's loss in money, we know the Infinite alone can measure the moral and eternal consequences. The loss of money is nothing, the loss of health is nothing, the loss of reason, of peace, of happiness—all, all that pertains to earth and time, is nothing; but the shuddering thought is, that whisky, and all intoxicating drinks, treasure up woe, misery, ruin everlasting.

Our sheriff said the cost, some years ago, was £1,200,000, but we wish to make no assertion that will be disputed, and therefore will abide by the city's share, as deduced from the population of the three kingdoms, viz., £1,184,412. The immensity of the sum cannot be realised without some comparisons.

In 1860, the total amount of poor's rates for all Scotland was only £663,277; so half the drink money of Glasgow could main-

tain all the paupers of the kingdom. Last year (1862), the excess of deposits over withdrawals, in the National Security Savings Bank, was only £16,788 8s 6d; while in the same year, the working classes put at least £800,000 in the publican's till, out of which they will never get a farthing, either of principal or interest. For every pound lodged in the bank, to secure comfort and independence at a future day, there were fifty pounds lodged in the till of the spirit shops, to secure trouble and grief in the present, and want and dependence in the future. There were great efforts made by our magistrates and kind-hearted merchants last year, to relieve the distressed idle cotton operatives. This was as it should have been; and yet a fortnight's contribution of the drink money would have placed the suffering in comfort. The sympathies of the whole world were awakened on behalf of the Lancashire operatives, and yet the subscriptions from every quarter of the globe amounted to less than the working classes in Lancashire were at the very time needlessly spending on liquors, which only injured their health and morals. In the year 1861-62, the total rental of dwelling houses in Glasgow, from the hovels of the poor, which are the lairs of epidemics and every deadly disease, to the princely palaces of our new west end city, was only £846,098. The cost of intoxicating drinks would have paid the house rents of all the inhabitants, and left a balance besides of more than £300,000.

Alcohol so completely infatuates men, that one is tempted to believe the very devil himself is in the drink; and this has been the opinion of men in every age, of the most illiterate peasants as well as of the poets. "O thou invisible spirit of wine," says Shakespear, "if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee —Devil." "Drink is the most curious thing in the world," said one Irishman in the city to another, as he meditated over the previous night's debauch, and his now empty pocket and stomach; "when two men go into a public house to have a gill, there is a fight as to who shall pay for it. 'I'll pay for it,' says the one. 'No; but I'll pay for it,' says the other. But ye never meet a man who says, 'I'll buy a loaf, and you'll eat it,' (Paddy was just in need of one) or who says, 'I'll buy a pair of shoes, and you'll wear them.'" Paddy was right—drink *is* the most curious thing in the world. If you ask a policeman to help you to carry a bag of meal or of coals, he will think you are insulting him; no useful commodity on earth will a policeman help to carry; but every day he is quite ready and willing to carry what publicans sell; and then he has both the liquor and the living cask to assist home, or to the office. So highly do men prize the demon drink, and so little do they value food and clothes, that without a grudge they pay an exorbitant price for their dram, while they beat down the cost of every necessary of life. The publican is the only privileged trader in society; he never requires to put up a bill in his shop—"No abatement here." A working man will most freely pay down his

sixpence for a gill, on Saturday night; but to put the same sum into the church plate on the following day, even for the most deserving object, would seem monstrous—it would be to him the unpardonable sin. There are exceptions—as true hearts being among the poor as among the rich;—we speak of men in the mass. Contrast two congregations. On Saturday night a congregation of 500 working men put into the publican's plate from £20 to £40; and on the morrow there is a collection made in one of our city churches. It contains about 500 members and adherents, mostly composed of working men. The collection, which was made about two months ago, was for the support of the Sabbath schools in connection with the congregation. On the previous Sabbath, the minister had urged his hearers, with all possible earnestness, to contribute to so worthy a cause. The collection was made, and amounted to—£2 11s! or about one penny a head; and no doubt even that penny was given with greater reluctance than a shilling to the publican. The minister, with choking utterance, could only groan out his deep disappointment.

The city and the churches must look the matter fairly and fully in the face. To show the enormity of the city's idolatry, we will compare what it offers to Jesus Christ with its offerings to Bacchus and Belial. So late as 1843, Mr William Logan, city missionary, and by far the best authority on the subject, estimated the expense of whoredom in Glasgow to be £514,800. The population in 1841 was 280,682, and in 1861 was 446,639. Our sin in this respect has, we fear, done more than kept pace with the increase of inhabitants. Taking it at the same rate, however, as in 1843, we once more have a question in simple proportion—

280,682 : £514,800 :: 446,639.—Answer, £819,183;

which sum, added to the drink money, makes £2,003,595. From data we have most carefully weighed, we are convinced the city's offerings to these two idols is more than two millions and a half per annum. Now, let us ascertain what it gives for religious, educational, and charitable purposes—for all that tends to make man happy on earth, and prepare him for heaven at death. There are in Glasgow and suburbs 172 churches of all denominations—34 belonging to the Church of Scotland, 44 to the Free Church, 36 United Presbyterian, 10 Independents, 5 Reformed Presbyterian, 8 Baptists, 5 Church of England, 1 United Original Seceders, 3 Wesleyan Methodists, 2 Presbyterians, 1 Free Gospel, 1 Old Scotch Independents, 1 Free Presbyterian Congregation, 5 Evangelical Union, 1 Seaman's Chapel, 1 Society of Friends, 1 Catholic Apostolic, 1 New Jerusalem, 1 Christian Union, 1 Unitarian, 10 Roman Catholics. The average of the ministers' stipend is under £400, so the sum of £600 will cover the average expenditure of each congregation. We have thus 172 × £600 = £103,200.

On turning to the admirable financial report of the Free Church of Scotland for the year 1862-63, we find that the 44 Free Churches within the city and suburbs of Glasgow raised for congregational purposes £22,470 19s 3d, being an average of £510 by each. After making allowance for the numerous priests connected with the 10 Roman Catholic Churches, we think our estimate of £600 for all the churches overhead, is very near the truth. We cannot too strongly express our admiration of the business-like manner in which the accounts of the Free Church are drawn out. In a moment, one can find the contributions of any one of her 901 churches and preaching stations; at a glance, the condition of each congregation, presbytery, or synod is ascertained. So far as we know, the Free Church of Scotland is the best conducted religious organization in the world. To those who describe her as a horse-leech, with the perpetual cry of Give, give, we would whisper, that very possibly those denominations and presbyteries who give *least* to Jesus Christ give *most* to Bacchus and Belial. Which is the best master to serve, let they themselves be the judge. We hope that at her next General Assembly, some efficient means may be devised for drawing some of the lavish offerings away from these two idols of hell. It is surely time that all the churches were drawing upon the revenues of Satan.

With respect to the amount contributed for other than congregational purposes, we learn from the report referred to, that these 44 Free Churches raised in 1862-63, for local building, £5125 19s 4d; for Sustentation fund, £12,977 12s 4d; for home missions, £413 15s 1d; for education scheme, £1101 2s 7d; for college, £290 2s 5d; for foreign missions, £1397 6s 8d; for colonial missions, £232 17s 9d; for Jewish missions, £340 1s 11d; for church and manse building, £202 19s 3d; for Continental missions, £291 7s 1d; for pre-Disruption ministers, £389 17s 4d; for college building fund, £163 2s;—in all, £22,926 3s 9d, being £521 from each. From the Missionary Record of the United Presbyterian Church for June, 1863, we ascertain that there are in connection with that body 557 churches, 36 of which are in Glasgow. The total sum raised by these 557 churches for congregational purposes is £157,498, or £282 for each; but as the churches in Glasgow are large and well filled, we have allowed £600 for each. The total missionary and benevolent income is £45,377, of which we believe the Glasgow congregations give about £18,000, being an average of £500 each. We recommend that denomination to keep its accounts in a manner similar to the Free Church. In that June Record, we see the necessity of periodically collecting the missionary contributions. The congregations in Glasgow who collect monthly, get from the members an average of 13s 3d each; while those who neglect to collect monthly raise only 5s 9d from each member. Such is human nature, even sanctified human nature, that it needs "to be provoked unto love and good works."

And yet some object to the monthly collection, on the ground that it is a breach of the Voluntary principle; that when you attempt to induce a man to give a tithe of the real tithe that is due, you fairly abandon the Voluntary principle! The Voluntary principle *can* be carried to the length of Voluntary insanity. We are pleased to find the Church of Scotland keep its accounts correctly, but not pleased to find its missionary subscriptions so small. If the Record for July, 1863, had not revealed the astounding fact, that her 34 congregations in Glasgow had in the year 1862-63 raised no more for education, Indian, Home, Colonial, and Jewish Missions, and Endowment fund, than the paltry sum of £1794 3s 11d, or £52 from each, we would not have believed it. It is really too bad. This is no sectarian side blow, for we belong to no party; we seek ever to recognise the truth, that all men when renewed are brethren; and that arter Jesus Christ our God, "the whole family in heaven and earth is named." We rebuke not one church merely. Oh when will men in every church feel that all things are God's, that the gold and silver—all are his. When will they learn to imitate the angels above, in whose language (in the sense of independent possession) the words *my* and *mine* are quite unknown. We have not deemed it necessary to inquire for printed reports from the minor denominations; probably such is not to be had. The total sum offered annually to Jesus Christ by all the religious bodies in Glasgow we estimate at £65,000, which includes the contributions for the poor of the church. In too many congregations the deacons are nonentities. In this sum is not included the subscriptions to our public religious and benevolent societies; only the offerings passing through the church.

Our Sabbath schools, the agency next in importance to our churches, cost the city very little indeed. But comparatively few of the societies adopt Dr Chalmers' territorial system, in having a separate class-room for each teacher, placed in the centre of the locality from which the scholars are drawn. This, though by far the most efficient plan, cannot be carried out, because the citizens have to pay for the rent of more than 1700 public houses. The rent of 60 whisky palaces would pay for all the school rooms required; but as religious education is of less consequence than animal gratification, the teachers must continue to bring their scholars from a distance, in wet weather as well as in fair, and huddle from 300 to 600 of them in a large school or church. For instructing upwards of 60,000 children, the Sabbath school teachers cost us considerably under £5000.

We are happily saved all trouble and uncertainty in calculating the other items of the city's outlay, (with the exception of the cost of education, to which we will refer at page 18,) as we have printed reports from nearly all the different societies. We shall therefore now tabulate the city's offerings.

To cash yearly offered by professedly Christian Glasgow to Bacchus, ...	£1,184,412
To cash yearly offered by professedly Christian Glasgow to Belial, ...	819,183
	£2,003,595

"Hear, O heavens; and give ear, O earth"—six parts given to the devil, and one part to Jesus Christ!—six times more for hell than for heaven! by the commercial capital of the most religious nation in the world, by the city whose glorious motto is,—"Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word," and at a time when one of her ministers, at the public meeting of the Benevolent Society, declared little children were to be seen gathering turnip skins with which to allay the pangs of their hunger. "O that our head were waters, and our eyes fountains of tears, that we might weep day and night" for the madness of our people! Church of Jesus Christ, look on this page, and on that ☞

Are ye any longer astonished that there is no rain, nor dew of grace, upon your little insignificant mount of offerings? Doth not He "whose eyes are as a flame of fire," behold your idolatry? and is He not a "jealous God?" Say not the offerings to Bacchus and Belial are given by the world alone, for the church is more guilty in the sight of God than the world. Not a day passes, but some members of the church frequent our brothels, but hundreds of them enter our public houses. Why is it that the heaven of Jehovah's grace over our head is like brass, and the moral earth under us cold, hard, and dead as iron? Deut. xxviii. 23. In vain do you wait on God, for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit—*God waits on you.* The Spirit "*shall not* be poured from on high," the moral wilderness of earth "*shall not* be as a fruitful field," until this accursed idolatry be overthrown. Oh, be wise; listen to God himself, to that God who daily and nightly gazes on the city's sins. "*Bring ye all the tithes (of your idolatry) into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.*" Mal. iii. 10.

To Sum raised for support of all the Churches in Glasgow,	£103,200	0	0
" Sum raised by the Churches for other than Congregational purposes,	65,000	0	0
" Sum raised for Sabbath Schools in Glasgow,	5,000	0	0
" Sum expended on Education,	90,000	0	0
" Glasgow City Mission—Expenditure in 1862-63,	3,176	1	6
" National Bible Soc. of Scot. (Glas. Subs. in 1863),	706	0	0
" Religious Tract and Book Soc. (Glas. Subs. in 1862),	140	4	0
" Glasgow Young Men's Chris. Assoc. (Subs. in 1863),	150	0	0
" Moravian Mission, per Glas. Aux. Society in 1863,	149	10	6
" London Missionary Society, per Juv. Auxy.,	68	17	11
" London Miss. Soc., per Glas. Aux. (Subs. 1862-63),	130	0	0
" London Miss. Soc., per Glas. Aux. (Donations),	150	0	0
" Scottish Soc. for Conversion of Israel (Subs. 1862),	38	3	7
" Glasgow Seamen's Friend Society—Expend. in 1862,	557	4	4
" Glasgow Royal Infirmary—Expenditure in 1863,	13,218	0	11
" Royal Lunatic Asylum, " House of Refuge for Boys, " House of Refuge for Girls, Not Supported by Voluntary Contributions,	...	...	
" Asylum for the Blind—Expenditure about £1400 a year; but Glasgow Subscriptions for 1863,	327	9	0
" Glasgow Eye Infirmary—Expenditure in 1862,	548	13	7
" Deaf and Dumb Institution—Expend. in 1862-63, £1889 1s 5d; but Glasgow Subscriptions,	367	3	6
" Night Asylum for the Houseless—Expend. 1862-63,	1,269	6	8
" Old Man's Asylum—Expenditure in 1862,	731	11	3
" Glasgow Benevolent Society—Subs. for one year,	327	8	9
" City of Glas. Native Benevolent Assoc.—Subs., &c.,	350	0	0
" St Matthew's Home for Orphan and Destitute Chil.	156	2	4
" Glas. Indus. & Refor. School Soc.—Expend. in 1862,	2,038	2	4
" Glas. Prot.—Instit. for Orphan and Dest. Girls,	203	7	6
" House of Shelter for Females (Subs. in 1863),	139	13	6
" Glasgow Aged Women's Soc.—Subs. in 1863, about	100	0	0
" Lock Hospital—Expenditure in 1862,	498	5	0
" Magdalene Institution—Expenditure in 1862-63,	838	3	3
" Glas. Mechanics' Institu.—Dons. and Subs. 1862-63,	228	1	6
" Glas. Philoso. Soc.—Dues from Members in 1863,	317	16	0
" Scot. Temp. League, Glas. Subs. & Dons., 1863, about	800	0	0
" Abstainers' Union—Subs. and Dons. in 1862-63,	677	13	3
" Scot. Per. Bill & Tem. Assoc. Glas. Subs. 1863, about	225	0	0
" Glasgow Temperance Mission—Expend., 1862-63,	164	9	6
" Society for Social Reform—Dons. and Subs. in 1863,	397	0	0
" All other Religious and Benevolent Societies, including the aid given by the Trades' House, Merchants' House, Hutchesons' Hospital, and a fair proportion of Poor's Rates for the *proper* maintenance of all the *deserving* poor,	55,000	0	0
	£347,389	9	8

We calculated the expense of education thus:—In 1861, the census was most carefully taken in Glasgow, and then there were 46,757 children, between 6 and 15 years of age, at school. Each of these children, on an average, pays for education fees 25s = £58,446. But there are some under 6, and above 15, at school, and the education of those above 15 is in some cases very expensive. Several of our more wealthy citizens engage a tutor or governess, or send their children to one or other of the celebrated English schools—a very bad plan, since the children are bereft of the parents' guardianship, and there are quite as good brains in Scotland as in England. Taking all items into account, including the number of students attending the Glasgow and the Andersonian universities, who reside in Glasgow (for the greater part of them come from the country, and even from England, Wales, and Ireland)—the money, clothes, and books given to the scholars in our charity schools, as Hutchesons' Hospital—private tuition in music, &c.—the £40 and free use of Greendyke Hall, given by John Henderson, Esq., of Park, to teach the poor the tonic system gratuitously—we have estimated the total for educational purposes, including school books, to be about £90,000. In consulting the various reports, we have not taken the income of any one year, for it might happen to be much above or below the average of several years, according as legacies and donations were few or many. We sometimes preferred taking the expenditure as the fairest test of the income of the societies. Thus, the income of the Glasgow City Mission, from 18th March, 1862, to 14th March, 1863, was £2981 9s 10d, while its expenditure was £3176 1s 6d, which excess was justifiable on account of the surplus funds on hand. The previous year the income was £3075 4s 8d, and the expenditure £3140 14s 10d. But in a few cases, as for instance, the Abstainers' Union, where the expenditure is balanced by receipts of concerts and trips, as well as by subscriptions, it was necessary to look only at the amount of subscriptions.

The sum of £1,184,412 is the gross annual amount expended on intoxicating liquors, excise duty included. But as the government has to be supported, the excise duty would require to be paid by the city in some other shape. Gladly would we vote the whole of the money,—all the seventy-seven millions spent in the empire—if our legislature in return would prohibit distillation and brewing—the fountains of our misery. If government had the entire cost, our population would thereby be enriched, not impoverished — elevated, not demoralised — made independent, not pauperised — preserved as men and women, not transformed into criminals and devils. A brutalized and drunken horde of subjects, is the most sandy of all foundations upon which a government can rest. The British Government is the most stable in the world, but the drunkards are not its sustaining pillars. And were it not for the influence of our Christianity, debased and weak as it is, and yet the purest on

earth, Britain would not be the world's "City of Refuge"—the hope and the envy of every land.

The amount of excise duties for the three kingdoms in 1861, was £18,954,777, one sixty-fifth of which, as the share of Glasgow is £291,611, which deducted from the city's expenditure, leaves a balance of £892,801.

Still further, as we wish to treat the subject with all possible fairness, we will deduct two and a-half per cent. as the proportion of alcohol really required for medicinal purposes; though some have the strongest reasons to believe, that there exist curative agents which, while being as efficacious as alcohol, do not create an artificial appetite for continued or excessive use. If some think that this is too small a per centage, let them remember that the cases in which intoxicating drinks are of any service at all are exceedingly few; and that often when alcohol has produced disease, physicians in their wisdom prescribe some more of it as a cure, which is just as sensible as to attempt to heal a severe burn by a second application of the burning substance. The impression both among doctors and patients seems to be, that to get better "they must take a hair of the dog that bit them." Two and a-half per cent. is £22,320 which reduces the amount to £870,481. This sum of £870,481 we shall call the *City's Annual Ruin Investment.* In the days of the shipping mania to Australia, one of our citizens who had saved a little money, thought the quickest way to double it was to purchase some merchandise and ship it to the region of gold. Being unacquainted with the wants of the colony, he selected exactly what the colonists did not need. The consequence was, that the articles remained in the agent's hands unsold and unsaleable. At last they were disposed of by auction, and the proceeds being less than the contrary account for wharfage, storeage, insurance, commission, &c., the agent, quite like a business man, sent the shipper an account sales, showing a balance on the wrong side, and requesting remittance at his convenience. The speculator thought the stock was quite enough to lose, without being additionally punished for his folly, and so he declined to pay the after claim; *but the City cannot.* Like the merchant she loses all her investment, but unlike him, she must pay the after claim to the uttermost farthing in money, in health, in morals, in life, as the frightful array of statistics we are now to produce too sadly proves.

RETURNS FROM THE RUIN INVESTMENT.—Deeply though we feel on the subject, we are not warranted in making any exaggerated statements, and this we will not attempt. The following details are necessarily repulsive, but, alas! they are true. They are extracted from authentic documents, and chiefly from the statistics annually prepared for the use of the Lord Provost and Magistrates, by our City Chamberlain, Dr Strang. In ascertaining the amount of the City's Ruin Investment, we took the average of

the empire, and in the miniature statistics which follow, we are only giving the average bitter fruits. The picture is one not of Glasgow only, but of every city in the three kingdoms—yea it is one of New York, of Sydney, of Melbourne, and thousands of other places; for like cause everywhere produces like effect. The fact that it is a picture of the greater part of the world, should deepen the impression. With sorrow have we seen one city accusing another as more drunken than itself. There is nothing we lament more than that spirit of self-righteousness which says, "Stand by, for I am holier than thou." Only those perfectly free from drunkenness should use the voice of reproof to others. We deplore rival comparisons between cities, and we condemn comparisons between individuals. An abstainer, because he is so, should not think more highly of himself than he ought to think. Though intemperance be not his sin, he has many other sins. There is not a man in the three kingdoms but has a share in the national guilt; and not till a man is innocent from all transgression, may he cast a stone of unfeeling condemnation at his brother. This remark does not prevent any from faithfully speaking the truth to his brother with a view to his *reformation*. The difference is wide, between sincere friendly reproof and the accusation of malice. It is not to humble Glasgow in the eyes of the other cities of the empire, that we have taken a little trouble to show her the results of her idolatry. We confess we have been ambitious, too ambitious for a working man, with very little time at his disposal. Our aim has been to prepare *model statistics for every city and town in the three kingdoms*. Not that we recommend the publication everywhere of such a lengthy pamphlet as this. In many cases a tract of four, or at the most eight pages, will be quite sufficient. First will come the expense to the city or town, which can be easily ascertained by multiplying each head of the population by £3 0s 2d if it be in England; by £2 4s 9d if in Scotland; or by £1 12s 5d if in Ireland, making such modification as the peculiar circumstances of the place may warrant. Next will come the comparison of the offerings to Jesus Christ, as in pages 16 and 17. Then the tabulated returns from the ruin investment; and lastly an earnest appeal to the ministers and members of the church, the magistrates and directors of the city's institutions, asking how long the idolatry is to last—how long the miseries are to be endured. It is a principle of human nature to be interested in the affairs of our own locality, and to be deeply moved by misfortune and wretchedness before our eyes, while we are quite indifferent to much greater evils and sufferings occurring at a distance. One single death near our dwelling affects us more than twenty thousand in America. We entreat all believers in an eternity, all temperance reformers, all true philanthropists, to take advantage of this principle, and leave in every dwelling a tract containing a bird's-eye view of the city's sins and consequent woe. When this

is done, no one city will have the heart to accuse another; each one will have sufficient cause to array itself in sackcloth. Everywhere it will be seen that the liquor traffic transforms a very considerable portion of society into "the hold and habitation of devils, into a cage of every unclean and hateful bird."

We will begin with the slighter evils, and gradually approach the more terrible.

1st. HOMES OF THE POOR.—The working classes are the foundation of society. Upon them all the higher orders rest, and by them are supported. Royalty itself, for its very existence, is dependent upon the poor labourer who tills the ground. On account of their utility, and their forming the great bulk of the inhabitants, their wellbeing should be most especially cared for. No nation can be prosperous whose working population is diseased, ignorant, or immoral; and no working population can be healthy, intelligent, or virtuous, whose homes are built in defiance of the laws of nature, where light, sunshine, and air are excluded, and where no room whatever is given for the moral nature of man to develop itself. It is impossible for the decencies and virtues of social life to thrive in a kennel. Let the rich ask themselves this question,—How could they attend to all the proprieties and delicacies of domestic life, if their washing-house, water-closet, kitchen, bed-rooms, parlour, dining-room, their every ample accommodation for the necessities of home existence, were suddenly restricted to a single, dark, dingy apartment, less than twelve feet square? And yet in such hovels the poor have to live—in such dens are millions of children reared from infancy. The wonder is not that there are recklessness and immorality among the labouring classes, but that there is a spark of virtue left at all. To the honour of many of them be it told, that there is as much virtue in the homes of the poor, as in the palaces of the noble. If toil and hardship in some cases produce an utter callousness of feeling, in other instances they are the drag upon human corruption; they act like mighty weights to keep under the uprise and outbreak of indwelling sin.

Glasgow has some cause to be proud of its broad, regular, and well-paved streets; its many beautiful specimens of architecture; and the extent and magnificence of its west end city. In all our wanderings in the three kingdoms, we have not seen its equal. Nowhere have we looked upon such an exquisitely symmetrical modern building as our Royal Exchange. Both in the sunshine and moonlight have we stood in admiration of its lovely proportions. Taken as a whole, with its surrounding square, it is, in our eyes, without a match in Britain. If we have some reason to boast of the splendour of our public buildings and the mansions of the opulent, we have much more to be ashamed of the dungeons of our poor. It is nothing to the point to say that the dwellings of working men are equally bad in Edinburgh, London, Manchester,

Liverpool, or any other of our great cities. The evil exists *here;* it must be remedied, and that is *our* business; let other cities attend to theirs. And yet we are willing to confess that nowhere are there so many tolerable houses for the labouring classes, and that nowhere are civic authorities so anxious for the removal of hovels in the older portions of a city, as in Glasgow. Our Dean of Guild Court wisely refuses to grant permission to rebuild decayed and condemned houses in the crowded parts of the town.

The day on which the above remarks were written, we had taken half-an-hour to peep into several of our closes. The first we entered was 59 Saltmarket. We had no conception that such a very fair tenement in the front could lead to such a sepulchre behind. After passing through the close, you enter a long narrow lane, only 4 feet 9 inches wide. At its extremity you come to a tunnel, and as you stand at the entrance, and gaze into its profound darkness, you wonder of what use it possibly can be. If it had not been that we believed in the presence of a protecting God, we certainly should not have ventured through it—not that we were afraid of tunnels, but of dangerous men—strange that man *has* to be afraid of his brother man. On our way we saw on the left hand several doors—one was wide open, as if wooing a little air to enter. Safely we reached the other end, which was lighted by a grating placed above in London Lane. In the middle of the tunnel are three dwelling houses, which get a little light from small sunk windows, looking into St Andrew's Street. At first these dwellings must have been erected for coal cellars. Surprised at what we saw, we had the curiosity to measure the tunnel. It is 36 yards long, 3 feet 9 inches wide, and 5 feet 8 inches high at its entrance. Looking at it, we involuntarily thought of the catacombs of Rome, in which the primitive Christians sought the shelter of tunnels, and darkness deeper than that of midnight, from their blood-thirsty foes. But *they* were not to be pitied, for all the time there shone on their peaceful hearts, beams from the paradise above. We do not pity the three Jews in the fiery furnace; we only wish we had been in their company. We cannot say we found piety in the Saltmarket tunnel, but strange to say, contentment dwells even there. Hearing our footsteps, an old Irishwoman came to her door. "Do you sit rent free here?" we asked. "Troth and we don't," said she; "if we didn't pay our rent every month we wouldn't be a day here." "You should sit rent free here," we rejoined, "it is so dark." "Well, laird," returned she, "do you know, I've been six and twenty years in this house, and I wouldn't change it for one in the Arcade; there's nothing wrong with the house, but the door's on the wrong side." She meant that if the door had been hung on the opposite side—on opening it, less of her little dungeon would have been exposed to view. So it seems the human mind can become reconciled to anything.

But though our friends from the green isle can be content with

a hovel, even with a pig's sty, Scotchmen must not be reconciled to such accommodation. Let any one of our citizens visit close No. 68 Saltmarket, or hundreds like it, which can be pointed out in different parts of the city. Let him stand and look upon the windows of the dwellings, on each side of the lane. There they are, facing each other, and only about six feet apart. As he looks, let him say if it be possible for the inmates of one house to wash, to dress, to eat, to do any act, without the neighbours opposite beholding all that is done. Is this want of privacy, this complete exposure, favourable to the growth of delicate moral perception, and conduct, in the minds of a working man's family? If a screen were put up, it would shut out all the little light that now seeks an entrance.

We have spoken only of morals, not of health, for we hold the mind in greater estimation than the body. But what is the effect upon health, of thus crowding our poor like so many cattle, into a slaughter pen? In his Statistics for 1861, Dr Strang has some beautifully arranged tables, for which he deserved the thanks of the whole city. We there learn, that the total deaths within the parliamentary boundaries were, in 1861—10,932. Of that number 5450 were of children under 5 years—it is sad to find that for several years past about one half of the city's mortality is of children not 5 years old. Of the other half (5482 between 5 and 100 years) no fewer than 1463 died of tubercular disease—*the* disease which, more than any other, requires pure air. In 1862 the case was even worse. Out of 5917 deaths, between 5 and 100 years, there were 1635 caused by disease of the spongy tissue of the lungs. The most of these cases were between the ages of 20 and 50. *In Glasgow every third man and woman are carried off by the fell destroyer—consumption.* Thus, in 1862, there died between the years of 20 and 60—3177, and of these, 1031 were the prey of tubercular disease—disease of the *body* of the lungs. When to this is added the 534 who, between 20 and 60, died of bronchitis, &c., of disease of the *tubes* of the lungs, we reach the frightful fact that, *in Glasgow, one half of the men and women die in the summer of their lives from lung diseases.* We who know the working classes, the dens they inhabit, their preference of whisky to wholesome diet, their reckless exposure of themselves to all the inclemencies and varieties of our changeable climate, without proper clothing, are not the least astonished at this most lamentable fact. The cure for this is not one, but several. The remedy mainly rests with the labouring population themselves. We shall by and bye speak to them in earnest, as to what *they* must do. In the meantime, let us refer to what *others* should do for them. To show the effect of locality as well as moral causes, Dr Strang compares two Parishes. The first, Blackfriars' Parish, which is bounded on the East by the Molendinar Burn; on the South by Gallowgate, from the Molendinar at Spoutmouth to the Cross; on

the West by the East side of High Street to Duke Street; and on the North by Duke Street to the Molendinar Burn at Alexander's Mill. This Parish contains 32¼ imperial acres, and a considerable portion of it is occupied by the College and its Park. On these 32¼ acres there lived, in 1861, 10,577 inhabitants, being 328 on each acre, and there died of these in that year, 364. The other Parish contrasted is in the West End quarter, comprising our Crescents, &c. It contains 87½ acres, and in 1861 its population was 2972, or 34 on every acre, instead of 328, as among the poor. The rich have thus room to breathe. In consequence of this, and their other social advantages and *better habits*, the deaths among the rich were, in 1861, only 5 out of every thousand inhabitants, though, among the poor, the number was 34 out of the thousand. While it is true that the effect of poisonous air in the slaughter pens is perfectly murderous, it is no less true that, if the moral habits of the poor were as they should be, the mortality among them would not be one half of what it is. We should know that Parish of Blackfriars' well, for we work in it every day, and of this we are positively certain, that if even the slaughter pens were inhabited by a virtuous populace, there would not be 20 deaths in the thousand, instead of 34, as at present. But what is the case? It is simply this, that our Magistrates and Justices of the Peace have filled the whole of that unfortunate district with whisky shops, to murder the poor. We plainly say, that on the head of our authorities the blood of innumerable thousands rests. If any of our Magistrates will accompany us, we will take them to a portion of that Parish, and show them on a Sabbath morning at 2 o'clock, from 20 to 30 individuals, *the most of them women*, lying on stairs, so intoxicated, that they cannot walk to their wretched homes. The total sum the poor in Blackfriars' Parish pay for rents is scarcely £10,000 per annum, as the books of our Assessors under the Lands Valuation Act show; while they give not less than thirty thousand pounds to the whisky shops. Better houses for the poor must be had, we insist on this; and we also insist that the poor shall take care of themselves. And to give them a chance of improving, we shall hereafter demand that these public houses, the prolific cause of the ruin of the poor, be closed. When they are shut up, one half of our evils will speedily disappear. But so long as they exist, the working classes will neither be disposed nor able to pay the rent of comfortable houses. When a man or woman becomes the slave of strong drink, everything is sacrificed to gratify the appetite. Women have been known to stand upon a stair in Glasgow and strip the shift off their back, to pawn it, in order to raise the price of a glass; and this very month, in Blackfriars' Parish, a man deliberately took off his trowsers, pawned them, and went home intoxicated in his drawers. We weep for working men, and we see no hope for them but in the middle classes speaking to them as to brothers, and yet with

fidelity, and then helping to provide them with proper dwellings. The labouring man at present is a foot-ball. He is kicked by a feeling of unhappiness from the slaughter pen to the public house, for relief, and there he is robbed of money, of health, *of the power of will*, and then kicked back to his den. And by robbing him, the public house prevents him ever getting out of his den. It is quite plain that the *majority* of our industrial classes are perfectly able to pay for the rent of suitable dwelling houses. Why, in 1861, they paid more than £800,000 for intoxicating drinks, and less than £350,000 for rents. The beautiful tables of Dr Strang, to which we are so much indebted, prove this. In 1861-62, there were assessed—

34,503 dwelling houses under £5; total rental, £125,337.
33,120 dwelling houses at £5 and under £10; total rental, £227,706;

but of these there were unoccupied—

1960 dwelling houses under £5; total rental, £7070.
1708 dwelling houses at £5 and under £10; total rental, £11,690.

Would that half the slaughter pens were unoccupied!

The *majority* of our working population can afford to pay for proper houses, but not all. We cannot bear one-eyed representations. Many of the poor have such shamefully low wages, that they can scarcely get even food to maintain health at disease-resisting pitch. We know the difficulties of employers, their struggles and embarrassments, and we also know the hardships of their workers. There is care on the one side, and want on the other. And even when there is little occasion for care, there is sometimes gross injustice, an injustice which God Almighty beholds, and which He will avenge. We have heard an employer, who lived in Woodside Place—a great pillar of the Church too—whose own family required for its maintenance not less than a thousand pounds a year, tell his unskilled labourer (who yet had to work like a horse) that he ought to be content with his eight shillings a week, as he knew a weaver, a very decent man, who reared his family on five shillings a week! The middle classes must give justice to the poor, and then rigorously insist that they give justice to themselves.

As the returns from the Ruin Investment have to be tabulated, we must make a computation of the loss sustained by the labouring population from living in the slaughter pens. Since the mortality among the poor is fully six times what it is among the rich, it would be no exaggeration to affirm that, if they dwelt in more comfortable and better ventilated houses, the annual mortality of the city, instead of being about 11,000, would be reduced by at least one thousand; we say one thousand, for it must be remembered that the excessive mortality among the poor is chiefly among their children, and is caused not so much by incommodious houses as want of proper parental care. Again, taking into consideration

the number of our slaughter pens—the expense of medicine, of time lost from work when unwell, of burials, of wages, when the bread-winner is removed by death, the loss in money cannot be under £60,000 per annum. No one, we hope, will dispute the fact that, the reason why our working classes inhabit the slaughter pens is their drunkenness. Every one who saves his drink money, can with it procure a better house; and if our labouring men, as a body, would tell the owners of the slaughter pens that they would dwell in them no longer, very speedily the law of demand would supply better accommodation. We can, therefore, fairly credit the Ruin Investment with one half of the loss, viz., 500 lives, and thirty thousand pounds. In this is not included the charge of pauperism, it will come in under a separate head. Very many of our working classes bear the charges of sickness and of death, without applying to our Parochial Boards for aid.

How long shall the slaughter pens exist? We believe not long. There are Christianity and philanthropy enough in Glasgow to get this evil remedied. Glasgow is not an imitator; she can strike out a path for herself. We entertain no Utopian scheme. We wish to see every married working man with a comfortable home, of not less than one room and kitchen, with proper conveniences, and plenty of air to breathe. Glasgow enterprise can supply him with this, and that without a loss. The public spirit that brought water to the city from Loch Katrine will, it is certain, see the slaughter pens condemned. Mr Corbet, with a manly heart, opened cooking palaces for our poor, in which, as Dr Strang says in the report for 1862, meals may be had for 4½d, "*full of health from the pot, and free of death from the bottle.*" The other cities of the empire came, saw, admired, and copied. We thank Mr Corbet for the deed, and we thank Dr Strang for the phrase, "*death from the bottle.*" This phrase was addressed to our Lord Provost and Magistrates. They shall hear it again. Ten thousand voices at our licensing courts shall yet shout "Death from the bottle!" "Down with the shops that retail death from the bottle!"

As Mr Corbet lost nothing by his philanthropic speculation, neither will our "association for erecting suitable dwelling houses for the working classes" lose anything by theirs. That association does not yet exist, but it soon will. All that we ask for is, that the amount of the City's Ruin Investment for one year—say one million pounds—be subscribed for. The shareholders are sure of 5 per cent. of a return, and that will be their least reward. To be successful, this speculation must be attempted prudently and quietly. It is a duty, it must be carried out, and therefore *is* practicable. Since it has justice to the poor for its foundation, it *shall* be successful. Again, we say, let it be attempted quietly. Glasgow does not require to advertise for months the undertaking, as some other towns do. Publicity would indeed be its ruin. The moment it is known that liberal-hearted men are in search of

ground, the landlords, and sharks in the shape of accountants, and house factors (all are not sharks), will double their prices. Men have no conscience in selling ground. Property in great towns has no fixed value. One mansion and garden was bought for £2000, and sold for £36,000. A man, twenty years ago, had the offer of ground, not 200 yards from the Exchange, at £1 the square yard. He refused to buy, because he thought the price too high. To-day the same ground cannot be bought for £12 the square yard.

The easiest way to carry out the scheme will be, for a number, say 50 or 100, of our wealthy and generous citizens to form themselves into a committee. Then let them engage a few of our experienced aged builders, who know the city thoroughly, to make enquiries where ground is to be had, and at what price. These men know *where* to get the ground, and *how* to get it. At least some of them do. One of them commenced business with nothing but his pair of hands, and a stout heart, and now is a very extensive proprietor. He says, "When I want ground, I never go myself to look after it. If the owner or factor saw me, he would say, If a judge like Mr ——— offers me ten shillings a yard for the ground, it is plain it is worth at least twenty—so I'll not sell him my ground. I therefore never go myself. I always send a person they don't know, or better, a half silly man, and then I get the ground at my own figure." The maxim of the association must be, "We will neither cheat, nor be cheated." Acting quietly and prudently, sufficient ground will be got. Then our gentlemen will go to the bank and sign a bond. The banks will be quite willing to advance the money. This is not a speculation like those which ruined the Western Bank. Indeed, our banks have for several years past given too heavy loans upon high-rented properties. Glasgow has too much house accommodation for the rich, and too little for the poor. Thus, in 1861-62, the rental of unoccupied houses under £10 a year was £18,760; and of those at £10, and upwards, not less than £32,079. Having for many years past provided so well for the middle classes, it is surely now high time to care for the poor. The banks then will supply the money as it is required; and the association will both purchase and alter suitable substantial houses, and erect new ones. And the new ones will be a model for the other cities of the empire. There will be a strong built-in kitchen grate, with oven and boiler, and a good register grate for the room. This will prevent the destruction of the fire-places, by tenants hewing out the stone to fit their own grates. There will be an iron bedstead in the kitchen, for durability and cleanliness—water and gas—one washing house and boiler—and open space for drying clothes (which will also serve as a playground for the children) for each tenement. Everything will be substantially put up to stand tear and wear, and the good sense of the tenants will be appealed to, that they may take a special care of houses, erected not with a view to profit, but for their comfort.

All shall go on well. The association will not contemplate being landlords for all the poor in the city. They will only place in each Parish a sufficient number to influence all the landlords around. Mr Corbet, while not supplying food for the whole of our labouring population, has made himself felt by all our eating-house keepers. Thus, at 68 Trongate, may be seen a painted intimation, that in the hotel, two stairs up, a first-class dinner, consisting of soup, roast meat, vegetables and potatoes, may be had for 5d, pudding, 1d extra. This same first-class dinner would likely have cost a shilling, before Mr Corbet opened the flat below.

When the houses are paying a dividend of 5 per cent., in addition to a fair per centage for depreciation, and tear and wear, the members of the association, if they wish to be relieved of responsibility, will *then* hand over the properties to a company of shareholders. And thus, without much trouble to themselves, without drawing a farthing from their business capital, they will have done more good to the city than any of our benevolent societies has ever done; they will have earned for themselves a gratitude deep and lasting in the memories of the poor. In the meantime, until some of these model houses are erected, let the stones of all those unroofed and fallen down slaughter pens, which are to be seen in many of our lanes, be removed, to give light and air to those around. Dreary and ruinous though their aspect be, we have a grim satisfaction in beholding them in ruins.

As a guide to the localities most requiring these model houses, we extract the following table from Dr Strang's Statistics for 1861, showing the population to each acre in the different Parishes:—

AREA OF THE SEVERAL PARISHES WITHIN PARLIAMENTARY BOUNDARY:—

	Area in Acres.	Population at Census 1861.	Population to each Acre.
Inner High, ...	103·010	15,303	148
Outer High, ...	33·797	15,064	446
St Andrew's, ...	28·179	9,592	340
St David's, ...	83·136	11,322	136
St Enoch's, ...	50·467	5,771	114
St George's, ...	193·105	25,262	131
St James's, ...	197·758	12,315	62
St John's, ...	169·825	14,336	84
St Mary's, ...	14·370	10,280	715
Blackfriars'	32·236	10,577	328
Barony, ...	2498·280	142,609	57
Springburn, (part of *within* City) ...	519·432	7,692	15
St Matthew's, ...	29·637	5,208	176
St Stephen's, ...	21·052	6,701	318
Maryhill, (part of *within* City) ...	146·293	2,925	20
St Peter's, (including Harbour) ...	27·033	4,442	164
Chalmers', ...	53·885	13,407	249
Govan, ...	789·278	61,107	77
Gorbals, ...	28·489	10,494	340
Laurieston, ...	43·795	10,978	251
Whole City within Parl. Bound.,	5063·057	395,385	78

Dr Strang was revered, not by the magistrates and citizens of Glasgow only, but by tens of thousands besides, and with good cause. In that most elaborate report for 1861, he touchingly expresses his conviction that the shadows of life's evening were gathering around him. "At my time of life," he says, "I can henceforward only look to others to chronicle the future," &c. He has passed away. As the gentle remembrance of the words of the dead often more powerfully moves us to action than his entreaties when living, let us quote Dr Strang's last and dying advice to our Town Council.

"One word more, and we have done. While it is the duty of every well-disposed citizen to assist in the amelioration of the great community of which he forms a unit, need we say that it is the peculiar province of you, my lord, and gentlemen, who have been called to rule over this important city, to carry constantly, and prudently, the benevolent will of its inhabitants into execution. Endeavour then to eradicate and improve the many plague spots still to be found in the older parts of the town; and henceforth, *to prevent any new quarters from becoming, through the cupidity of owners, the dens of demoralization and death.* Continue, by every means in your power, to open up densely peopled localities, to increase light and air, and to preserve open spaces in the suburbs, capable of, erelong, becoming the lungs of a future city."

Give us these model houses for the poor, and they shall be the best monument the city can rear to the memory of Dr Strang.

Till then, let all the factors and owners of the slaughter pens take notice, that the admirable provisions of our New Police Act (passed for the city of Glasgow on August 7, 1862), with reference to buildings used as dwelling houses, shall be rigidly enforced. All the pens shall be inspected by our "Volunteer Preventive Police," and every house which is deficient in size, light, or other requisite, shall promptly be reported to the Dean of Guild Court. And as a commencement, we ask that Court to condemn and shut up the three dungeons in the tunnel, 59 Saltmarket, as they have been let in violation of Section 384, which is—

384. "It shall not be lawful for any Proprietor to let, or for any Person to take on Lease, or, after the Twenty-eighth Day of May, Eighteen hundred and Sixty-three, to use or suffer to be used for the Purpose of sleeping in, any Apartment in which there is not at least One Window, or in which each Window is not so constructed or hung, as that at least One Third of it may be conveniently and easily opened, or in which the Sash of such Window, or the Sashes of the several Windows therein, are not of the Dimensions hereinafter provided, viz:—

> If the said Apartment contain less than Two thousand five hundred Cubic Feet of Space, unless the said Sash or Sashes give a superficial Area in the Proportion of One Foot for every hundred of such Cubic Feet."

The dungeon farthest down in the tunnel has two apartments, a kitchen and room. The roofs of both are on a level with the street. The kitchen contains about 1050 cubic feet, and is lighted by 8 small panes, each 7 inches by 5 inches, so that the window contains less than two feet of space for light, instead of ten, the number

required by Section 384. The room is still worse. It contains 1000 cubic feet, and is lighted by *two panes*, each 12 inches by 7½ inches, exactly 1¼ feet instead of 10 feet. In this room are two beds, and there is one in the kitchen. Both these windows are fixtures—contrary to the Act—they cannot be opened, and never have been opened for six and twenty years. If it were not that there is a tremendous draft in the tunnel, these three dungeons would be as fatal to human life as the black hole in Calcutta. Let our citizens take a walk to St Andrew's Street, South side, and between Nos. 24 and 28 they will see the two sunk windows we have described. God be thanked for that New Police Act; it shall yet improve the health and morals of the city more than its framers ever dreamt of.

Before passing from this head, let us take notice of two relative evils—late shopping and smoking. Since one half of the men and women in Glasgow are carried off by lung diseases, is it not our duty to remove every cause of this frightful mortality? Why is it that our working classes are so thoughtless and inhuman, as to confine shop-keepers from 7 or 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, till 10, 11, 12, or half-past 12 o'clock on Saturday night, in close confined shops, where thorough ventilation is impossible, and where the gas so quickly consumes the oxygen, that none is left for the lamp of human life? Let them not be offended at our plainness of speech, or the terms we employ. When we call them "working classes," the term is used in honour, not in reproach. No more honourable appellation can be bestowed on any one than this, "he is a working man." God the Father and God the Son both claim this honour. "But Jesus answered them, My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." John v. 17. Working men must allow us to speak plainly to them, for it is for their sake, not our own. We belong to their class in every sense of the word. We have wrought by their side all our days—we have passed through all their trials and sorrows—we know what makes them weak, dependent, and miserable — we seek their elevation, and the obstacles that prevent their rising must, and shall be removed. Were they only but just to themselves as individuals, and to others, none in the higher ranks dare attempt to treat them with injustice. These lines are constantly in their mouths—

> "Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn,"—

and used with reference to what is called the oppression of the rich. We must find an application nearer home. Is it the rich or the poor that cause the shops to be open till 12 o'clock on Saturday? And pray, what is the benefit? It is a loss, a curse to all concerned, a gain to none. It is a loss of time. When shopping is deferred to the latest hour, the purchaser must set out in any state of the weather—must wait from 5 to 20 minutes, until other customers are served, and has lost the

chance of making a fair bargain, all the best of the meat, vegetables, &c., having been picked up some hours before. It is a loss of money—many thousands of pounds are lost to the city by the enormous consumption of gas—and whatever loss the city sustains, tells upon the working classes in the end. That needless expenditure of gas occasions a loss of oxygen, the very thing the city can least spare. It is a loss of health, of life. Too many cases of consumption are the effect of this most cruel custom. How galling to young lads, and worn out pale-faced girls, to stand such a weary long afternoon, and behold tens of thousands of those who have been liberated from toil between the hours of 2 and 4, parading the streets at their ease. Late shopping is both a foolish and a sinful practice. Let us be assured that God Almighty, who beholds all we do, shall not bless those who deal inhumanly with their brethren.

As we stood in the middle of Saltmarket at half-past 12 o'clock on Saturday night, and saw an intoxicated woman shaking her fist in the face of the victualler, who handed her the meal—as half an hour later, we saw two decently-dressed young girls, keeping the middle of the street, timidly threading their way, and hurrying home; poor girls who, we with reason suspected, had just escaped from some millinery or bonnet establishment, where they had been confined till Sabbath morning, trimming bonnets to deck empty heads on the morrow—we resolved that this late shopping and working shall be put down. Brave language, you exclaim—"*shall* be put down." "How are you going to put down all the evils against which you declaim?" *Not by words, but by works.* For the last thirty years, the constant cry in our pulpits and on our platforms has been, that there is a volcano of immorality and vice gathering in force under our feet, which shall one day burst forth, and spread desolation all around. Dr Chalmers sounded the alarm. Thousands took up the trumpet, and blew the same blast. Dr Guthrie, in his "City: its Sins and Sorrows," paints the same thought. "Look at London and Glasgow. He must be blind who sees nothing alarming in the moral aspect of these commercial capitals. There ignorance and irreligion are washing away the soil from beneath the lowest courses of the social fabric. Let that continue—let this undermining process go on till a convulsion come, and no power on earth can keep the pyramid from toppling over, burying throne and altar, and all that stands above, in a common ruin." Lord Palmerston must play upon the same string. In the House of Commons he pithily remarked, "Profligacy, vice, and immorality were not thundering at our gates like a besieging army, but they are undermining the very ground on which we stand."

Now, what has been the effect of all our speaking? Only this—as our subsequent statistics shall irrefutably prove—that Glasgow, in many points, is becoming more and more demoralized—that, in

many respects, the city is fast hastening to perdition. Well, in spite of all the frightful facts we have to relate, we do not despair of the city, because we know that God can roll backwards the tide of moral evil as easily as Jordan was driven back; nay, more, we know that if we give up our most useless speaking and begin to work, He is willing to work with us. Have we not talked long enough? Is thirty years not a sufficient trial of the power of speech? *speech that never reaches those whom it is intended to raise.* Have we not yet seen the folly of speaking *about* the poor in our churches—when they thus never know what we have said—instead of speaking *to* them in their houses? Do we carry on our worldly business by speaking merely, or by working? Are Christians always to be babes? And is Christ always to exclaim with a sigh, that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light? Do let us cease our foolish talking, and begin to work. Work—how work? Well, in Glasgow, there must be formed next year (1864), "*The Temperance, Moral, and Religious Volunteer Mission.*" Every evangelical denomination must furnish its proportion of Volunteers, and in the ranks must not be fewer than six thousand devoted men. We hope the number, including female visitors, will be ten thousand; for we must have a force adequate to the work to be done. When we commence to erect a large public building, we do not send a single mason; and when we begin to construct a railway, we do not employ a solitary labourer here and there, but work them in gangs of a hundred or more. The same common sense that we find necessary to conduct our worldly business, *must* be used in morals and religion, or we will for ever labour in vain to produce a national result. And yet we gladly admit, that but for the prayers and labours of solitary workers, society would have been one mass of putrefaction.

It will be sad, indeed, if all our congregations do not each provide from 50 to 80 willing hearts, to go forth for two or three hours in the week, to assist in raising the many fallen ones in our midst. Let the Volunteer Mission be started, and we have no doubt thousands will eagerly seek to join. As in all well organised armies, the troops are formed into distinct divisions, as infantry, cavalry, artillery, sappers and miners, &c., &c., so part of our Missionary Volunteers will be light troops, who will merely kindly call in, and invite the people to our public meetings, to be addressed by our clergymen, professors, and intelligent citizens. Another branch will be composed of men of more experience and piety, who will sit down and converse with the people freely as with equals and brethren, without any mock compassionate, condescending, or patronising airs, suggest means of improvement, and start family worship. A third division of the service—the artillery of the force, will be the "Volunteer *Preventive* Police." Our Volunteer mission must be distinguished from all other missions, in dealing more with *causes* than with effects. Unless we be determined to

act upon the principle that "prevention is better than cure," do not let this Volunteer mission be commenced, let us stay at home, fold our hands, and let the city hurry on to wreck and ruin. We know what opposition we shall encounter in advocating the formation of the Volunteer Preventive Corps, and very coolly we say, we shall trample that opposition under our feet. We are not so simple as to imagine that any beneficial measure will be proposed without being resisted by those who fatten upon the public vice. We shall be most grievously disappointed if there be not abundant opposition. Upon what ground can we justify the formation of unpaid preventive police? Simply upon the 145th section of our New Police Act, clause 20th, which is this:—

"Every person who, when required by a constable, does not afford him every reasonable aid and assistance in preventing the escape of any person whom he has taken into custody, and is conveying to the police office or to prison," shall be liable to "a penalty of forty shillings, or alternatively, without penalty, to imprisonment for fourteen days."

Every person in the city is held bound by our Magistrates to assist in bringing offenders to justice. And why? Because every man has, or should have an interest in its peace and prosperity. If every man cowardly shrunk from taking part in the defence of order, soon would the town be one scene of anarchy, robbery, and ruin. Since every individual is *obliged*, under a penalty, to be an assistant officer of justice, will the same clause of our Police Act not warrant him being a preventive as well as a punitive officer? Whether will the preventive or punitive service best preserve the peace and welfare of the city? The point admits of no debate; yet we are sure that thousands who will dread the operation of our Volunteer Preventive Force will not fail to heap upon it every opprobrious name. Let them do so—we covet the names—"Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." Those who know anything of our Punitive Police are deeply convinced of their utter inability to elevate society. That, indeed, is not their aim. They cannot even *protect* society. Take one of a thousand illustrations. A citizen was quietly walking along one of our streets on an evening last month, when out rushed, from a close behind him, a raised intoxicated Irishman, who, with the poker in his hand, aimed a blow at the citizen's head. Fortunately the poker merely grazed the head, and sent the bonnet into the middle of the street. Having accomplished this feat, the drunken maniac continued flourishing his weapon, and challenged the citizen (though he had never seen him before) to mortal fight, exclaiming, I'm Wallace! I'm Wallace! but the citizen wisely beat a hasty retreat. At the corner of the street he met a policeman, and after relating the circumstance, desired him to take the man into custody for a night, to prevent him possibly murdering some one. The policeman flatly refused to move from the spot, saying, he had no

business to apprehend the man until he had struck somebody. Not content with this explanation, the citizen went straight to the Central Office, and told his story. He reminded the Lieutenant that prevention was better than cure, and advised that the man should be kept in safety until he was sober. The Lieutenant opened his eyes a little wider than usual, as if a new idea had got into his brain. Prevention better than cure, he muttered—yes, certainly, prevention was better than cure. But inwardly, he no doubt thought that a Police Office was established not to prevent, but to punish crime after it had been committed. He, however, sent for the watchman on the beat, who now excused himself on the ground that he had not seen the assault. You had better go, said the Lieutenant to the citizen, with the constable, and point out the man, and he will see what is to be done. "No," replied the citizen, "I will not go in company with a policeman who will not apprehend until I am struck. *That* policeman would be no protection to me." He left the office, and thus the matter ended. We must have the Unpaid Preventive Force—for the trial of many long years has proved the inefficiency of our Expensive Punitive Force. Our unpaid force must be all well-educated, well-principled men, thoroughly acquainted with every clause in our New Police Act. Had that paid constable been able to read clause 145th (Section 22), he would have found he had authority to take up "Every person who is drunk, and is riotous, disorderly, or indecent in his behaviour"—even before he had struck any one. We do not mean that the unpaid preventive will cause the dismission of the paid punitive force, but the preventives will see that the punitives do their duty. None will be more thankful for the assistance and moral support of our Volunteer Mission than Captain Smart. In drawing out his Criminal Report for 1863, he could not but deeply feel at the great increase of crime. To his honour we will here mention, that in his reports for several years past, he has silently remonstrated with our magistrates for increasing the number of spirit licences. He thus gives the number of licences in last year's Report (1863)—

Year 1862, - - - - - - -	1742
" 1858, - - - - - - -	1622
Increase, - - -	120

Thus in a quiet way saying, "He that hath ears, let him hear." The more they grant, the greater trouble they give him.

Our Missionary Volunteers, when organized, trained, and lead by the magistrates, clergymen, and influential directors of our religious and benevolent societies, shall be the true defence and glory of the land. Theirs is the noble task to defend and promote the health, the morals, the religion, the happiness of man. They will not be able to change the heart of society—the grace of the

Holy Spirit alone can do that—but by their prayers they shall open the windows of heaven; by their teaching they shall prepare many hearts for being gardens; and by their numbers and enthusiastic *preventive* labours, many of the city's minor evils shall speedily be swept away, and the greater ones be made, as if ashamed, to hide their face. A full discussion of their varied duties, and how they are to be performed, must be reserved for part fifth. Incidentally, however, as we go along, we shall hint at some portions of their work.

We said that late shopping, and all other evils, were to be put down by *works*, not by words. Our Missionary Volunteers shall leave a tract on "The Evils of Late Shopping," in every house in the city, and kindly reason with, and persuade our people to abandon that practice. Our Preventive Force shall leave a tract in every shop, and urge all shop-keepers to begin at once a gradual diminution of their long hours. Thus, those who at present keep open till 12 o'clock on Saturday, will begin for the first six months to close at 11 o'clock; for the next six months at 10 o'clock; and so on progressively, until every shop in the city be shut on a Saturday at 6 o'clock. And as human nature is so weak that it needs the means of reformation to be thrust into its hands, our preventive force shall leave a bill, to be hung up in each shop-window, intimating when the change is to take place. The bills may be supplied by the Early Closing Association. Still further, to promote early closing, particularly on Saturday, all our employers should pay wages at the beginning, not at the end of the week.

Now, what about smoking? Well, what apology can be offered for it? Have the poor so much air in the slaughter pens—is that air so uncontaminated, that it can bear to be polluted with money changed into smoke? Have they such a profusion of the necessaries of life, that they can afford to indulge in filthy injurious luxuries? What good does it yield? We have asked many hundreds of working men what benefit they got from smoking. Their uniform answer was, "That they wished they had never begun it; that it was a bad habit, but that they could not give it up." How many poor wretches spend from thirty to fifty shillings a year, in poisoning the atmosphere of their dwellings, while their wives can never get a new dress, nor their children shoes to their feet in winter. Too many of working men's wives are the hardest wrought slaves in the world—their toil is never done, and they have seldom one shilling to rub upon another, because their lords think they cannot live without whisky and smoke.

Besides, what right has one man to be a nuisance to another? Some lungs may be able to bear smoke, but for ourselves, we truly say, the least quantity of tobacco smoke sets us a coughing. We, therefore, never walk behind a man who is smoking, nor can we remain in a room with one. And yet there are few places where one is not subjected to this annoyance. We have travelled third

class in the railway, where the passengers were as closely packed as herrings in a barrel. For remonstrating with the smokers, we have been threatened with being kicked out of the carriage. We have travelled first class, and there again the nuisance presented itself, though, in this case, the gentleman had the politeness to ask permission, before lighting his cigar. Now, again, we ask, why should one man be a nuisance to another?

But would we really be so unfeeling as to deprive the poor man of all his little enjoyments, of both his glass and his pipe? Pray use the English language correctly—do not call offensive, injurious luxuries, enjoyments. Ask ten thousand working men what they think of drinking and smoking, and they will tell you the two habits are slavery—that they feel themselves bound, but have not the moral strength to burst their fetters. Do not call *that* enjoyment, which a man wishes he had never known—an exhilarating throw up in the air, to be followed by a dash on the stones. God, in infinite goodness and wisdom, has so made the constitution of man, that whenever he seeks for pleasure in bodily sensations, *the gratification shall be short,* shall produce a physical craving for a repetition, and end in making the victim a slave. It shows the highest benevolence in the Creator in attaching a penalty to every attempt of man to produce an artificial appetite. He has thus, in the strongest manner possible, marked His displeasure at our seeking happiness from animal sensations, instead of from mental operations and resources. The drinker and the smoker have an artificial appetite, and throw away both money and health to purchase bodily sensations, which are but for a moment, and leave nothing behind, on which the heart can fondly rest. But if the money so foolishly cast away on tobacco and drink was expended in making home happy and comfortable to those who should be beloved, the mental delight to the individual would be sweeter than the animal gratification obtained from tobacco and alcohol—that delight would not be evanescent as the smoke, but be perpetual dew to the heart; and it would evoke and sustain affection in the breasts of smiling wives and joyous children. We plainly tell working men, yea, the rich as well as the poor, that drinking and smoking are *unatural, selfish* acts; and that God so governs the world, that the selfish, who gratify their lusts at the expense of their family, shall never know one hour of true felicity.

Unnatural they are, for they hurt nature; *selfish* they are, for the gratification is confined to the parent: it cannot, like the pleasure of reading aloud from an interesting book, be shared by all the members of the family. If ministers of the gospel would look at the subject in this light, they would cease to be the advocates of the glass and the pipe, *and never again sign a recommendation for an intending publican, that he might get his licence.* They preach it is the duty of all men to choose the best, in preference to the inferior—to strive to reach the

highest attainments and the purest joys. Well, is there any place like home? is our "ain fireside" not the God-appointed spot for all that is soothing, purifying, and ennobling in human life? And should not every man deny himself gratifications which cannot be shared in by wife and child, or in some way minister to their comfort? Yet our people cannot stop at home. Our boys must stroll the streets, with a pipe in their mouth, to prove that they are men; our girls, like Dinah, must be out to see the city, and behold all the evil that is there: they must laugh, and giggle, and toss the head, and display their crinoline, to convince all passers by that they are something—both the one and the other foolishly throwing away the only time they have to acquire a good education, and lay the foundation of future comfort. Our husbands must frequent the public house, as if it were the palace of pleasure, as if the drunkard's drivelling song were as sweet as the warbling of their own little singing birds at home. We despair of the elevation of the mass until our population set a proper estimate upon household treasures, home's dear joys; until these lines of Burns are written upon every soul—

> "To make a happy fireside clime
> To weans and wife—
> That's the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life."

We deny the charge of seeking to abridge the poor man's comforts by taking from him his whisky, ale, and tobacco smoke; for the price of these will purchase pleasures infinitely superior. What is it that working men covet most? To be like the rich, to have all their various enjoyments. Cannot they perceive that the sixty millions they annually expend on narcotic poisons would procure a taste of every joy the rich can have; and a taste of some of them is sufficient, for frequent repetition palls the appetite, and destroys the zest of a first acquaintance. The writer was left an orphan beggar boy at eight years of age, and yet he fancies there is no *true* enjoyment which the nobility of the land can possess of which he has not partaken. Have they a tolerable education? so have we—the difference being that they were taught by others, and we had to teach ourselves. Have they held communion with the illustrious dead and gifted living? so have we; and every poor man who can read, may bring the greatest author to his own fireside. Have they listened to the finest strains of earthly music, worthily expressed by living lips, or orchestra harmonius? so have we. Have they stood before the works of genius—marble, emulating living forms; canvas, almost breathing; architecture, beautful, majestic? so have we. Have they gazed on Nature's loveliest scenes with joy too deep for utterance? so have we. Have they sought beauty in the sunshine, beauty in the moonlight, beauty in the stars above, beauty in the earth beneath, in land, and sea, and

shore; in flowers, and herbs, and plants, and trees; in all that lives, and moves, and breathes? so have we. Have they hailed the light philosophy imparts and science sheds upon our wondering sight? so have we. Have they musical instruments? so have we. Have they a comfortable home? so have we. Have they partaken of earth's delicious fruits, brought to our shores from every clime? so have we. Have they food abundant? we have bread convenient, and would not taste their multifarious compounds, in which disease lies hid in ambuscade, though course on course were daily laid upon our table free of charge. Better than all these, have they known the value of a woman's heart? so have we. Have they riches? we seek riches immortal—those *within* the heart, for those *material* can find no entrance to a human soul. Have they possessions great? he alone is the possessor, who passing by, can say "My Father owns it all; yonder is my house eternal, yonder my estate upon the boundless plains of heaven." All these the beggar boy has got by labour of his hands and head, by working ten and often twelve long hours a day, and from a common workman's wage; but none of these would he have got, had he indulged in the enslaving luxuries—the poisons that enchain his fellow-men. Never, in the thirty-seven years of our life, have we drank a single glass of whisky, ale, or wine; never have we had a pipe within our mouth, nor ever shall.

He who ascends the mountain's side with patient tread and breathing deep, until he reach the summit, soon forgets his toil—his every painful step rewarded by the scene in view. As in calm delight he gazes on the river, reduced by distance to a streamlet, meandering in the vale below; on yon distant highland lake, that in the sunshine seems one sheet of burnished gold; on the far off peaks, that bear the richly laden clouds, and suck ethereal honey; on old ocean, that between these mounts is seen sleeping in his might; on hill, and dale, and warbling rill; on castle, village, peasant's lonely hut; on heather blooming at his feet; on Nature's lovely mantle, decked with hues so manifold; on moor fowl whirring in the air in fear; on that majestic dome o'erhead, compared with which all human domes are less than toys—he counts the purchase cheap, his labour paid a hundred fold. So he, the poor unlettered man, who leaves the vale of ignorance and want, and step by step, with self-denial for his guide, ascends the hill of mental culture and enjoyment pure, shall soon delight in scenes which never can be found where vice is kissed and knowledge is shut out from the mind. Ye who stand upon an eminence of intellectual power, of moral strength, and manly bliss; ye who profess affection for the poor—take from them both the pipe and glass, the every pernicious indulgence that chains them to poverty's dungeon all their life. Cry to the toiling masses sunk in wretchedness below, "Brothers, ascend; leave the valley of mere animal sensations; the path is easier than it seems; when freed

from fetters, lust, not God, hath forged, the joys of freemen are within your reach." The pleasures of the soul as much exceed those got by irritating dust, as the heaven of heavens surpasses earth.

Again we deny the charge of aiming to curtail the poor man's little stock of pleasure. Ardently we wish for him a peace and joy that will make light his daily toil—that no employer's unjust reprimand, nor fellow-servant's taunt, can touch; that will be sunshine in his humble dwelling, that will soothe every care and sorrow of life, that will hover around his dying bed, and be his when the earth has passed away, and these material heavens be rolled together as a scroll.

We do not look upon the working man as a helpless being requiring to be pitied. The intelligent artizan, who receives a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, whose counsellors are industry, prudence, frugality, economy, and virtue, may be as happy and as independent as the richest noble in the land. He that regards his body as the servant of his mind, and therefore never overtasks its powers; who always keeps it strung to concert pitch, by labour, leisure, and repose; who guards its health by Christian temperance; who calmly does more work than anxious, fretful minds can ever do; who shares his every joy with wife and child, and thus gets back *more* than he gives; who casts care to the winds, by laying every burden at the feet of Christ, the burden-bearer of the human race; by trusting in the eye of love that rests on him both day and night;—that man needs not the pity of the great, for he *is* great, and like a god may tread the earth. His simple diet makes digestion sound; his labour brings the balmy sleep, the undisturbed repose; leisure to him is bliss—not like the rich man's ennui, both a labour and a curse. Mad speculation never keeps his anxious eyelids open till the dawning of the morn; abundance makes not him purse-proud, nor undermines dependence on the God of all; ambition, fed by gain and enterprise successful, does not lead him to hoard, and hoard, in "hope of dying rich, the loudest laugh of hell." Give to the working men within these realms, a fair day's wage for fair day's toil, with freedom from the glass and pipe, and other lusts we yet shall name, and all may be the children of nobility.

Our Queen—God bless our noble Queen—has prohibited all her servants and dependants from smoking in Windsor Castle. She has also forbidden this filthy practice—for it is filthy to allow smoke to issue from the mouth of a man—to every gentleman who may visit the castle. We accord her heartfelt thanks for the good sense displayed. *It is right that a ruler should suppress every animal gratification that cannot be indulged in without annoying others.* The highest joys a man may have, are those he can share with others, *to their advantage;* the lowest, are those which enfeeble and enslave him, and render him a nuisance to others. Glad,

right glad are we to see the sceptre putting down the low and hateful class. Fondly we hope, and earnestly we pray, that our beloved Sovereign may go one step farther, and reach the pinnacle of a ruler's glory—the glory of giving the death-blow to the drinking customs of Britain, and through Britain to those of the whole world. A glory this which can be secured once only in a life, once only in a dynasty, *once* only in the history of earth. Under Elizabeth, England darted forward in the race, and took the lead of nations. Protestantism allowed, and favoured a bursting forth of energy and enterprise on every side. The first Royal Exchange for Commerce was founded in London; the first public newspaper was started, and authors wrote with all the strength of unfettered manhood, the incubus of priestcraft having been shaken off. English ships for the first time circumnavigated the globe. A solitary English war vessel fought a whole Spanish fleet of fifty six sail. With prowess such as this, the Armada then, and all Armadas since have strove in vain. The nations singly, or combined, could not prevent Britannia being ruler of the waves. Elizabeth's was the reign of physical, but not of moral greatness. A Queen so vile a jilt, so great a foe to married life and nature's sweetest joys, could never be the leader of a kingdom in the paths of happiness. What though she had the judgment of a man, she wanted her own part—a woman's soul. *Her* destiny was not to give a moral or a generous tone to either court or people. Others have coveted this honour, but providence withheld. Charlotte Augusta—the idolised, was only a prospective Queen in blossom—lovely blossom, it is true. She had a child's sweet vision of a crown, a royal sceptre reverenced in a free and happy land, a heart devoted to the kingdom's bliss, a kingdom kneeling at her feet in love, but death dispelled the phantasy, such joy was not for *her*. God kept all this for her who rules these realms—a Queen matured, with unassuming virtues, fairer and more fragrant than the flowers. Even in the visitation, which threw so deep a gloom o'er every dwelling in the land, we see the tokens of our Father's love. He beholds in wisdom. We look only at the passing hour, He into eternity. He knew how agonising would the parting be, were she the first to leave the earth for home. He made these ties of family love so preternaturally strong. He joined the two, who, when united, were indeed but one in heart, in wish, and aim. He placed within the family garden, plants for both to train for immortality. And as they grew in moral "beauty side by side," He saw affection chained her to the earth, and dimmed the eye of faith. The longing to depart from this first home was weak, and that was natural. What shall He do to testify His love? Lift up the husband to the skies, that so her heart suspended now 'tween heaven and earth, drawn upwards by the bands which death can ne'er destroy, drawn downwards by the children left behind, might fight the fight, and live the life of faith. Time shall make the celestial attraction the

stronger. The wish to remain below shall become more faint, and the "desire to depart and be with Christ," increase from year to year. This was our Father's aim, and this should be the burden of the nation's prayers on her behalf. Oh, that the clouds would vanish from her soul! There is something inexpressibly touching in these ceaseless visits to the mausoleum, these flowery chaplets of the immortell and evergreen, these pilgrimages to the shrine of slumbering dead revered, as if to tell the dust inanimate, "Thee we remember still, thou dwellest in our heart, and ever will." We confess nothing ever awakened within us such deep emotions of sadness, nothing ever made us so powerfully feel the common brotherhood of man, as when a sister—a Queen—the noblest Queen on earth, styled herself a "broken-hearted widow." These words proclaim in every poor man's dwelling this great truth, "the Sovereign is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," is bowed down equally with ourselves, by all the woes and trials of this life. Oh, that the shadows may depart! That each night on her lonely couch, she may lay her head on the bosom of Infinite love, that she may behold the unutterable sympathy that is on the countenance of Him who wept at the grave of Lazarus, and gazing on that face, may breathe into His ear with overflowing heart, "My Saviour, thou hast done all things well for me, even as thou didst for Martha and Mary. Thou who art the 'resurrection and the life,' on Thee let my heart repose." That looking up she may see heaven open, and the departed basking in the Father's smile ineffable, yet bending down as if to whisper, "Weep not for me, my beloved one, but rejoice in my unspeakable bliss—cling to the Rock of Ages, and soon we meet to part no more." That beatific vision would dispel the darkest cloud of sorrow, and the "peace of God that passeth understanding," would keep the heart till the last scene, till the hour, when calling her children around her dying bed, she could calmly, and with a smile celestial say, "My children ever dear, gladly I go to join your father. Let this thought moderate your grief for me. Follow in our steps; and when you come to enter the valley in which now I am, it shall be radiant with light from Jerusalem above. God, my God and Saviour, ever keep thine eye of love on them and theirs; preserve them safe, till we all form one family with Thee, never to separate again. Now, farewell earth; now, welcome heaven my home." Oh! will not every Christian heart within these realms send up the ardent prayer, that thus the Father of our life may prove the widow's stay.

Amiable in their lives' intercourse they were and one; in death, they are united still. God has a lesson for the nation in all this. If this devotion to the dead, the proof that in the life there were pure concord and domestic bliss, teach not this truth, the greatest next to loving God the people ere can learn, that love from heart to heart is earth's sole joy, that love can lighten every subject's home with rays more sweet and holy than the sun's; the ruler of

the world has smote the throne in vain—in vain for us. Would that in each mansion, cottage, hut, there were one hundreth-part of that affection, soft and deep, that formed the ever sounding music of their married life. What mean these soul-distressing records of divorce, abandonment, and beating—of heart-crushing, murdering, of wives and children, that are the staple of the daily press; but this—there is no bond of union in the closest ties of life. That hearts that at the altar vowed, have only for a season stood beside each other, isolate and cold as frozen water drops. When shall our husbands know there is no fountain of enjoyment pure, like that within a loving-woman's breast; and scorn the wine cup's treachery, to drink for ever at that better stream? When shall our wives believe, that not in dress expensive and ridiculous, not in routs and shows of gaudy grandeur; but in a quiet, a meek, a kind, a thoughtful heart, (the only ornament that God admires, 1 Pet. iii. 4,) a family's wealth of peace and happiness is only to be found?

In times long since gone by, the people marked their Sovereigns by such name as pious, wise, or brave. Ours shall be known, to latest ages, as the sympathetic, the beneficent, the type of perfect womanhood. Her name of happy omen, points to victories yet within our reach, more glorious far than Waterloo, or "spoils of Trafalgar." O will not Britain, under her benignant sway, burst forth in all that's holy, great, and good. Full well we know if she whose heart *does* modulate with all the changing music of our chequered life, who sympathises with the yearnings of humanity, who for a season can forget her own deep loss and anguish, to pour the healing balm of consolation into another suffering sister's heart, and *with her own*, dry up the mourner's tears—whose tender look and words can lift the load of sorrow from the sore bereaved, and make the faded cheek assume a smile—whose nature's every instinct is for home enjoyment, sweet domestic bliss; we know if she were told one thousandth-part the agony and crime strong drink creates—the million homes made miserable, where weeping wives sit desolate as if they felt the fire of family love, and peace, and joy were quenched for ever, that there was no relief for them but in the grave; where starved neglected children cry for bread in vain—the prisons glutted with a sunken horde; the paupers numerous as locusts, in a land called independent, free, and brave, the drink that is the parent of all this, the murderer of her people, would find in her its strongest foe. Never again would the wine cup appear on her table, never again would she sanction toasting, as the true proof of a subject's love. Eternal infamy to him who first dethroned his reason, to convince his sovereign of his loyalty. For men to put "an enemy into their mouth that steals away their brains"—to testify attachment to their King or Queen, the church or state, is just as wise a deed as for our soldiers to prepare for battle, by leaving powder, bullets, bayonet behind, and charge the

foe with rifle butt, instead of with cold lead and steel, and then turn round and say this madness proved allegiance to the crown. A subject needeth all the brain he has, to keep the laws, and to defend the kingdom's peace at any moment of emergency. Willingly to deprive himself of even only one-tenth part, his mental clearness, or his body's strength, is conduct which betokens either thoughtlessness or vice. Havelock and his teetotal saints, were quite as staunch defenders of their country's cause and glory, as those who toast prosperity in treacherous draughts—for what? too oft to gratify a vicious lust, and then affirm 'tis patriotism. How very easy now to be a patriot. But shame, especial shame on all the heralds of the cross who prop the heathenish custom with their patronage. It *is* a heathenish custom, for it is not a recognition of Him in whom we live and move and have our being. The command of God, the all-seeing, is, "In all thy ways acknowledge me." Prov. iii. 6. We leave each conscience to declare, if when the glass is raised, the thought of God be ever present to the mind. The true Christian knows that mere outward expressions of attachment, cannot secure "the blessing that maketh the heart rich and addeth no sorrow." He knows that a whole Atlantic Ocean of wine consumed in drinking toasts, could not with the Omnipotent, who raiseth kingdoms in His favour or dashes them to pieces in His anger, so prevail to bless our land and its beloved Queen, as one short silent breathing of his heart in prayer. Those who recognize God, He will recognize. 1 Sam. ii. 30.

Once more we say—Fondly we hope, and fervently we pray, that ere she join the heart now drinking streams of never-ending joy, proceeding from the Rock of Ages, cleft for him; that

> Ere she spring to worlds unknown
> To behold him on the throne,
> Faith in Christ hath made his own,

she may see her people free; free from the infamous name of the "drunken Christian nation;" for, alas, Britain has made the words "drunkard" and "Christian" synonymous in the eyes of the heathen; free from that dreadful immorality, vice, and suffering which make one shudder to open a newspaper, so frightful are the tragedies of guilt and woe therein recorded. O Britain, awake from thy slumber! Thou whose scorn makes the tyrants that are afar to tremble, the bulwark of freedom, the pioneer of the nations, the world's city of refuge, the star of earth's destiny, the hope and the envy of every land, arise in thy might that is terrible, and shake off the damning chains of thy vice, thy bondage more horrible than the negro's bloody yoke. Thou who didst feel for the wretched sons of Ham, and with a giant hand asunder cut their cords, by laying on the altar of liberty the noblest offering the world ere saw; wilt thou have no pity on thine own poor children, whom the demon of Intemperance is destroying in thy every street, and

lane, and alley? Bravest of the brave, be the strongest in the fight to rid the world of this hell's sorest plague. Leader in everything great, and good, and holy, once more, and brighter than ever, assert your pre-eminence as the controling genius of earth. Haste thee, haste! let no other people seize this thy crown. In this conflict, not fading but eternal wreaths shall bind the conquerors' brows. On this battle field not one tender feeling of our nature is bruised, every blow heals, every stab gives life. While our children in America are engaged in bloody strife, let us also rush to the contest with our internal foes. Let the church at once beat the missionary volunteers to arms. When *our* combat is over, not a foe will be dead, not a drop of blood will have stained the ground, and yet we will have vanquished our foes. They will stand before us, living and strong, and press us to their hearts. Is there a man amongst us who will not give to this cause the whole strength of his nature, the whole ardour of his soul, so that when she who feels her subjects' woes as keenly as her own, mounts to join the heart that meekly led and loved these islands of the sea so well, she may carry the glad news so welcome there—"Britain is now indeed the home of the free, the slavery of vice is there unknown."

We have dwelt thus long on home enjoyment, and the necessity of a comfortable dwelling for the working classes, because it is a felt want of happiness that leads men to betake themselves to strong drink in order to break the dull monotony of their life; and wine the mocker (Prov. xx. 1) only introduces them to an Elysium of destruction. We must now attend to the returns from the Ruin Investment.

2nd. Pawns, loan societies, and credit clubs—three institutions for sucking the blood of the poor. Of pawns there are two classes —those licensed by the Government, and those licensed by the magistrates. The former are called by the labouring classes "big" pawns, and the latter "wee" pawns. The brokers licensed by the magistrates do very little business in receiving pledges—not one-tenth of the whole, though they are three times more numerous than the large ones. In 1861, there were 342 of these smaller brokers. In 1862 there were 380 applications, and 368 in 1863, the whole of which were granted, with the exception of about a dozen each year, so that the number is now little more than in 1861. The large pawns have unhappily (we say unhappily,—not because they are as bad as the small ones, but because they do more business) increased very rapidly of late years. In 1855 there were only 49; in 1859 the number was 91, being an increase of 80 per cent. in four years. In 1861 there were 102, and on the date we write, 101; but as the current year does not close till July, 1864, several more may be opened before the year is out. The capital embarked in these large pawns is about £140,000. In his report for 1858, Dr Strang, after stating that in Glasgow there are from 14,000 to 15,000 pledges redeemed on Saturday,

and from 10,000 to 11,000 of them pawned again on Monday, remarks, "What a curious light does this fact throw on the social condition of many of the poorer classes of the city. How unsatisfactory must the use of Sunday garments be to the individual that must return them to the pawnshop on Monday. What a tale of Sunday vanity and week day poverty." In his report for 1861, he makes exactly the same statement, whereas he should have augmented it, in proportion to the increase of the pawns and the population. There were 29 more pawns in 1861 than in 1858. We think he has under-estimated the evil. We have taken none of his statistics as facts; we have regarded them merely as probabilities, requiring to be established by personal inquiry. In 1863, we believe more than 20,000 pledges were lifted on many Saturday nights. Some pawns give out as many as 800, others 600, and smaller ones about 200, on Saturday evenings. One pawn, which was opened in Blackfriars Parish only six months ago, now gives out as many as 600 pledges every Saturday, and of these gets back again about 400 on Monday, and some more on Tuesday and Wednesday. We questioned a young man who has been in several large pawns, and been at the business for many years, as to the working of the system. He freely said, that this pledging and lifting was as regular as the tide, and that pawnbrokers from this derived their profit. That we might calculate the profit, we asked a scale of charges, and the average sum lent on pledges. Let the poor follow our calculation, and see how they are plundered by their own folly. The average sum advanced on the periodic pledge is 2s. The interest is ½d for one month, or portion of a month—even for a day; and ½d is charged besides for a ticket (though 100 tickets will not cost 3d), making 1d for the loan of the two shillings. If the article be pawned every week, the poor victim pays 4s 4d a year for the loan of two shillings. If pledged once a fortnight, of course only 2s 2d is charged. So the poor man's rate of interest is from 100 to 200 per cent. No wonder the poor are always ready for charity, and so many capitalists have lately become pawnbrokers. This ceaseless ascending and descending a pawnbroker's stair, which causes another 100 or 200 per cent. in wasted time, betrays such helplessness and infatuation, that many of the rich will not believe it possibly can exist; but we, who know the working classes, *do* believe it. We wrought nine years beside a man who had a drunken wife. He was paid fortnightly, and always a few days before the pay, Davie would come and hold out his hand for the loan of half-a-crown, which he promptly returned on pay night. As we did not wish to be troubled with this endless borrowing, we one night, as he offered repayment, said, "Now keep the half-crown altogether: it seems you are only half-a-crown behind; instead of giving it to me, lay it in a safe place, and take it when you want it." But, alas! within a few days of the next pay, the half-crown was gone, and

Davie was penniless; so he forced himself back to ask the loan of another shilling, promising to pay both it and the half-crown, when he got his wages. We saw that the plan of making a gift of the half-crown would not be a remedy, so we continued lending it until we left that employment. So regularly every fortnight, for six years, we had a visit from our friend Davie. Had he gone to a pawn, and put in his Sunday coat, he would have paid 1d each time, and 156 times at 1d is 13s, for the loan of half-a-crown for about 484 days. The rich could have got the loan of it from a bank for *twopence*, instead of thirteen shillings. So utterly imbecile are some of the poor, that they cannot take charge even of their pawn tickets; in not a few cases they have entreated the pawnbroker to keep them, being sure they would be lost if entrusted with themselves, and they have paid him an extra sum for this trouble.

Loan Societies.—These advance sums from 10s to £5, and upward. The interest is nominally current bank rate, but as the principal has to be returned in twenty equal instalments, in as many weeks, the real interest is 25 per cent., even when apparently only 5. Thus, if a person goes, with two individuals as securities, to get the loan of a pound, he receives nineteen shillings, the shilling for interest being retained, and he has to pay the pound up at the rate of a shilling every week. We are sorry to say these societies are increasing in number at a most rapid rate, the exorbitant interest being such a temptation.

Credit Clubs.—These are even far worse than loan societies. A woman gets a connection with some warehouse—it is shameful that respectable warehouses will have anything to do with such a monstrous imposition—and then she lays hold on simple wives and young unmarried women. They want, say a pound's worth of clothing. First, they give this woman agent one shilling, for her trouble, or as interest, and are then taken by her to the warehouse, where they get fifteen shillings' worth for their pound, and have to pay the pound in twenty equal instalments, as in loan societies. The rate of interest is the same as in the loan society, but herein is the additional robbery, that instead of getting nineteen shillings in cash, they get fifteen shillings' worth of clothing; so the real rate of interest (taking into account the shilling given to the woman) which these credit clubs charge, is 150 per cent. per annum. One of these simple women, whom we know, got her pound's worth, amongst which was a small woollen handkerchief for throwing over her shoulders, which cost 5s, though we could have bought it in a wholesale warehouse for 2s 10d. A few days after she got it, seeing handkerchiefs exactly similar ticketed in the window for 3s 9d ready money, she went in and looked at them. Though they were identically the same as she got on credit for 5s, the shopman most solemnly assured her she was entirely mistaken—that her handkerchief was a much superior article.

Calling upon her some time after at her house, we found her dead drunk, and unable to speak;—she could buy drink with ready money, but not her clothing.

An acquaintance in a large pawn has estimated the number of pledges in Glasgow during a year to be about two millions and a half, and a great many of these are never redeemed. Is this incessant pawning not a disgrace to the whole city, and to the Scottish character? What Scotchman can stand unmoved and see his fellow-countrymen become so degenerate, so utterly devoid of a manly spirit? Is there any necessity for this despicable dependence upon pawnbrokers, this deplorable prostration of soul, and want of every feeling of manhood. Where is the necessity, when two months of the drink money, spent by the poor, would buy up all the pawnbrokers in Glasgow. Sometimes through want of work, or sickness, a poor man *has* to pawn, or starve; but these cases do not form so much as one-fiftieth part of the whole. So well aware are our Magistrates that it is the whisky shops that support the pawns, that in the New Police Act, Section 205, they have made every pawnbroker liable to a penalty not exceeding five pounds, "If he carries on business as a Publican or retailer of exciseable liquors." Down with the whisky shops, and the pawns which are on the flat above will quickly vanish. The building will not stand, when its foundation is removed. But as that cannot be accomplished in a day, what is to be done until it is effected? 1st, The training division of the missionary volunteers must kindly, and yet faithfully, represent to the people the loss they sustain by this course, and suggest how to lay out every penny to the best advantage. They will leave in each dwelling a tract on "When to buy, and how to buy." 2nd, Employers, especially the owners of factories, in which a great number of girls and young women are employed, should encourage frugality and providence, by supplying their workers with such articles as they require, at wholesale prices, for cash paid down. Thus, if four girls in a mill would save up to purchase a piece of cloth (say of wincey) to make four dresses, they might buy it from their employer at 11d per yard, the wholesale rate, instead of paying 1s 2d for it in a retail shop, or 1s 6d in a credit club. Mill owners do not know the immense benefit they would thus confer upon poor girls, who need all the sympathy and care that can be bestowed upon them. They would thus foster provident habits, and preserve young women from the dangers of being in debt. Hundreds of young women, who find their little income unable to meet the charges of lodgings, food, and clothes, *are* in debt, and are ready to throw themselves into the arms of any tempter, who deceives them with the promise of marriage. We *know* that thus not a few of the girls in our city fall. A kind-hearted clerk will not grudge the little time that will be required to take in the weekly, or fortnightly sixpence, or shilling, until the price of the piece is paid up. 3rd, The most

effectual plan to put down the periodic pawning, is for all employers *to pay wages once a week, and either on Monday or Tuesday.* When a labouring man gets two weeks' wages at once, it looks such a sum, he thinks he can afford to have a blow-out, and a blow-out acccordingly he has. On pay Saturday there must be abundance of ham, eggs, herring, findon haddocks, and other things he calls "kitchen;" and above all, a sufficiency of whisky. The feast of gluttony and drunkenness is continued next Sabbath, and like a gorged serpent, the man must coil up in his bed. The consequence of this blow-out is, that for several days before next pay, he can scarcely get porridge and sour milk for breakfast, and potatoes and salt for dinner, and to get even these, off go the Sunday clothes to the pawn. Of course, the more respectable and thoughtful of our working-classes are not guilty of this folly, but this is the practice of but too many, who are strangers to the comforts of rational life, of regular uniform enjoyment.

The plan of paying weekly wages on Monday will speedily shut up one-half the pawns, and one-third of the whisky shops. Suppose a man lifted his clothes on Saturday (and it is the great lifting day), it is not likely he would pledge them on Monday, if he got his wages then. And with many who got their pay on Monday, there would be no redeeming on Saturday, simply because there would not be enough money left to redeem. The Monday weekly pay would undoubtedly be the death-blow of the periodic pledging system; and if employers choose to adopt it, they may thereby also stop nearly one-half of the drunkenness of Glasgow. But some will offer two objections to this plan: 1st, "Since the working men could not have Saturday evening for a blow out and fuddle (enough wages not being left), and Sabbath for sleeping off the effects of the debauch—they would, if paid on Monday or Tuesday, take the following day to themselves." This is not true. Working men know with whom they can play. Belonging to that class ourselves, we are not the advocates of severity; but where firmness on the part of employers is a duty, where it is absolutely necessary to elevate their workers, and secure to their families the benefit of a regular unbroken wage, we do insist that firmness then be used. We wrought ten years in a place where the pay day was on Tuesday, and we never knew a man staying away on Wednesday—because he knew he dare not. 2nd, "It is such a trouble paying every week, and it is a loss of interest too." He is a very slow coach of a clerk who will count a weekly pay much trouble. A pay book can be so ruled, that the names need not be written but once in four or six months; and it is not difficult to fill in the sums in the wage column. As to the saving of interest—how much is saved? *less than one farthing a week,* on all wages at and under a pound per week. But there is such a thing as gathering straws and losing bundles. The gathering of the farthing of interest causes a loss on the average of one shilling

a week to each worker, and much more than that to the employer. It is incredible how many of the labouring classes have "tick pass books," with which they get a fortnight's provisions on credit. It is not to be expected that the victualler will make all the entries, and run the risk of a loss, without either giving an inferior article, or charging a higher rate. The working classes are the slaves of the "tick shop." Solomon said long ago, "The borrower is servant to the lender," Prov. xxii. 7. But this is the least of the evil. When one orders on credit, he is more thoughtless and lavish than when he pays the money down; so the labouring man, when he clears off the last fortnight's score, feels he can go ahead, and so orders more—we will not say than he can consume—but more than he can pay for. Then he looks out for another tick shop, and the first one pursues him with a small debt action, and a host of arrestments, and now the poor wretch is in deep waters indeed. A sad and most painful feeling came over us, when on perusing the Justice of Peace small debt action books, we discovered that on one court day, out of 238 cases no fewer than 162 of them were for debts contracted by the pass-book system. It was grievous to see the court expenses heaped upon small pass-book balances, of from three to seven shillings. The tick pass-book system must be given up, it is a ruin to all concerned. But the working-classes cannot give it up unless they are paid weekly, for they never have sufficient money laid past to pay for a fortnight's provisions. Even for their own benefit, we entreat all employers to pay every Monday or Tuesday. We have always observed that tradesmen of every description are less fit for their work, and *really do less*, on the Monday after the fortnightly Saturday pay than on any other day.

The loss which the working classes in Glasgow sustain by resorting to the pawns, loan societies, and credit clubs, is on a low calculation forty thousand pounds a year, and we charge the Ruin Investment with three-fifths of that loss, say twenty-four thousand pounds; and the share of pledges is (1,500,000) one million and a half.

3rd. SMALL DEBT ACTIONS AND ARRESTMENTS.—We were thoroughly shocked on observing in Dr Strang's report for 1861, that from 1st March, 1860, to 1st March, 1861, there were 23,788 small debt actions called and decided in the Sheriff Small Debt Court, and 13,298 cases in the Justice of Peace Court, making a total of 37,086 actions *in a single year*. Dr Strang had taken no notice of these actions in any previous report, nor has in that for 1862. The report for 1861 (being the year of the census) is the most elaborate and complete he ever drew out, and yet there is very much desirable information which it does not contain. It is useful, for instance, to know how much money these 37,086 cases represent, but the report is silent on that point. His object was as much to chronicle the progress of the city in wealth and population, as to point out its

poverty and crime. Our aim being entirely to probe the wounds of the city to their bottom, with a view to cure, we have been obliged to consult every printed report we could obtain, and make inquiries at every one who could give information. We called at the Sheriff and Justice of Peace offices, hoping to get full returns for 1863, but the clerks there have quite enough work in drawing out the summonses. They knew nothing about the matter, but kindly allowed us to peruse the books, which were lying on the counter, and add up for ourselves. We were glad to find that the Sheriff Small Debt cases were, in 1863, only 21,017, being 2,771 fewer than in 1861. As it would have taken a couple of days to add up the cash amount, we tried to approximate the average, by taking one day's cases at the beginning of June, so as to include some actions for Whitsunday rent, another day's in August, and a third day's in December. The total number of cases on the three days was 583, and the average sum pursued for was £3 4s 9d each. A few were for £12, showing that the claim had been more, but had been restricted to that amount, so as to be decided in the Small Debt Court; and a great many of the cases were under a pound. Probably the entire sum which the 21,017 actions represent is a little under £68,000.

In the Justice of Peace Court, the number of small debt actions in 1863 was 13,170, being only 128 fewer than in 1861. About two-thirds of the cases were for pass-book accounts or balances. The credit clubs pursue their victims chiefly through the Justice of Peace Court. The average sum in three days' cases—574—was £1 11s 8d, so the total amount of claims in the 13,170 actions will be about £21,000.

It is impossible to ascertain how many arrestments were founded upon these 34,187 actions. In some cases the defender would come to terms with the pursuer, without any arrestment being issued; but in the majority, they would require to be used. In very many instances, the defender is not in court. It is no unusual thing for the cryer to call out a dozen cases consecutively, and repeat between each, "Defender absent." We believe that at least 80,000 arrestments were delivered. We once held in our hands 46 arrestments, founded on 5 actions, sent in against *one* man, in the course of three months. The employer tried to save his workman, by advertising daily payment of wages, and the house-factor, victualler, &c., were determined they would not be done—they would have payment, they said, or arrest daily. This workman was a deacon in the church, and spent as much on drink as would easily have paid his debts.

What is the loss to the labouring classes by these small debt actions and arrestments? They have a common saying, that if they don't willingly pay twenty shillings in the pound, they will

be forced to pay thirty. The law cannot always make them pay, however; for some systematically shift from one employer to another, from one end of a town to the other, from one city to another, to escape the payment. We will deduct, as a fair allowance for business cases, one-tenth from the Sheriff and one-twentieth from the Justice of Peace cases, which will leave

18,916 Sheriff actions, at an average of 4s 7d for the summons, service, and extract of decree,	£4334	18	4
12,512 Justice of Peace actions, at an average of 3s 1d for the summons, service, and extract of decree,	1928	18	8
75,000 arrestments, at 1s,	3750	0	0
	£10,013	17	0

And we fairly charge the Ruin Investment with one half of this, viz., 15,714 actions, 37,500 arrestments, and £5000. The money spent by the working classes on drink *in five weeks*, would prevent every one of these small debt actions. We have made no mention of the burning flush of shame, and feeling of degradation, which a poor man cannot hide, when called into the counting-house, and told by the clerk or employer that an arrestment has been lodged against him.

How long are things to continue so? Facts, it is said, are stubborn things. These statistics *prove* that there is in the city either great poverty, great dishonesty, or great thriftlessness. A Scotchman, though poor, should be neither dishonest nor thriftless. Do not let the Missionary Volunteers suppose we are imposing too much work upon them—they will easily get through it all. What can they do to remedy this matter? They must encourage, by every possible plan, economical and provident habits among our poor. It is pleasant to know that already a considerable number of the industrial class look before them, by being depositors in the savings bank. The National Security Savings Bank of Glasgow is the most prosperous in the three kingdoms. In 1863, the total number of depositors was 46,078, and the sum at their credit £1,062,902 8s 6d. The fact that the small debt cases are becoming fewer, *even with an increasing population*, and the bank depositors becoming more numerous every year, is almost the only cheering one we have met with, in wading through our statistics. The number of depositors in 1842 was only 13,969, and their little capital only £186,204 15s 9d; now to that little band have been added 32,109 individuals, and to that little sum £876,697 12s 9d. But the bank is only a child yet. To meet the necessities of the city, we recommend it at once to start at least one branch, say in Great Hamilton Street, east end, or in Stevenson Street, near the police station. That branch will accommodate the numerous inhabitants in Calton. All our large banks have recognised the necessity of branches to facilitate business. Many a working

man and woman would run down to a savings bank if near their dwelling, while they cannot be at the trouble of putting on their Sunday braws, and trudging a mile or more, to the office in Wilson Street. And for many reasons, two of which we will mention, we particularly ask that the branch be allowed to take in deposits as low as sixpence. We would not, however, have the central office in Wilson Street to receive any deposit less than a shilling, as at present. 1st, The price of a gill of whisky, or quart of ale, is a sixpence; and we want the Missionary Volunteers to say to every one, "The bank is the right place for the sixpence, not the publican's till." 2nd, If there be in some cases great poverty in Glasgow, there is also great pride. The poor are so proud, they will not go to church unless they have good clothes: so proud, they will not go to the bank unless they be dressed; so proud, they will not go there unless they have more than a shilling to put in. There is a deal of class pride everywhere, which cannot be altogether removed, and must be humoured. Those who have only a shilling to deposit, are ashamed when others at their side hand in five or ten shillings; so we want the deposit to be reduced to sixpence *as a bait* to catch shilling ones. We know a little of human nature, and we know this, that *very many* who could now lodge a shilling once a week, or once a fortnight, will not come, being ashamed to let others see they have so little to put in; but these persons, whenever they know that some are lodging as low as sixpence, will freely come, without having their pride offended. And these are the very individuals who would receive most benefit from the bank, the very class that most requires its aid, in the formation of provident habits. In 1863, there were only 5,465 depositors whose balance was under one pound, being about one-ninth part of the total number.

The bank should print a sufficient number of notices when the branch is opened, and the missionary volunteers will leave one in every house, and encourage the people to patronise it. We are very much mistaken, if ten thousand additional depositors are not got the very first year. When the branch in Calton has proved a success, another should be opened at the west-end of Argyll Street, for the inhabitants in Anderston; then one in Gorbals, and after it one in Townhead.

If we can manage to triple the number of depositors, the small debt courts may shut up. And it may be possible to accomplish even more than this. When the census was taken in 1861, there were within the Parliamentary boundaries 265,958 persons of 15 years and upwards, and 137,162 under 15 years. After making allowance for the number of married persons (125,141) which includes husbands and wives, and one pass-book would, of course, do for both; young lads and girls who need all their income as they get it, old persons unfit for work, and those whose accounts

are kept in the large banks, there remain 140,000 individuals who could put more or less into the savings bank. Do not let us be misunderstood. We do not mean that all the 140,000 could save, so that their expenditure at the end of the year would be a little less than their income, and thus a balance be left at the bank. But that every one who has a certain definite sum to pay at a distant day, for rent, furniture, clothes, &c., instead of keeping the weekly savings in the house, *where it is in danger*, and brings no interest, should go *regularly* every week with it to the bank. It will be there safe when the claim has to be met, and the interest will at least provide a more than ordinary good meal. Do let the branches for sixpenny deposits, and the Monday weekly pay be commenced at once, and the vast benefit will soon be confessed by all. Still further, to aid in forming provident habits throughout the city, let the Penny Savings Banks be encouraged. Though so recently started, there are now 63 of them supported by 20,000 children; the right number, however, is 60,000. Better to have the penny in the bank, than in the sweetie shop, or what is infinitely worse, the tobacco shop. We have seen boys not thirteen years of age, who spent their fourpence to sixpence a week on tobacco.

When we get all our citizens to prefer the savings to the publican's bank, what a different place Glasgow will be. As there are some queer heads in the community, let us reply to a thought which may enter some of these heads. "Since all the money spent on drink remains in the city, what richer would the city be as a whole, if drinking were abandoned?" Some wise people have a similar idea with respect to the National debt. "Since all the interest stays in the country, the country is none the poorer, and the debt acts like ballast to keep the ship of the state steady." The fallacy can be seen in a moment. If the 3000 persons, who in whisky shops, pawns, loan societies, and credit clubs, now fatten upon the poor, and the 200 beagles who are in constant pursuit of the victims, were all tradesmen, employed in building model houses for the poor, making furniture to fill them, sewing clothes for their back, and baking loaves for their belly, something would be seen at the end of a year; for 3000 tradesmen can go through a deal of work. There would be seen row upon row of first-rate houses, and substantial plenishing within. Every one could see the city was becoming richer. The drink money would effect all this; for what now supports a man as a publican or beagle, would support him as a mason or cabinetmaker. It is true that even now we *do* see something for our money, as our subsequent statistics will wofully show—destitution, misery, crime, death. When will the insanity of the city have an end?

4th. PAUPERISM.—In 1861, there were 14,302 paupers whose names were passed through the roll books of the different

parishes, and these persons had relatives dependent upon them to the number of 13,590. Add the 2,655 individuals boarded in the several poorhouses, and we have a total of 30,547, being about one in every 14 inhabitants who received parochial aid for a longer or shorter time during that year. The paupers are divided into two classes—the casual, who are assisted for a short season merely; and the registered, who are regularly upon the roll books. The *average* number of registered out-door, and boarded in-door paupers, was 17,730. In 1862, matters were worse, the average number being 18,714.

As a few of the paupers who live in Glasgow are supported by parishes in the country, it will not be fair to take the expenditure of our four parochial boards as the amount of poor rates for Glasgow. The proper way will be to add up the sums *obtained* by assessment from the inhabitants. In the year 1862-3, the assessment for the City Parish was £41,975 4s 10d; for Barony Parish, £44,428 16s 8d; for Govan Parish, in 1863, £13,907 4s 9d; for Gorbals Parish, £2,100; in all, £102,411 6s 3d.

The proportion of pauperism caused by intemperance has ranged from one-half to three-fourths, according to the knowledge of the party who has written or spoken on the subject. The opinion of Sheriff Alison is, "that drunkenness is the cause of two-thirds of the crime, and one-half of the distress existing among the working classes." As one-half is the lowest share assigned by any, we will credit the Ruin Investment with making 15,000 paupers, and poor's rates to the extent of £51,205 13s 1d.

Who are the recipients of this enormous parochial aid? As nearly as can be ascertained, one-third of it is given to the Irish, and two-thirds to the Scotch. When the census was taken in 1861, out of 403,142 persons (in the city, not including the suburbs), there were 326,374 Scotch, 10,809 English, and 63,574 Irish; but as the children of Irish born within the last ten years, either in Glasgow or any other part of Scotland, were in the census returns called Scotch, the real number of Irish in Glasgow in 1861 would be 100,000, or one-fourth of the entire population. The Irish, then, form one-fourth of the inhabitants, but receive one-third of the parochial relief. This is to be expected. Few of them are tradesmen, their wages on the average are very small, and they drink rather more than their share of whisky, as frequent visits to the localities in which they reside have convinced us. All things considered, we can forgive so many of them being paupers. They never had it in their power to rise. We are not astonished at their putting the question when they land from the steamer, "Plase, sur, will you tell me the way to the big house where they give the meal for nothing?" Everywhere there is a prejudice against them. When

in Manchester, we asked a worthy Methodist with whom we were staying a couple of days, "Have you many Irish here?" He took the pipe from his mouth, and groaned out, "Oh! vast on 'em." From the tone in which he spoke, we fancied the plague of locusts had been sent upon Manchester. There is among both the Scotch and English what we may call a national antipathy against the Irish, which should not exist. Intensely Scottish in every fibre of our being as we are, we would yet seek to be citizens of the world. So long as it shall please God to cause men and women to be born in Ireland, it is the duty of both Scotch and English to count them brothers and sisters, for they are God's creatures, and we are no more. Their turbulence and wildness, and want of an independent spirit, we will not deny; but has there not been a cause working for centuries? Ages of soul vassalage, under the most hellish despotism on earth, under the jailers of the human mind, have told most sadly upon the poor Irish. No wonder they are paupers, and that all Roman Catholic countries are in poverty. Deprive a man of his soul, and he leans upon you like a corpse. The priests do not see where their plan of thinking for the people in matters of religion is to end. It ends at last in the priests having to become funeral undertakers. Would any one believe it, that his "Imminence" Cardinal Wiseman, and all the mighty dignitaries of the church, down to the petty priests of the district, are the patrons of the funeral society by which many of the poor Irish in Glasgow are put under ground. Strange that a man can neither get to heaven nor to his grave but with the help of the priests. We do pity the Irish, for an eternity is before them, even as it is before us; and we do remember well, Columba came from Erin's Isle to bless old Scotia with the light divine. Gladly would we now repay that holy mission, to his brethren in our midst. Whether by our Volunteer Mission, or by the influence of their own priests, the Irish in Glasgow *must* be cured of their drunkenness, for our annual criminal returns show that they are charged with considerably more than one-fourth part of our crime. We will offer no apology for so many Scotch being paupers; it is a shame to the nation, and the cause of the pauperised, dependent spirit, of one-half of our poor rates is—drunkenness.

In 1851, no fewer than 2802 persons were buried at the public expense; about one in every four received a pauper's funeral. That shocking state of affairs happily does not now exist. The sum paid last year by the parochial boards for coffins and graves does not exceed £250, thanks to friendly societies, though we are not sure if all of them are in a sound condition.

5th. DESTITUTION AND MISERY THROUGH DRINK.—Instead of giving descriptions of what we personally have seen, we will take a few extracts from the Annual Reports of

the Glasgow City Mission. Here are five cases from the report of 1861:—

"The case uppermost in my mind to-day is a very painful one, and all the more so, because I did not feel quite certain if I had discharged my own duty aright. [The missionary treated the case with judgment. The command is precise—'Cast not your pearls before swine.'] The circumstances are these:—I was desired to attend the funeral of a little boy, and found the father so intoxicated, that it was with great difficulty they could prevail on him to go to the funeral. Several of the friends, also, were partially under the influence of strong drink; and altogether it was such a scene of confusion, that it more resembled a drunken revel than a chamber of death. The remark was frequently made, that it was an awful thing to have a father that would not lay his son's head in the grave. I remarked, that the sin, which none of them seemed to think about, was far more awful. When asked to pray, I said that in such circumstances I felt I could not. However, I went with them to the place of interment, where there was not, so far as I could see, the least feeling exhibited; and I believe, but for my presence and entreaty, not one of them would have returned home. When I took the husband back into the house, there, notwithstanding what had been seen an hour before, was the whisky on the table, and the mother herself actually asked me if I would not taste. I need not say I came out pretty strong upon the matter, testifying my surprise, after what they had seen, that they would still taste and tamper with it. Some of them seemed ashamed. I did not sit down, but said I would probably call on the morrow, when I hoped they would be in a better condition to hear. While the body was being put out of sight—for I could not say it was buried, the coffin being placed in a vault capable, I believe, of holding five or six hundred—I thought, well now, but for the poverty produced by drink, few parents would like their children put in such a place; and it did seem to me that, on sanitary grounds, such a mass of putrescent matter should not be allowed to be put together. May God hasten the time when the benevolence and philanthropy evoked by the self-denying principles of the gospel shall be such, that all good men, and women too, will make their influence felt in such a way that this great evil of intemperance will, by the blessing of God on their efforts, be swept away!"

"The case referred to on the 1st has again been an object of my painful solicitude. Again she has fallen, lower perhaps than ever, by drink. Every article that would sell, or at least that she was able to carry away, has been sold or pawned for strong drink; and when I saw her, poor creature, there was no use speaking to her, for she was altogether incapable of being benefited by any one—indeed, a more wretched, helpless, pitiable object I have seldom seen. Oh that more could be done to put down this rampant evil in the midst of us!"

"On calling upon a woman in trouble, whom I have noticed repeatedly during the present and few past months, I found her on the verge of eternity. I am not sure she was able to understand me. Two neighbours came in, and in ten minutes she was dead. Her husband was sitting at the fireside much the worse of drink, and when I announced to him what had taken place, he burst into a loud manifestation of grief, and we had to remove him to a neighbour's house till the body was laid out. As she had been long ill, it would not keep, and I took measures for the funeral. On returning to the house, I found the husband had got more drink, and was lying on the floor of a neighbour. What shocking wickedness! He has all along been a lazy, useless fellow, always drunk when he could manage it. The departed was not much better for many a day. During her last illness, she seemed to repent; but of such penitence we must judge with caution. The highest authority tells, that 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven.' He has two interesting children, whom, if I can get his consent, I shall try to get into the Ragged School. To leave them with such a parent would be certain ruin."

"In passing through the district to-day, I met a wife in great distress. She told me her husband had been off work for some days, was drinking very hard, and giving her the very worst treatment. She was afraid he would cause her boy, about twelve years of age, to leave the house. I went to see him. He presented a most lamentable and dejected appearance. He had been very much the worse of drink last night, and not having got any this morning, he was in a miserable condition. On entering into conversation with him, I soon found that the greatest favour I could do him would be to lend him a shilling to get more drink, as he believed it was the only thing that would make him all right. I had little difficulty in telling him I would give him a shilling for no such end. When I endeavoured to appeal to his conscience regarding the sinfulness of the course he had been following, he said it was of no use speaking to him, as he would not stop it, and declared if he had a thousand pounds in his possession, he would spend every farthing of it in drink. A case like this can only be left in the hand of God, who can subdue the most rebellious will and melt the hardest heart."

"Visited to-night the husbands of two women on whom I had called before, and who are in the habit of acting anything but the part of husbands to them. They are both addicted to drinking, and often leave their wives without a shilling, and one of them is guilty of aggravated vice. The wife of one of them, seemingly a much-tried woman, as she told me her tale of sorrow, cursed the public houses with a vehemence that was startling. Her wail would have made the cheek of any publican red, if his heart was not absolutely callous. And I felt, as I have done before, that the toleration of these places of wrong and ruin, these dens of death—houses distinctly, directly, and wofully destructive of individual and domestic happiness, is one of the most unchristian things in this, to some extent, Christian land."

Take a few cases from the report printed in 1863:—

"Saw a poor woman whose husband went out at the New-year for the purpose of procuring drink. He was never heard of till he was found a few weeks ago (Feb. 25) in the Canal, with the bottle in his hand. The poor widow is now left, with two of a family, in complete destitution. She is a most respectable woman, and deserves sympathy. I have felt it my duty to write a note to the Parochial Board on her behalf."

"Saw to-day a most disgraceful case. Visited a poor woman who had seen better days. Her father was a manufacturer in Paisley, but seems to have been so far left to himself, as to have taken away his own life. Observing that her disease was making rapid progress, I at once directed her attention to the one topic—salvation through Christ. She at once showed great intelligence. I never saw her more, as she died a short time after. The parties with whom she lodged are a degraded set. They pretended to make a great ado about my being at the funeral, although I thought they cared little about me. However, I went to-day at the hour appointed, when I found the house full of women, all quite drunk, and the body removed an hour before its time. They at once offered me drink, which I indignantly refused. They then wanted me to engage in prayer. I refused, administered a word of stern warning, and then left."

"Asked to visit a man said to be ill; but when I went, I discovered the cause of his illness to be drink. He was half mad, and spoke of self-destruction. I did not wait, but merely warned him to stop drinking, and promised to call again to-morrow. When I called, he was no better; and I learned from himself that his wife had been forced to leave the house—I suppose through fear. I saw a glass on the table, and reproved him for thus continuing to use what he knew and confessed to be the curse of his home. As I went down the stair, a neighbour met me, and related how he is forcing his children to carry away goods, such as the bedsteads and chairs, to sell them for liquor—that only half an hour ago, his little girl carried out a chair, and returned with the proceeds

in the shape of whisky. One's heart grows sick in seeing such things, and we cannot describe them."

"Saw an awful verification of scripture, 'The wicked is driven away in his wickedness,' in the case of a poor sinner, who ended her days with a rope. She was a wicked woman—the mother of 16 children, who, with one or two exceptions, are preparing either for early graves, or the prison. But God will not allow the wicked always to prosper. Though she long sneered at all I said to her, she could not resist God. The hand of death entered her dwelling a short time ago, carrying away her husband (who was heart-broken, as also a number of her family). She knew not the comfort that religion imparts, and, in a fit of remorse, hanged herself. As I was passing when it was discovered, I found a great number of her drunken companions waiting about the close, to see if they could gain any information, and I felt it my duty to proclaim in their hearing a few important truths."

6th. ON PICKING THE POCKETS OF THE HUMANE AND PIOUS.—Many years ago a water pipe burst in the third flat of a tenement in the city. The water speedily deluged the floor and descended to the dwelling below, bringing with it a portion of the roof. The inmates of this lower house, whose own water pipe was sound, suffered from the effects of the leakage, their furniture, &c., being all spoiled, and so they at once complained. To prevent the escaping water from destroying all the property below, tubs, pails, and dishes of every description were placed before the leak, and were emptied as soon as full. It was very hard work indeed, this incessant carrying away and emptying, and as the servant could not do it all, every member of the family had to give a helping hand. They were soon all worn out, and the neighbours had to assist. They in turn were also worn out, and at last a benevolent person said he would give a subscription, and go round and get other benevolent persons to subscribe, that several servants might be employed to collect the water and regularly empty it. He was as good as his word. He gave, and others gave. Kind-hearted gentlemen and feeling ladies formed themselves into several associations, and so successful have they been in gathering money, that at the present time the amount of subscriptions is £17,000 per annum. For more than thirty years the servants have wrought at this never-ending work of collecting and emptying the leaking water, and with very small success, the greater part of it always finding its way below to annoy the innocent there.

Behold the insanity of benevolence and piety! Why not solder up the burst in the pipe of the city's morals? Why will all our religious and benevolent societies in their annual reports, state year after year, that all their efforts are entirely frustrated by Intemperance, that their paid agents labour in vain to remove the destitution, vice, and misery that issue from the whisky shops? Ever since its formation, the Glasgow City Mission has deplored its inability to contend with whisky, and now, in its thirty-fifth annual report, and after it has spent tens upon tens of thousands of pounds, it tells us that wretched, heart-broken

wives, "*curse the public houses with a vehemence that is startling,*" that its paid agents are utterly impotent before the torrent of evil. Are we really mad? Oh, would to God we had a little common sense in matters of morals and religion! Why will not every Christian man within the city appear before our Magistrates, and tell them that we will stand it no longer—that moral agency *never will*, and never was intended by God to contend with a physical agent, that works with the certainty and omnipotence of a law of nature, and that if they license whisky shops to entrap, pauperise, debase, and ruin the poor, on their head the guilt shall lie, and on them and the publicans the assessments for the city's poverty and crime must be imposed. We demand, in the name of God, of common sense, and of justice, that they shut up these shops from which so much evil has always flowed, and *will* always flow.

The pockets of the humane and pious are picked, our charitable and religious societies are plundered, by the whisky shops, to the extent £8,500 a year, being one half of our subscriptions to relieve the destitute and reclaim the vicious.

7th. ON DESTITUTION, *not caused by drink.* He is a man of one idea who ascribes all our poverty and crime to drink. A very large proportion of our distress arises from want of employment and low wages. As fairly as we can divide it, our *extreme* destitution stands thus,

One-half from Intemperance.

One-fourth from want of work and low wages.

One-eighth from thriftlessness and indolence.

One-eighth from providential dispensation, as sickness, inability to work, old age, &c.

This eighth, being what Jesus Christ has left in the world instead of his own person, to receive the offerings of our love and gratitude; this eighth portion, our poor *deserving* brothers and sisters, is all that Christian charity would have to provide for, if society were in a sound condition. But society is very far from that condition, and yet must attain unto it. Instead of vague generalities, we must present statistics to show the distress that is in the city, the want among our poor, who are not numbered among our 30,000 paupers.

The report of the Glasgow Night Asylum for the Houseless, for 1863, being its twenty-sixth annual report, opens thus—

"The number of night's lodgings for the year has been 37,512, a very little under that of the previous year, showing a nightly average of 103 men, women, and children, who in the absence of the provision which this house affords, must have slept supperless, often during the inclement weather, on stairs, or in more exposed places. This simple statement is very suggestive. Among other things, it presents to the mind the idea of misery as surely existing to a large extent in populous cities," &c.

Then comes Captain Smart with his returns for 1863, telling

us "588 beggars were brought before the Magistrates this year, against 285 last year; and 3,837 males, and 3,477 females have received shelter and protection in the Police Offices this year, being an increase of 245 over last year." These were not criminals, but poor creatures without a home or a bite of bread. Next the Glasgow Benevolent Society gives us its tale of sorrow. We have space for only one extract from the report last published, 1862-3.

"Among other sad sights to-day, was a family of children almost starving for want of food. I sent for some bread, and it was a glad sight for these poor motherless children. The mother died two years ago, and since then these 'poor wee ragged weans' have been glad to beg turnip skins to satisfy their hunger. From such a state of want I relieved them to-day."

"The scenes of depression and want that meet my view daily are truly distressing. Scarcely a family I enter but several of the members are idle altogether, whilst the others are only partially employed, and it is with the very greatest difficulty they can eke out even the most wretched subsistence. Many for some time have been living on fare little better than bread and water, and in many instances even that has frequently failed. It is no uncommon thing to enter a family where literally there is not a morsel of bread, if the inmates have not been fasting for many hours. Should this continue much longer, God alone knows what may be the result. Hitherto the people on the whole have manifested a noble endurance. Sometimes, however, it is all that the missionary can do to allay the storm of irritation and discontent gathering in many bosoms, by holding out the prospect of better things, or showing the duty of submission to the dispensations of God's providence. Amid such want of the bread that perisheth, scarcely one can be found with patience or inclination to listen to the story of the bread that endureth unto everlasting life. Assuredly excessive poverty is anything but favourable for the reception of the great and glorious truths of Christianity."

And lastly, the City Mission swells the sound of wail. From 1863 report we give a single extract.

"Called during the day to see a woman who had regularly attended my meetings. I found her in great distress of body. It was piercingly cold and the snow falling, yet the place in which she lay was without the least fire. I learned also that she was without food, and had been so for some days. She told me she was dying, and wished to converse with me about the soul. She expressed her willingness to die, and depended on Christ alone for salvation. I endeavoured to cheer her mind with the hope of recovery, and remarked that her present state of destitution was no doubt the cause of her illness. I made one of her neighbours come and put on her fire and get some provisions for her, and having read and prayed with her, left her in a state of composure."

A decent woman expressing "her willingness to die," uncomplainingly starving to death, and this, oh God! in a city which can spend two millions and a half every year in drinking and debauchery. Shame upon our Christianity! shame upon our Christianity! As we read the words "expressed her willingness to die," the lines of Burns rose up,

"Oh, Death! the poor man's dearest friend—
The kindest and the best,
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest.

The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But oh! a bless'd relief to those
That weary-laden mourn."

A relief only if the weary-laden have been to Jesus' bosom borne.

8th. WORK FOR ALL, *and wages sufficient for all the necessities of life.*—The Glasgow Night Asylum report for 1863, from which we have already quoted, thus proceeds after the quotation we have given, "This simple statement (of the number of night's lodgings for the year having been 37,512) enables us forcibly to realise the grand sentiment that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Even in this extreme case a mutual dependence and a mutual benefit can be observed. The poor are blessed by the rich, and the rich receive a blessing in return." It is a glorious gospel truth, "that it is more blessed to give than to receive," and it holds both with regard to God and man. Jesus gets more joy in bestowing pardon, than sinners in accepting it. There is more joy in heaven over a sinner saved, than in the sinner's own heart. There is more sweet and blessed satisfaction in the breast of the truly benevolent when giving relief, than in the bosom of the recipient. But every truth should have its right application. It is not true that it is more blessed to support an able-bodied man, than to give him work by which he may support himself. In the case of every one capable of self-maintenance, the truth should be thus expressed, *It is more blessed to give work than to give charity.* What sort of men and women would our children be, if we carried them from infancy upwards, and did not allow them the free use of their limbs, and the development of their physical and mental powers? What dwarfed, stunted, good for nothing creatures would they be! A man can never reach manhood, unless he depend on himself. When, under last head, we exclaimed "Shame upon our Christianity!" we did not mean that there was too little benevolence in Glasgow, but that there was too much of it. Our societies insist upon raising subscriptions to feed the idle, instead of being determined to find work whereby all may be able to maintain themselves. The assistance which philanthropy supplies or can supply, is only half starvation allowance, and the poor thus half fed, feel their dependence; they have, and cannot but have, the cringing, fawning, bowed down, air and tone of abject menials. We may take credit for benevolence, but we boldly say we should rather take credit for foolishness.

Let all social reformers and our Government turn their attention to this, the greatest problem of the present day—"How can we procure work for all, and wages sufficient for all the necessities of life." It is the bounden duty of every state to see that its subjects have a means of livelihood which is both honest and

beneficial to the community. It is imperative upon every city, town, and village, to ascertain how many of the inhabitants have no honest and useful mode of maintenance; how many are burdens upon society who might be self-supporters, and take effective measures to supply the idlers with employment. The city that neglects this, *shall* pay sweetly for the neglect. Some few may pine away and starve rather than complain, and it is inhuman to let any be in destitution when there is room enough on the earth for us all. But some *will not* starve; if they procure not bread by honest toil, they will steal, and society shall know in the end, it is cheaper to assist a man to find a sphere of independence and comfort, than allow him to be a depredator, a dead weight, upon his fellow citizens. Want *shall* lead to crime, the neglected *shall* be thorns in our sides, and it would be a defect in the moral government of God if it were not so. Only let us leave the unemployed portion of society alone, and weeds and briers of every description shall grow in rank luxuriance. The proverb is true—"The devil generally tempts men, but an idle man tempts the devil," and the devil will get him employment.

But how is work to be got for all. Many plans have been proposed—as opening up the land to the working classes, &c., but the very best is immigration. No doubt a sufficient population should be left in the three kingdoms to maintain our greatness and power—all our resources should be developed to the utmost extent; but as the distress we complain of exists *at present*, it would be foolish to recommend a plan that is not *immediately* practicable. Into the land question, and law of entail, we therefore shall not enter. A very great change for the better has come over our aristocracy; there are names we could mention who are the poor man's brother and his friend; and though there be others of quite an opposite character, we shall never rail against them, or complain of their privileges. If they prefer considering how foxes are to be preserved for hunting, instead of how their fellow-countrymen are to be kept from pauperism, abject misery, and crime—let them do so; they shall soon lie in the dust, they shall soon meet God, and he will not meet them as a man (Isa. xlvii. 3), with the respect which is now paid to titles and rank, irrespective of character; with the flattery and contemptible sycophancy now heaped upon an animated carcass destitute of a soul. But even when all our aristocracy and landed gentry take a proper interest in the industrial classes, and permit the soil to be cultivated, there will still exist a necessity for immigration. No man should have a lingering regret at leaving his native land, for every spot on earth is equally near to God, equally near to heaven; and God is the patron of immigration; his command is, "replenish the earth (not a part, but the whole of it), and subdue it." Gen. i. 28.

Our population must be thinned—not because this country is done, is used up, as idle working men say; for when Britain is done, it will be time for the sun to be extinguished for a season, and earth to illumine space by the flame of the final conflagration—but because there is more room for them elsewhere, and because their departure from our midst will be of advantage both to us and them. Let them not be afraid that they and their descendants will have a short lease of their new home, for the world, instead of being near its end, as Dr Cumming will persist in predicting, has not yet begun to live aright. One thing is certain, that the rev. doctor's end will be at least one thousand years sooner than that of the world. God is not a waster. The immense treasures of coal and other minerals yet to be taken from the breast of earth were prepared in the distant past for man. When they are exhausted, when earth cannot, from land and ocean combined, sustain its teeming population of ten thousand millions, and when all resources are spent, and men are looking in hopeless apprehension in each other's face—the archangel may prepare to sound, but not till then. There *will* be a millennium, but not a personal reign.

Our *city* population must be thinned. It is a disgrace to the civilization of Britain to have it said, that as many as fourteen or more men, women, and children will promiscuously lie down at night on the floor of a confined and moderate sized apartment, the sick and dying with the healthy, and sometimes the living beside the dead. It is a foul blot upon our Christianity. How can virtue grow in such a soil? We must thin our *city* population, for there is not sufficient dwelling house accommodation for all our citizens. When the slaughter pens are condemned, where are their occupants to go? The more commodious buildings erected on their site will not contain nearly so many tenants. We must thin our *city* population, for whenever a situation is advertised in the daily newspapers, there are from 20 to 300 applicants, according to the salary offered. We need not think that if cotton were reduced to its old price, there would be ample employment for all. In the very busiest times, there is always a superabundant population. And we need not imagine we shall always retain the monopoly of manufacturing and of commerce, for every year our most improved machines for spinning and weaving, for calico printing, dyeing, and finishing, are being sent to France, Germany, &c., &c. We shall always be able to bear any foreign competition, but we shall not always have the monopoly. Our *city* population must be thinned, for every year there is a great influx from all parts of the country. Both on the Continent and in Britain, there has been a tendency of late years to rush from the country to great cities; and if provision be not made for this, all our large towns will sink into irretrievable wretchedness and immorality.

Our last head, on "Destitution not caused by drink," has been penned to let those in the country know, that all who flock to cities do not become rich at once, that there is greater want in the city than in the country.

Our population must be *so* thinned, and *kept* thin, as to secure these three points—1st, Work for all able to work; 2nd, Uniform work for all throughout the year; 3rd, Higher wages for servants, and greater profits for masters.

Some may deny it, but it is true that our powers of production are greater, not than the world's necessities, but than its demands. If we keep our mills and printworks on at full speed for five years, we can glut the home and every foreign market, and then comes a reaction, a crisis. One single calico printfield near Glasgow turns out 20,000 pieces, 50 yards, every week, not of muslins, but mostly of padded and covered calicoes, upon which there is a great deal of work. That field could every fortnight supply all the women and girls in Glasgow with a new dress. We can at an emergency throw on so many weavers, dyers, finishers, &c., that the work which should be divided over the whole year is done in seven months. Hence in the slack season, we stand in idleness, wearing out our nervous system by fretting; and in the busy season it is worry, worry, worry, all the day. Between fretting at having nothing to do for five months, and fretting at having too much for seven months, we have no pleasure in life, we undermine our constitution, and do not live half our days. If there were too few hands to accomplish the year's business in seven months, we would of course be obliged to work twelve months at a regular and pleasant rate.

But would thinning our population raise the wages? It certainly would. This keeping down the number of workmen at a particular trade has always been the aim of trade unions. They have, indeed, tried to dictate to the employers in regard to the number of apprentices to be admitted, but fortunately failed;—we say fortunately, for when a boy leaves school, he has as much right to employment as a man. Keep the population thin—that is the remedy. But would masters also get a better price if the productions were so limited, that no man would require to job his goods, as at present? If purchasers could not, on account of a glutted market, beat down prices, they would have to pay the price asked—or want; or as some will say who doubt our reasoning—go elsewhere. We are quite willing to let them try elsewhere. "How are you getting so few goods from Germany now?" we asked an agent for Continental goods. "O, I can't get them at the old price; the weavers in Germany have got up the prices of weaving." Right glad are we that our Continental brothers are beginning to feel they are men. Our international social science associations will let foreign tradesmen

know what wages British tradesmen require, *to live as men should live*, and then working men will not cut each other's throats. But it is not foreign competition that keeps down the price of British manufactures—it is over-production. We know some of our shippers who formerly gave orders at the beginning of a season for goods at 9d a yard, now wait on till the close of the season, and pick up the very same goods for 7d a yard; the manufacturers having so many left, they are obliged to job. Send away our superabundant population where they will become independent, and become purchasers of our products, instead of keeping us down as they do at present. Let the industrial classes have no idle men and women to support, and we defy the competition of the world. The working men in Britain *should* be the richest and most comfortable on the face of the earth. So long as we have coal and iron at our door, riches of the mine, riches of the sea, riches of rill and stream, and lake and river, riches of a climate to rear a hardy, indomitable, invincible race, who can be the hardest workers, and with abstinence and care could be the healthiest in the world—we heed not though every nation begin to compete with us to-morrow. Let our working men seize upon the idea of international associations. We are all brothers, and we should all let each other live. If a letter had come from a friendly association in another country we could name, that Scotch sewed muslins were selling below the price of the materials, the Western Bank of Scotland might yet have been in existence; it might at least have checked a most insane and ruinous speculation.

We must have work for all, and then wages at such a height as to provide for every industrious and skilful tradesman, a comfortable home, sufficient nourishing food and proper clothing for himself and family, education for his children, and a little provision for old age. We would have no aged working man to die either in harness or in a poor house. It is not to be expected that wages will take a leap at once, but there is an equivalent which could be obtained very soon. If the food and clothing of the labouring classes be supplied to them at such a reduction as is equal to three or four shillings a week, this saving to them will be as good as a rise of wages to the same amount. This leads us to another step—*we must thin the middlemen, the non-producers*, who merely hand the commodity to the consumers. Napoleon was right, we are indeed a nation of shopkeepers. We can never do without middlemen, without shopmen, warehousemen, and commission agents, but we carry our system too far. Take one illustration. A gentleman who keeps a wholesale warehouse and retail shop in Ireland, stepped into one of our calico printers in the city and bought some prints at 7s 9d a piece. Then he went to the wholesale warehouse where he usually made

his purchases, and when in the print department saw the same goods, and asked the price. When told 8s 6d, he foolishly said he had bought similar pieces for 7s 9d elsewhere. After he left, the salesman immediately proceeded to the calico printer's, and said, if he sold goods to Mr —— he would cut connection, for that Mr —— was only in the retail (which was not true), and therefore should not have goods at the wholesale price. The printer promised not to deliver the goods. And it was only when the buyer laid the money on the table, and said he would force delivery of his purchase, that the goods were ordered to be sent off. Whereupon the printer stated he could have no future transactions with him, that he could sell only to those who were in the wholesale trade. Now, why should a man be *compelled* to pay 8s 6d for goods which he might have continued to get at 7s 9d? A manufacturer sells goods at a certain price to the wholesale warehouse, which adds a profit of from ten to fifteen per cent., the retail shop buys at the advanced rate, and puts on other 25 or 30 per cent., and so the unfortunate consumer has to pay one-third more than he should pay, only because the article has passed through the hands of middlemen who have done nothing whatever to improve it. We do not, therefore, wonder at the formation of co-operative societies. While approving of these societies, we have our own notions about them. They are like republics, which though in theory are the best form of government, have never for any length of time proved themselves to be so in practice—everything depending on those who have the management. And we question if human nature can produce a line of George Washingtons for several generations, or if the people would elect such men, even if they were to be found. We want co-operative societies in Glasgow—but monarchial, not republican societies. They must, 1st, Start into full growth at once. 2nd, Have provision for success and perpetuity. 3rd, Prevent bickerings among members; and 4th, Be of benefit to the *lowest* grades of society—those who have the least wages. Unless they start into full growth at once, they shall prove a failure. It is easier for co-operative societies to be successful in towns like Rochdale, than in large cities like Glasgow; because, 1st, In large cities there are always a number of shopkeepers with large capital, which enables them to keep a greater variety of goods, and purchase at a more advantageous rate, than a co-operative society can do, They thus can sell as cheaply; and by having a larger and better assorted stock, they secure the patronage of the public. 2nd, A shopkeeper's very existence depends upon his success, and therefore all his powers are called into action—he watches his business thoroughly, because it is his own—self-interest makes him cautious in buying, and most attentive in selling. The manager of a co-operative store may be a very good servant, but it is natural to suppose he will not

be so prudent, diligent, and attentive for others, as if the business were his own. The Glasgow society, founded on the same principles as the Rochdale one, has not been very successful. In its 23d quarterly report, printed in December, 1863, we have these words:—

"In conclusion, we would briefly, but earnestly, call your attention to the low sales effected this quarter, as the sales are the standard by which progress is to be judged; and, from the improvement in the quality of the goods, we would simply call upon you to patronise, to the utmost of your power, your own shops.

Advising the members to patronise their own shops, and admitting a diminution of sales, are just what we would expect, but certainly not what we would like. The Glasgow society has 1480 members or shareholders who have invested £1 each, for which they receive interest at 5 per cent. It has 9 stores in different parts of the city, and yet the total sales for the last three months amount only to £4000. The shareholders pay the usual shop rates for what they buy, and the profit to be divided is 6d per pound on the sum of their purchases during last quarter.

The co-operative societies we have in view must start into full life and strength at once, just like Mr Corbet's cooking depots; otherwise success is absolutely impossible *in great cities at the present day*, where competition is much more keen than when the Rochdale society was founded. The possibility of success lies only in one very large and well stocked store being able to do the business of a hundred shops, at one sixth part of their working expenses, the customers receiving the benefit of the five parts thus saved. It is well known that shopkeepers have very many idle hours throughout the day—that the salesmen could in fact sell four times more than they do; and if they did sell four times more with the same rent, taxes, and salaries, the proprietor could afford to sell cheaper, and at the same time have a greater income. Let us compare the expenses of the 100 shops and the one large store:—

Rent of 100 shops and warehouses, at an average of	£50	...	£5,000
Salaries of 200 servants,	" " 50	...	10,000
Salary to 100 Proprietors,	" " 100	...	10,000
Taxes, gas, &c., ...		...	2,000
			£27,000

The store, which should be planted in the midst of a densely populated district, and on a site where feu-duty would be very cheap, should be built for the purpose,—*plain*, durable, strong, and have every possible convenience of arrangement, so as to facilitate the transacting of an extensive business;—such as entering at one end, and retiring by the other, to allow a stream

of customers to flow easily on, the provisions being sold in the ground flat and the clothing in the flats above, could be erected at such a cost that the rent would not exceed

	£1000
30 Salesmen at an average of £70 a year, ...	2100
30 Saleswomen at an average of £35 a year, ...	1050
2 Buyers at £150 per year, with a small percentage on profits, to induce them to buy wisely and cheaply, ...	300
1 Superintendent at £250, with a small percentage on profits,	250
Taxes, gas, &c., &c., ...	300
	£5000

being a difference of £22,000, but even if it were only £10,000 what a saving would this sum be to the customers. Some may think that the stores should not be so large, but their magnitude and respectability would the more readily draw abundant customers.

The stores, we have said, must have provision for success and perpetuity. The capital must be ample, and if judiciously laid out the stores *would* be successful. Greater fortunes are to be made at buying and selling than at manufacturing. There are gigantic warehousemen in Glasgow, Dublin, Manchester, Bradford, and London, who have made infinitely more money by buying and selling than manufacturers or tradesmen could do, who employed from 1000 to 3000 workers. There are some men who thus have amassed from £200,000 to £500,000.

Where is the capital to come from? The working classes in Glasgow have more than a million in the Savings Bank, but we would not advise them to advance the money, for they have not the requisite skill for management, nor confidence in each other, nor unity of purpose. Wherever a large fortune has been amassed in buying and selling, there has been one directing mind. An army will do better with one general than with twenty. We see no other way of obtaining the capital, than by entreating gentlemen of Mr Corbet's stamp to come forward to the help of the poor. If one or more would advance sufficient funds to start one store as an experiment, thousands of customers would be got to put in a deposit of ten shillings each to entitle them to the benefits to be derived from it. Five per cent. interest would be allowed on these deposits.

To prevent bickerings among the depositors, they would have no other share in the management than appointing a committee of their number to confer with the proprietor as to the articles to be kept in stock.

The store would be conducted thus:—1st, All articles would be bought direct from the manufacturers and producers, so as to save the ten to fifteen per cent. of advance charged to the retail shops by the wholesale warehouses from which they purchase.

2d, Upon this prime cost there would be put 5 per cent. interest on capital, all working expenses including a percentage for depre-

ciation of building and fittings, a small allowance for depreciation of stock, and 5 per cent. as profit to be given at the end of every year to the customers. Each customer would have a pass-book, with blotting paper between every leaf. Each salesman and saleswoman would have an exciseman's ink bottle suspended about the person, so as with great dispatch to enter only the sum of each purchase in the pass-book, and the seller's initials. At the end of the year new pass-books would be given out, and the old ones collected and added up. All purchases to be paid for in cash.

The benefits of these stores would be, that the working classes would get their provisions and clothing at a cheaper rate than shops were fit to sell, and also at the end of every year get 5 per cent. of profit upon the total amount of their purchases.

The stores are principally intended to benefit the neediest class in the community—as widows, orphan families, and working men with incomes under a pound a week. Hitherto the poorest and most neglected class have derived no benefit from co-operative societies. If the gentlemen who may favourably consider the scheme are pleased to permit all working men to participate in the benefits of these large stores, we will not complain. None indeed will complain but the shopkeepers who are affected. While we feel to propose anything that will hurt them, we must look at the interest of the public at large. We hold it is impolitic and unjust to maintain a system of things by which an article which leaves the manufacturer at ten shillings, is placed in the hands of the consumer at fourteen or fifteen shillings, merely because it has passed through the hands of middlemen, who have done nothing whatever to the article—have not improved it in the slightest degree. Whenever we want a suit of clothes, we purchase the cloth at the wholesale rate, though we are more able to buy it at the retail price than the majority of working men; and we have considered it our duty to buy dresses to poor girls, as often as we could, in the same way. The case is simply this,—that there are four times more shops in Glasgow than there should be, and that the labouring classes suffer by having to pay for all the unnecessary rents, taxes, gas, salaries, &c., &c. The annual rental of the shops and warehouses in Glasgow is about £600,000, one-half at least of which could be saved, were our system of retail selling founded on economical principles. Add the saving of gas, salaries, &c., and the total would be far more than half-a-million per annum.

We must thin our middlemen, in mercy both to them and the poor. There are hundreds of shopkeepers in Glasgow who at present are in misery; having rent, taxes, gas, salaries running on, and little business being done. In desperation, they are driven to the most miserable shifts. One keeps his shutters half down from the top on Sabbath, as the cheapest mode of advertising. Another has a bill in the window, stating that his shop is "the lowest priced

in the city." Many are making "prodigious sacrifices," and giving "immense bargains." Others have been "retiring from the trade" for several years, all the while selling goods at from "thirty to forty per cent. below prime cost." "Only look here—goods for nothing,"-cries another. Young men, distinguished for nothing but an amazing amount of brass, nearly drag in passers by, to see the finest goods in the city, just direct from Paris and London;—poor wretches, that tell four hundred lies a-day for forty pounds a-year. Of all jobs under the sun, this is the most horrible. We would rather sweep chimneys, or empty dungsteads, for bread and water, than accept such a post at a thousand pounds a-year.

If we, then, by a few of these huge retail, monarchial co-operative stores, cause one-half of our shopkeepers to look out for a better mode of subsistence, it will in the end be to their advantage, though it may be to their present distress. No one condemned Mr Corbet's cooking depots, though they deprived many small eating-house keepers of the greater part of their business. When free libraries are started in Glasgow, those who at present live by lending books to read will unquestionably suffer. Still, the answer is—the interest of the few must give way to the benefit of the many.

What we have in view in proposing these large stores is, the downfall of the credit pass-book system, of loan societies, and credit clubs, and consequently of small debt actions and arrestments. Our missionary voluntoers would encourage the poor to become depositors in the stores, and, in the case of a poor widow, orphan family, or deserving working man with very small wages, the missionary might advance the deposit of ten shillings, and get it marked in the books that it was to be repaid to none but himself. It would thus be in safety, and bear five per cent. interest.

We have been asking a great deal for the toiling masses; but not more, we are sure, than Glasgow philanthropy will supply. Good dwelling houses at moderate rents—weekly Monday pays—savings bank branches to receive sixpenny deposits—work for all—proper retail stores, so efficiently and economically started and conducted as to sell provisions and clothing at less than small shops can afford to do, and give five per cent. profit besides—and the last is a few halls for instruction and recreation—for lectures, soirees, concerts, &c. But let it be remarked, we have not asked for a farthing of charity. We would not have the poor to feel they are paupers; we would not diminish, but increase their self-respect. Give us these, with our missionary volunteers, and shut the whisky shops; shut the whisky shops, and, with God's blessing, in less than ten years Glasgow will be quite a different place.

Again we strike the key note. Thin our *city* population to secure work for all—regular work for all throughout the year—higher wages to servants, and greater profits to employers. But

how shall we thin it? In 1861 there were within the parliamentary boundaries of the city 82,609 separate dwellings inhabited, and 83,588 distinct families; being about 15 families or dwelling houses to be taken in charge by each of our 6000 missionary volunteers. On any one day these missionaries could collect *complete* statistical information regarding the state of the city,—how many persons were idle who were able and willing to work—how many were in destitute circumstances, and willing to emigrate—how many had no honest means of livelihood—how many were sick—how many children above ten years were uneducated—how many persons lived in each house—how many lodging houses were overcrowded—how many brothels, &c.;—in short, every item which could be of use in a sanitary, educational, moral, and religious point of view. The returns from the missionaries could be classified by the secretaries, and the summary handed in to the magistrates. The Town Council should be in communication with the authorities of all our colonies on the subject of immigration, ascertaining which would engage to find work for immigrants sent out from Glasgow. It would be cruel to send out men and women to unknown hardships in another land; and therefore the colonies should engage to find employment for the able-bodied we might ship off. Possibly some of our war transports could, in time of peace, be used as passenger vessels; and they should, as they belong not to the Lords of Admiralty, but to the nation. If they were obtained, all that the city would have to furnish would be food for the voyage, and a few clothes. In whatever way it is to be accomplished, this must be done,—we must get rid of all idlers. We must find work for all, both for their sake and our own. We do entreat out aristocracy and wealthy gentry, both in town and country, to consider for what purpose God has given them riches and influence. Surely not to revel in every comfort and luxury while their countrymen and countrywomen are pining in destitution and misery; surely not to repose on a soft canopied couch, while others lie all night, even in winter, on a stair or on the bare floor. Are our poor fellow-creatures to be tormented by suffering and want in this life; by that suffering and want driven to despair and crime; for that crime languish in a prison; and then, for their unhappy lives, to descend into perdition? This, alas, has long, too long, been the case; but it must be so no longer. If there be living Christianity in Britain, it shall not be so much longer. It will be a holier offering to God, wisely to consider the case of the poor, than to build Him a temple more glorious than Solomon's. If there be love to God, we will not neglect His creatures, our fellow-immortals. If there be love from God to us, it cannot be confined within our breast; the well of living water in the soul *will* flow forth, to refresh, to gladden, and purify all around.

9th. ON BENEVOLENCE CRUSHING HONEST UNAIDED LABOUR.—Several of our institutions, as the House of Refuge for Boys, the House of Refuge for Females, the Asylum for the Blind, &c., make different articles for sale, and take in orders from the public. Strongly advocating as we do, that work be got for *every one* in the city, we have no objections to those within these institutions being fully employed. We have introduced this head solely to call attention to the fact, that many of our boys and girls fit for work cannot find it, and so prowl about the streets neglected and destitute. How shall they find work? *By committing crime.* As soon as they pass through the hands of the police, then employment is obtained for them. If girls who do not know where their dinner is to come from, call at some of our warehouses soliciting work, it is denied, because these warehouses send their sewing to the House of Refuge for Females. Whether on account of the interest they take in the institution, or from self interest, they know best themselves. Some are mean enough to expect a public institution to work cheaper than a private person. A gentleman we know, said to his clerk, "You had better take some bale ropes from the blind Asylum; you know it's but right to encourage a charitable institution"—the real motive, however, was, that the Blind Asylum was two shillings per cwt. lower in price.

We do not affirm that our public institutions work at a cheaper rate than private persons, but if they do, then they crush honest unaided labour. On looking over the list of prices issued by the Directors of the House of Refuge for females, we find they wash and dress plain shirts at 2½d each. So far as we know, the usual price charged by widows and other women who live by washing, is 3d each. None know the hardships that widows and women in general, who live by their toil, have to endure. These hardships will not be diminished by our public institutions both taking away the work and lowering the price. Yet, we blame not the Directors —what can they do? the inmates cannot be maintained in idleness. Our object will be gained, if we by our remarks, awaken the Directors to the necessity of using their influence to originate some scheme by which work will be got for all. We long for the time when these Houses of Refuge will no longer be required. As we stood gazing on the boys in the House of Refuge, leaving the chapel at 7 o'clock in the evening to retire to their dormitories, we could not but sigh out, "Poor things, this is not like what God intended for you; this is not a home for childhood." Before each of the two iron gates stood a warder, to suppress the slightest insubordination; and the boys moved away with their hands in their pockets, and the cowed sunken expression of those who know they are in a prison. We did not observe the dash, spirit, and bouyancy belonging to those of their age, who are properly reared, in five out of a hundred. Bitterly these neglected ones suffer for their juvenile delinquency, and their parents' sins; and bitterly the public have

to pay in the end for neglecting to provide education and work for all. We have not the slightest complaint against the Directors or Governor, for we know that discipline is absolutely requisite in the case of children young in years, but old in vice. Our observations on the slumbering wild, crushed spirit of the boys, are intended to show that our reformatory institutions are at the best but necessary evils, that they cannot heal the wounds of early vice—that our true reformatory efforts should begin at the homes of the poor.

10th. WIDOWS.—When the census was taken in 1861, there were within the parliamentary boundaries of the city 19,716 widows, and only 5,534 widowers, the greater proportion of the widowers marrying again, and choosing women without the incumbrance of children. How are these 19,716 widows supported? Many of them pass through trials, the records of which would set the city a-weeping. In the report for 1861 of the Glasgow Royal Asylum for Lunatics, we meet these words,

"The number of widows admitted is almost invariably greater than the number of widowers. The cause of this is apparent, and could easily be anticipated, when we consider the mental anxiety and the distressing circumstances into which many are cast when the head of a family is removed, leaving the support and upbringing of its members upon one who may be of an anxious turn of mind, and who may have but few resources."

Many have indeed but few resources. It is not without cause that God has recommended the widow to our protection both in the Old and New Testaments. Deut. xiv. 28-29; James i. 27. Pure and undefiled religion consists of two parts; starving our lusts, and supplying the wants of our needy brethren; and this last, God in his wisdom has placed first. If our corruption is to be subdued, if we are to keep ourselves unspotted from the world; the easiest and most powerful means of effecting this, is by doing good to others. It is not so much charity, as work that we ask for the widows. Nearly all of them are willing to labour for their livelihood, but cannot find constant employment. We cannot express how much we desire work for all whose hands are able to minister to their wants. When we kept a Sabbath School on Dr Chalmers' Territorial System, and had a district of 52 families, which we had to visit often once a week, and, at the least, once a month when delivering the monthly tract, we became acquainted with the circumstances of all within our little parish; and we were kept running about, trying to get this boy and that girl into one situation or other, and yarn to wind for several old women and widows. But we had a sickening feeling that we were not increasing the total amount of work in the city, that we were not creating a demand for labour, that we, by attending to our district, were merely keeping work from those who had nobody to recommend them. It is this feeling that has caused us to cry out so loudly for regular employment for all; and for a sufficient number of volunteer missionaries to inspect the whole city, that we may ascertain the

total number of persons we have to provide for. The number of wives made widows by the Ruin Investment is as justly as we can calculate about one hundred a year, and of husbands made widowers by the same demon agency about forty.

11th. FEMALE DOMESTIC SERVANTS.—In 1861, there were 12,856 thus employed. These are a class that must not be neglected, as they are exposed to peculiar trials and dangers. Many of them leave the parental roof when only thirteen or fourteen years of age. Not a few of them are under mistresses who are not fit to keep a dog. In such an age as ours, when no one is counted *respectable* unless he be in business for himself, or keep up false appearances; women whose husbands have from £60 to £100 a year, must keep a servant and live in a house from £12 to £20 of rent. Why must *they* keep a servant? Because keeping a servant, like wearing expensive clothes got on credit, makes them respectable. The public have lost the original meaning of the word "respectable." At one time it was defined to be "possessing the *mental* worth or qualities which deserve respect." It now means, expensive clothes on the back, whether paid for or not—elegant furniture got on credit—and keeping a half-starved servant! Alas! for poor mother Eve, we wonder how she got on. A woman, when her husband had the whole world for his estate, could do without a servant; but now, women whose husbands have no estate at all, cannot do without one. It is quite plain that Adam and Eve knew nothing about gentleness, or as we now use the word, gentility. Poverty is no disgrace, but empty pride should receive its merited contempt. Women who but yesterday laid aside the garb of poverty, must to-day ape fine ladies; and puppies, who a few days ago were glad of a "cog o' brose," must now patronise restaurants, and get some simple jeweller to credit them a gold watered chain—the chain will do, there is no necessity for the watch, for it is supposed to be in the pocket. Hence the enormous embezzlement that is carried on, not one-tenth part of which is ever discovered. We would not write in this strain, did we not see much of the working of this artificial, hollow, and sinful mode of life. It so loads a husband with debt, that some streets in the city become sealed; there are some shops he dare not pass, there are some men he trembles to meet. It keeps the wife continually complaining of short finances, it leads her to count the potatoes for the servant's dinner, and watch every bite the servant takes. We *do* know that not a few servants are made so miserable by beggarly mistresses, that they are driven to the street, the scarcity of provision being made up by abundance of abuse and hard work.

Even when as regards food, wages, and work, there is nothing to complain of, there is too often one thing awanting, *kindly intercourse.* And, yet, none more require a motherly interest, a sort of respectful companionship, than female servants; and none would more repay it. Mistresses have generally cause to condemn the

injudicious tale-bearing of their servants, but they seldom think that kindness is the only antidote. Let them have a motherly regard for their domestics, and there shall be closed lips—tale-bearing will cease.

In the Glasgow Magdalene Institution report for 1863, there are some melancholy facts.

1st. "The first relates to the occupation of the applicants when they were seduced from the path of virtue. Of the past year's cases, as before, somewhat like a half were in service. *Of these, many have come from the country*, while others have been in service of a low and inferior kind in the city, and from childhood have failed to receive suitable upbringing.

2d. "As in former years, the large majority fell between the ages of 14 to 18 years, which may well be styled tender. This is a feature which must cause much pain to every thoughtful mind, &c.

3d. "This painful fact seems, indeed, to find some explanation by the third feature of the statistics, to which attention is asked—the large proportion of victims furnished to prostitution by the orphan state. Of 136 cases admitted last year, 104 were orphans."

Three words—"servants," "tender," orphans." The most hellish thing in human nature, the "damned spot" upon the soul of man is this—he makes prey of the helpless. Man was created the protector of the woman, of her life and honour; but the protector has become a monster, seeking out orphans whom he may devour. Men in weighing the consequences, will coolly ask a girl if her father and mother be dead, before they attempt to destroy her. But the day of recompense is coming—God beholds it all. The orphan's father never dies. He that formed her soul and body cries, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." It is not in this life that the *treachery* of sin can be known. Now it whispers, "Go on, she is too helpless to retaliate." But when conscience is, at death, awakened by Omnipotence to an inconceivable and tremendous power, it shall thunder in every recess of the soul, "Hellish beast, how could you devour the weak?" Sin's covering will then become the *sting* of punishment.

Mistresses can do more for servants than the missionary volunteers. There is a gentle, pure, manner of speaking to a servant, which only a motherly woman can adopt. True mothers in Israel can considerately, and without hurting the feelings, warn their domestics of all the dangers before which so many young women fall. And God requires that they do so. He looks on, and will reward the interest they may take in weak ones, bereft of their guardian's care, at the very time they need it most. Among other advices, let them be cautioned never to put intoxicating liquors to their lips. Prudence will suggest that masters should not interfere in this matter.

There are several register offices in Glasgow for servants, but the most of them demand a fee of one shilling, before giving a list of vacant situations. Sometimes a girl has not the shilling to spare, and we therefore would like the list to be given free of charge. We

would also like to see one or two bills hung up in every register office, desiring unemployed servants who were not staying with their relatives, and were without funds to pay for food and lodgings, to call upon the matron of the Asylum for the Houseless. She, on hearing the case, could provide *temporary* shelter, either in her own department, or in some other of our benevolent institutions for females.

In the quotation we have given from the Magdalene report, we find these words, "*Of these, many have come from the country,*" and we have put them in italics to call attention to the most grievous omission of benevolence in the city. To the disgrace of Glasgow let it be told, that beasts, as horses and sheep, are better provided with accommodation at our cattle market than men and women. Last night we took a walk to our feeing bughts, to find if it was true that farm servants have not even a shed to stand under on a rainy day, while waiting to be hired. Beasts, we found, have a roofed shed, but women have no other covering than the open sky. There they stand, of less consequence than cattle, subjected to every one's gaze and remark, while she-devils in the shape of bawds, go about like hell-hounds scenting for prey, to pick up the youngest, simplest, and best-looking. We propose hereafter, to make quick work with these she-demons. In the meantime one question. Will Glasgow permit this any longer? Will those numerous gentlemen who have come from the country, and grown rich in the city, not come forward to preserve young inexperienced country women from certain destruction. There is never a year passes by, but hundreds of farm servants curse the hour they saw the city. At the close of a day many of them are not engaged, and do not know where to find lodgings for the night. The public-houses are gaping for them with open mouths, and soon are filled. Then come robbery, ruin, and despair.

In Graham's Square we see where a site could be got for a building to be called "The Country Servant's Home." The building will be of three or four stories. Mr Corbet will take the ground flat as a cooking depot, to supply the frequenters of the market with wholesome food, instead of delirious whisky. The flat above will be the servant's sitting hall, the superintendent of which will keep a sharp look out for the aforesaid she-devils. Bills will be hung round the walls, requesting the servants to engage with no party in the city without consulting the superintendent. The other flat or two flats, will be for sleeping berths, principally, or wholly for females. Sometimes all the accommodation will be required, at other times there will be abundance of room for unemployed homeless servants, accustomed to city work. The moderate charges for lodgings, and the rent of the ground flat will do more than pay the working expenses, but the building will require to be erected by voluntary contributions. It will, indeed, be built before this time next year, and thus Glasgow will wipe away this grievous stain.

12th. EXCESS OF FEMALES IN GLASGOW.—In 1861, there were within the Parliamentary City and Old Burgh 213,922 females and 189,220 males, being an excess of 24,702 females. Some social reformers discountenance any effort made to strike out a new employment for women, on the ground that the duties of married life form their best and natural employment. Very well; so be it. But, 1st, How are they to be maintained unitl they are married? And 2nd, Where are the men to marry the excess? The rich can of course support their daughters until they are married, but the rich form a mere fraction of the city. The vast majority of our girls must work from, 13 or 15 years and upwards; and if they had from 50 to 60 hours of *regular* work, with a wage sufficient for subsistence, we would not pity them. We hear girls who work ten hours a day—*and they should never work more: midnight work* IS *murder*—singing like larks, with a far lighter and merrier heart than fine misses could do, who lounge on a couch and yawn over the last-out novel. But is there work in the city for all our women? Very, very far from it. In 1861, there were, between 15 and 60 years of age, 134,323 females. Of these, 65,000 were married, 12,856 were domestic servants, 23,044 were employed in spinning and weaving factories, 4,000 in sewed muslin and other warehouses, and in winding yarn. Of the remaining 30,000, at least several thousands were out of employment, who in order to live must work, steal, or do worse. In 1861, there were 10,194 cases of *females* who were found prowling about by the police, and taken to the office for a night, and discharged without being brought before the court. That *is* a distressing item in Captain Smart's returns. There were also in the same year 3,096, and in 1863 3,477, decent women who received shelter and protection in our police offices. The number of nights' lodgings given in 1863, at the Night Asylum for the Houseless, was for women 16,864, and for girls 3,816, being 20,680 in all. As the superintendent does not enter how many nights each individual was in the asylum, it is impossible to tell with certainty the number of females who received these 20,680 nights' lodgings. Some were taken in for a single night, others for two or three weeks, according to their character and need. The nearest approximation to the true number of persons is 5,000, which, added to the 3,477 lodged in the police offices, gives us between 8,000 and 9,000 females who, but for these two shelters, would have slept on stairs. Is such a state of things favourable to morality?

We hope that the gentlemen who had charge of the cotton operatives' relief fund will not suppose that *all* the idle girls in the city applied to them for aid. Out of a considerable number that we know, only one sought assistance, and she a dissipated girl, who would not stay at her work even in the busiest time. The greater part of those who got relief, were of the class who think the bread of charity sweeter than that of labour. The least deserving are those who cry

loudest, and so are first served. The most deserving are too sensitive, and prefer to suffer in silence. Anxiously we wish for complete returns as to the condition of all our labouring female population. Very many of them would be willing to immigrate, if our colonies would engage to find them employment on arrival.

13th. ON SAVING THE UNFORTUNATE AFTER THEY ARE DROWNED.—A few miles from Glasgow, there lives a fine old gentleman named Josiah Shortsight. He has for many years been one of our most respected merchants, exporting goods to a considerable extent to one of our older colonies. By attending to his business, by honour unblemished, and by the goodwill of Providence, he has acquired what is called an easy competency. None more deserved to be successful, for besides being thoroughly honest in all his dealings, there are a simplicity and generosity about his character that every one admires. He is the very opposite of selfish; so much so, that he never feels happy unless he be helping some one, or furthering some proper cause. It is many years since his wife died, and the only member of his family who lives with him is a daughter, who very much resembles him in disposition. His estate, as we have said, is a few miles out of the city, in the neighbourhood of a well-known village. It lies about equally distant from the village and a number of coal pits, between which there is a constant and necessary traffic, the greater part of the colliers living in the village. As the estate affords a very short cut, it is taken advantage of daily by all who have to pass that way, the benevolent proprietor offering no objection, but rather rejoicing in thus indirectly assisting labouring men. There is a saving of a mile and a half's journey by taking that byepath, but there is also a serious drawback. A rather large stream, commonly called a burn, flows through part of the estate, and directly across the byepath. The banks are so steep, that one has carefully to preserve the centre of gravity, to prevent a rapid descent either forwards or backwards. The burn is eleven feet broad, and the water, in the fullest season, is about fifteen inches deep. Some large stones, placed close to each other, make a very tolerable ford. On the whole, there is no danger if the passenger be careful, and especially if his or her head be not lighter than it should be. But when the head is light with liquor, when the individual is "no quite fou, but jist has plenty," nothing is more common than for the passenger to make a swift descent into the burn. On these occasions, the ducked one naturally sets up an alarm, which is heard at the mansion, it being only fifty yards distant, and which never fails to bring two or three servants to the rescue. When the unfortunate one is fished out, if a man, he is generally placed on the top of the bank next the village, and, in a voice which expresses sympathy to the depth of half a mile, desired to get home as quickly as possible, and at once to put on dry clothes; but if a collier's wife or daughter, or other woman, she is invariably

brought to the mansion, where, in the kitchen, her outer dripping garments are removed, and warm shawls or blankets wrapped round her, until her own clothes are dried. The kettle is always kept full of boiling water, so that the drenched one is sure of a large cup of delicious tea in about two minutes after her entrance. Miss Shortsight is certain at such times to make her appearance, and enter into kindly conversation with the rescued. Many a becoming and wholesome advice she gives. She seems never to weary of this work; neither does her housekeeper, Rebekah Meanwell, who is a far off relative of her own. We really like Rebekah. She is rather under the middle size, and yet not dumpy (but that is nothing to her credit, since she did not make herself), with a fine oval, marble-like countenance, neither too sharp and thin, nor too fat and puffy. But better than that, she has beauty within; and after all, that is the only thing that we like, for we cannot bear female beauty that is only skin deep. A woman is lovely only when, like a flower, she sheds fragrance all around. As she trips noiselessly about, and with a magical speed puts everything in order; as she addresses you in a soft, clear, musical voice, with her eye half cast down to the ground, and gives utterance to the feelings of a true and loving heart—we say again, we really like Rebekah. Well, neither she nor her mistress ever complains of the annoyance caused by the burn. Indeed, on the days when there are no half-drowned ones to relieve, they both feel as if a wonted gratification were amissing. They certainly do not wish that the women may fall into the burn, but they would rather be assisting those who *are* drenched than not. In short, their nature craves to find some objects to caress and bless. Good old Josiah has not only let them take their own way, but has encouraged them in it. To our certain knowledge, they have continued at this labour of love for ten years; and considering servants' time and refreshments, have spent fifty pounds a year. God bless the three, and God bless all the families of the Shortsights and Meanwells in the city.

Whimsical as the foregoing sketch may seem, it is a true picture of several gentlemen and many ladies in the city. We admire their motives, and appreciate their work; but can benevolence and piety take no other shape? Why, less than £50 would provide a first-rate wooden bridge, well railed, so that none could fall into the burn; and then the time now spent on the half drowned could be usefully employed in visiting the villagers at their homes, and in carrying out plans for their elevation. If we confine our efforts to relieving the half drowned, there will be an endless and increasing number of these unfortunates; we shall never get out of the bit; we shall never lift up the mass of the people to a higher platform of morality, intelligence, and happiness. All the exertions and contributions of benevolence are at present, in a manner, thrown away. We must go down to the *cause* of every

evil, and strike home there; for if we deal only with *effects*, our labour will be eternal. The city last year contributed £1043 1s 6d to the Magdalene Institution. The ladies have, in addition, raised £700 to assist in erecting a new and larger building. Well, they may go on adding building to building—we will not object; but this we can safely predict—objects will be found to fill them all. Far rather would we see ladies and gentlemen setting themselves to resolve such questions as—

1st. What can 10,000 unemployed women in the city do if they cannot find work?

2nd. How can a girl live who gets from 1s 6d to 2s 6d a dozen for sewing men's striped shirts? Some warehouses have had the conscience to ask girls in the north of Ireland to sew them for 11d a dozen, even before sewing machines came into use.

3rd. What can servants from 15 to 18 years of age do, who are half starved, and so tortured with abuse and hard work that they rush to the streets in despair?

4th. What can girls do, who are deep in debt, through the pass-book system, and have only from 3s 6d to 6s a week to provide food, clothes, and lodging?

5th. How can girls be preserved from falling when they freely partake of intoxicating drinks, and attend midnight balls, &c.?

6th. How shall mothers be induced to look after their daughters from 15 to 20 years of age, when infants are so neglected, that the police took 2564 strayed children in 1863 to the office for protection, 2697 the year before, and 3019 in 1861?

When they have wisely considered these and other questions we have to put, they shall begin to make headway against the city's vice, and we shall see the dawning of a better time. Human nature is a strange thing. If a girl in destitution apply for relief *before* she falls, she receives little or no sympathy; but after she has fallen, she is pitied and cared for. Feeling ladies almost and really do weep over her, and a sort of delicious sensation comes over them at the thought that they have been instrumental in rescuing a *fallen* unfortunate. Why cannot they have the same sensation in assisting an *unfallen* unfortunate? Will the ladies who started the shelter in Hill Street, Garnethill—what we saw of it and of our other benevolent institutions makes us proud of our native city; we have spoken much against Glasgow in this pamphlet, but will let no other one speak against it—will these ladies take in girls out of employment and in distress, or will they receive none but criminals? If so, we could almost forgive the girl who told a lie to gain admission. If she cannot be admitted until she becomes qualified by the necessary process of falling, until she comes to the door as a wanderer, it is a pity indeed.

14th. WIFE BEATING AND CHILD STARVING.—What a humane age this is! If any one doubt it, let him read as follows, from our new Police Act:—

Section 145, Clause 13.—"Every person who cruelly beats, or who illtreats, overdrives, abuses, or tortures, or causes or procures to be cruelly beaten, illtreated, overdriven, abused, or tortured, any animal," . .

Clause 17.—"Every person who impounds or confines, or causes to be impounded or confined, any animal, and refuses or neglects to provide and supply such animal with fit and wholesome food and water," . . "shall be liable to a penalty of five pounds, or alternatively without penalty, to imprisonment for thirty days."

We *can* prevent animals, as horses, from being cruelly beaten or starved, but not wives and children. If a carter is sent to prison for striking his horse, some person is found to take charge of the horse in the interim; but who comes forward to see that the drunkard's wife and children are fed? Like those of old, we can deliver the ox or the ass; but for a woman bowed down by a Satan of a man—a man made a devil through strong drink—we have no compassion. If she does complain, we punish *her*, not the husband. He is sent to a prison, where, at the city's expense, he is well kept; while she is left to starve at home, with her children—not a farthing of wages coming in. This is the wisdom and philanthropy of the nineteenth century! If there was a peculiar kind of food sold which made horses kick and bite, the legislature and the magistrates would take care that the sale of it was judiciously restricted; but since the peculiar food—for madmen call alcohol food—only makes *men* kick, stab, and trample to death their wives, children, and fellow-men, he that speaks for proper restriction is put down by the cry of Fanatic. We can muzzle horses and dogs, without injury to any one; we can muzzle the fists of drunkards only by starving wives and children, while the father is fed at the public expense. Hence it is that 95 out of every 100 cruelly abused wives suffer in secret, not one in twenty bringing her husband before the police court. We know of no effectual remedy for this disgrace of our country, but shutting up the whisky shops.

15th. INFANT MORTALITY.—We introduce this head merely to give a quotation from Dr Strang's report for 1858. It is the best passage we have met with in running over his annual reports from 1851 to 1862. After stating that in 1858, out of 11,469 deaths in the city, there were 6,176 under five years of age, being at the rate of 53·8 per 100, whereas the average of all England and Wales was only 25·8, and of France 27·6 per cent., he says—

"The cure for this 'Murder of the Innocents' lies deeper than the surface panaceas which any sanitary board can effectuate. It will be found, and found only, we suspect, when we have improved the industrial condition of the vast amount of individuals who depend for existence on daily labour; when we have elevated the character and ideas of the great body of the people towards a better condition of life; when we have raised the masses from the degradation into which so many have fallen, through vice and dissipation; when we have unkennelled the idle and profligate from their dark and hidden dens of disease and of crime; when we have improved the humble dwellings of the honest poor; when we have provided refuges for the innocent and neglected outcasts of unnatural parents; when we have extended the principles of self-reliance and self-control to those who have them not; when we have made our population more virtuous, and less wicked; more industrious, and less dissipated; more careful, and less cruel; more like responsible and immortal beings,

and less like the brutes that perish; when, in short, these things are accomplished, and when we have made fathers and mothers of the lowest class feel that they are men and women, bound to be faithful to themselves, their country, and their God,—then may we look with certainty on our annual figure of infant mortality being greatly lessened; but without some such agency as this, we suspect we shall look to other sanitary sources in vain."

This is a noble passage—noble, because true. If a private individual like ourselves had written it, some hundreds would instantly have set up the yell, that the ignorant unknown one had slandered the city. Since it is a true picture of a large proportion of our population, do we not need every necessary *preventive* remedy, and our 6000 Missionary Volunteers? There are at least 3000 children between 1 and 5 years of age murdered in Glasgow every year, by parental carelessness, ignorance, and poverty. The children of the rich *are not* healthier at birth than the children of the poor, yet what a difference in the rate of mortality! Let us compare the Crescent district ratio with that for the whole city:—

	Crescent district.	Whole city.
Under 1 year, deaths are	1 in every 56 of pop.	1 in 5·25—ten times greater.
From 1 to 5 years, "	1 " 72 "	1 in 14·49—five times greater.
" 5 to 20 " "	1 " 238 "	1 in 108·49—fully twice greater.

Of these 3000 slain children, the murderer of at least 1000 of them is the Ruin Investment; and as the extracts from the City Mission Reports show, the entrance of death and the hour of burial are the signal for and the season of most brutal intoxication.

16th. UNEDUCATED CHILDREN.—It is extremely difficult to ascertain the exact number of children who are growing up blind, for a grown up child unable to read is a child without eyesight, and, like the blind, can learn only from hearsay. The Government census returns are extremely defective: they afford little information on the points we require to know most about. Thus in 1861, instead of having a column for all children above 10 years of age who were destitute of the rudiments of education, the Government sought only to find how many between the ages of 5 and 15 were at school on the day the census was taken. On that day, 7th April, 1861, there were in the city 80,812 young persons. Of these, only 46,757 *were* at school, the sexes pretty nearly equal, 23,372 being males, and 23,385 females. Deduct the number *then* at school from the total, 80,812, and there is a balance of 34,055 who were not then at school. But this affords no information as to how many of these 34,055 had been at school *before* 7th April, 1861, and were then working for their own livelihood; nor as to how many of them were too young to be sent to school, and who likely would be sent at some future time. In short, we can make nothing whatever out of the report got up by paid functionaries. We are certain that the returns obtained by our Missionary Volunteers will infinitely surpass those prepared

by the Government agents. There can be a column for every species of information we desire.

The only document that throws light on the subject of education is the report of the volunteer missionaries in the shape of our Sabbath school teachers. In the report last published, 21st April, 1863, we find they have under their charge 27,993 males, and 32,309 females—in all, 60,302. As to age, 49,591 are under 15 years, and 10,711 above 15 years. Out of the total number, 60,302, there are 1710 who are above 10 years, unable to read the New Testament. A question in proportion now occurs. If there be 1710 above ten years, who cannot read the New Testament, out of 60,302, how many will there be in 175,000, which is the number at present in the city between 5 and 20 years. In 1861, the number between 5 and 20 was 165,615. In our schools there are children as young as 4 years, and adults as old as 25; we therefore have said—how many in 175,000 between 5 and 20 years. But it is not a question in *simple* proportion, for this reason—the lowest and most ignorant class of children do not, to any considerable extent, attend our Sabbath schools. For instance, few Roman Catholic children are allowed to come, and *they* are the most neglected as regards education. This arises partly from the subjection of the parents to priestly domination on the one hand, and poverty on the other. There are in Glasgow 40,000 Irish young persons, between 5 and 20 years; and we are sorry to say we know some of them at 20 years of age who could not for the world read the alphabet. With sorrow we see these buy penny periodicals, and then get a little child, not Irish nor Roman Catholic, to read the stories to them. It has been this painful sight that has caused us to speak of the uneducated as *blind*. We can point to aged Irish women, above 60 years, who do not know A from B, though they have been thirty years in Glasgow.

The great bulk of young culprits sent to our Reformatory School and Houses of Refuge are entirely without education. Of 120 children admitted into the Industrial and Reformatory School in 1862,

5 could read tolerably well,
20 could read imperfectly,
95 could not read at all.

Of the 312 boys in the House of Refuge on 31st December, 1862, there were, *when admitted*,

85 who could read well,
97 who could read tolerably,
130 who could read none.

We confess it is only a conjectural approximation we can make, and yet we have carefully weighed all the reports we could procure—we think we are not guilty of exaggeration when we say

there are in Glasgow at the present hour not less than 12,000 young persons above 10 years of age, who cannot read a chapter in the New Testament, though they can read some few monosyllables, and who, if not laid hold on by the Missionary Volunteers, will, when they become men and women, be quite unable to read the Bible, or any other book, and thus be for ever deprived of the greatest and most correct source of human knowledge. Some of our congregations have already commenced to this—shall we not call it holy work—of gathering into evening classes those who are approaching manhood and womanhood, and patiently, gratuitously instructing them in the first elements of education—the girls by young ladies, and the lads by male teachers.

We charge the Ruin Investment with putting out the eyes of 3000 of these unfortunate children, and this, many will count far too low an estimate. The Governor of the House of Refuge for boys, in giving us a copy of the annual printed report, stated, that from many years' inquiries, he knew that the drunkenness of parents was the cause of three-fourths of the boys being in that institution. And a more horrible thing than being the occasion of sending their offspring there at first, is being the means of ruining them a second time, after they come out of the Refuge. We quote from the report for 1862:—

"The parents of many are addicted to drink. Some have sold the clothes got by the boys from the Institution, for drink; others have gone to their employers, and drunk the hard-earned wages of their children. The boys thus deprived of their food, lose their situations; and who will wonder if they relapse into crime?"

17th. RELIGIOUS IGNORANCE.—In Glasgow, as elsewhere, it is of two kinds—head ignorance and heart ignorance: the head unacquainted with sound doctrine, the heart a stranger to self-knowledge and gracious experience. It is only of head ignorance that we have now to speak. It might be supposed that in a city which everywhere displays its motto, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the word," and which is at least as well furnished with evangelistic machinery as any other in the three kingdoms—none, with the exception of Roman Catholics, could be ignorant of the saving truths of Christianity. Still there are thousands in the city, who are not professed Roman Catholics, that require to be told of the "principles of the doctrine of Christ." Hundreds die every year, whose sole dependence is on their comparatively harmless life, their good disposition, their fair moral character; and hundreds more annually pass away like the beasts that perish, without a ray from the other world to alleviate bodily suffering, to dispel departing gloom, to lighten the path, and tell the soul its final destiny. If we were to take a converted and intelligent Hindoo or New Zealander through say one hundred of our neglected homes—

and the homes of the wealthy are, as regards religion, as much neglected as those of the poor—and let him listen to our conversation with the inmates, on the recent or approaching death of their relatives, and of their own prospects,—what would his opinion be of British Christianity? As he heard one widow say, as she said to us a few days ago, "She had no fears of her husband, for he had been a good man to her, and had died *innocent;*" another betraying complete ignorance of the way of salvation through Christ; a third trusting God would "overlook her failings;" a fourth reposing in the consolation "that the minister had been in and prayed for him;" a fifth clinging to "having been baptized, and been a member of the church," &c.—would he not in astonishment ask us why we sent missionaries twelve or fifteen thousand miles, to nations not related to us, when so many of our own brethren were heathens at our very door?

Why is there so much religious ignorance in Glasgow and other great cities? Because the people worship idols, instead of the one living and true God; because so long as we are a community of idolaters, the Holy Ghost will be withheld;—there may be drops here and there, but there shall not be a plenteous rain of regenerating grace. The three principal idols which provoke Jehovah to judgment are Mammon, Belial, and Bacchus, the last of which is the Church's greatest enemy. Our statistics prove that God fulfils his threatening, Lev. xxvi. 30, "I will cast your carcasses upon the carcasses of your idols, and my soul shall abhor you."

It is not for want of churches that there is so much religious ignorance. We have upwards of 170; but though we had 17,000, they could not prevail against our 1700 public houses. One public house is more than a match for ten churches.

> "Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
> The devil always builds his chapel there;
> And 'twill be found upon examination,
> The latter has the larger congregation."

Not only has the devil's chapel the greatest attendance, and preaching *every* day—for sixteen hours a day, but the *physical* sermon takes effect upon every hearer, and operates with the certainty and irresistibility of a material law. A whisky shop is worse than a brothel. A brothel never sends out its victims deprived of their reason, so helpless as to be unable to walk home, or prepared for theft, assault, bloodshed, and murder. It is worse than a slave ship. A man whose fetters are of iron, may be free in heart, and an heir of heaven; the slave of the whisky shop is both soul and body an everlasting castaway.

Twenty-three years ago,—this is no sketch, but a true story—there were in Glasgow two brothers, in the same firm, and both were elders. They had been brought into close contact with Dr

Chalmers the greater part of the time he was in the city, and by him had been enlisted in home mission work. As was to be expected, their servants shared in their evangelistic labours. These labours are thus referred to, in a foot note, by Rev. Dr Burns of Paisley, in a lecture he delivered to the young men of Glasgow, in 1840, "On the reciprocal duties of employers and employed":—

"Several years ago, application was made to a number of manufacturers of Glasgow for admission to the labours of the city missionaries within their premises. One of these meetings I held for a year before licence. I visited Messrs —— every Saturday evening. In the course of it, Dr B—— and Dr F—— exhorted alternately. The hour of six to seven was a grant to the people, with an understanding that if any did not choose the exhortation, they might work the usual time. This brought Roman Catholics, and all descriptions of persons, to the number of 130. One of the partners acted as precentor, and the clerks were present."

What was the result of missionaries, divinity students such as James Halley, and ministers addressing the workpeople, the distribution of Bibles, and starting a workman's library for the benefit of the workers? We should know that work well, and we affirm we never heard of a single soul that was saved. Now what could the whisky shops effect upon the very same audience? We *know* that some of the men invited some of the women in to drink, and after enough had been taken, one of the men went out with the girl, while the others remained drinking until he came back to tell whether or not he had succeeded in his infernal purpose. These two elders let a shop in their property to a publican, and a whisky shop it is to this day; and we know that *that* shop has done more injury to the workers, neighbours, and public, than a thousand ministers could remove. Let us not be deceived—so long as we worship in the whisky shop, *with our money and our heart*, Jehovah scorns our lip service. If a man stand up to exhort and pray this hour, and the next, for lucre's sake, for a higher rent, let his property for a drunkery, that it may resist the Holy Ghost, and drag men down to hell—will God listen to that prayer? Let us be consistent. If we wish to continue the worship of Bacchus, let us altogether abandon our hypocritical homage to Jesus Christ.

Every Christian denomination, every religious society, is crying out for funds to scatter the gospel over the earth, and lead the nations to God; but the cry is a sham—not one church, as a whole, is in earnest. If a church was really in earnest, would the office-bearers set up the worship of Bacchus in their own dwellings and in public assemblies, and thus encourage both professing Christians and those who never enter a church to drink on, to contribute to the Ruin Investment, to give their money to the devil rather than to Jesus Christ? Before God, we wish to be liberal, and to judge charitably of all men; but

again we say, that if a congregation give one thousand pounds for missionary purposes, and ten thousand pounds for intoxicating drinks—though it were to pray with groans and tears for the ingathering of the heathen, we would not believe the prayer was real; for we know a real prayer leads to real, entire soul devotion and action. Casting, with the left hand, a mite into the treasury of Jesus Christ; and, with the right, a handful into that of the devil, does not betoken heart devotion to the cause of Christ. We would not write in this strong strain if the office-bearers of the Church (including deacons, elders, and ministers) were ignorant of the evils that flow from our drinking customs, if they did not know that alcohol is not food, and that it is the greatest of all known causes in producing disease, want, and crime—the mightiest obstacle to the progress of the Christian Church.

Our foreign evangelistic efforts have hitherto been only a little rill, a tiny stream, proceeding from one-tenth part of our population, instead of from them all. Will the members of the Church now cast their idols away, that God may give them power to gather in the lost, the heathen at our door? If they would do so, soon the little rill would become a mighty river, soon earth's moral wilderness would "rejoice, and blossom like the rose." But if they will not give up their idols, and unite as one mass to shut the public houses, let them not contribute to the erection of mission churches to the poor, for the increase of the Holy Ghost *shall* be awanting, for the whisky *shall* prove more potent than the voice of any living preacher.

18th. LOSS OF WAGES THROUGH DRUNKENNESS.—There are some items which we hesitate to bring in, and this is one of them. There can be no doubt that when a man gets only five days, instead of a week's wages, in consequence of being on the spree for a day, that he has lost a day's wages; also, that when from the same cause he has lost his situation, and goes about idle for three months, that he has lost three months' wages. But though *he* has done nothing for three months, his work has been done by some one else; the town has been quite able to execute all its orders; and if *he* had been employed, some other one might have been idle. The regular attendance of workers does not create orders. Thus, if the operatives in a factory which is on half time were to remain in the mill full time, their waiting on would neither reduce the price of cotton nor increase trade. Looking at the subject on this side, we were in doubt as to the propriety of asserting that the *city* lost in consequence of men staying away from their employment; but looking at it on the other side, that labour in a well-regulated state should not be allowed to stand idle, since it is capital, we deemed it necessary to make an allowance. And we are aware that the mere wages is a trifling consideration with those em-

ployers who are tormented by some of their best hands disappearing in a push, just when they cannot be wanted, when their absence brings everything to a stand-still. On such occasions, foremen and employers swear out, as we say, a cargo sufficient to sink a hundred and twenty gun ship.

The nearest approach to the loss in wages from drinking which we can make is £80,000 per annum. In such cities as Birmingham and Sheffield, we believe it is proportionately much greater. An intemperate man has to suffer the loss of time, and to take a lower wage than he otherwise would have. One irregular in attendance has not the face to ask the highest pay.

Since we have spoken of hesitating to take into account doubtful items, we will make a few remarks on the lecture delivered in the Merchants' Hall, Glasgow, on 25th January, 1864, by Handel Cossham, Esq., on "Temperance economically considered," and which has been published. We are very sorry that this gentleman, who is a large employer in England, and a thorough man of business, should be so loose in his calculations. Abstainers do not require blunders and exaggerations to make out their case. Let them affirm nothing but what will stand the test of the most rigid scrutiny. Mr Cossham thus sums up the total loss to the three kingdoms from our drinking customs:

	A Year.
1. Money spent on these drinks. - - - - - - -	£75,000,000
2. Value of 7,500,000 quarters of corn destroyed, at 50s a quarter,	18,750,000
3. The increased value of labour that would result from the increased demand for ditto, - - - - - - -	50,000,000
4. Cost of pauperism arising from drink, - - - - -	5,000,000
5. Cost of detected and undetected crime, resulting from drink,	21,000,000
6. Loss through failure and profligacy, arising from Benefit Societies being connected with drunkenness, - - -	1,000,000
7. Value of labour lost by workmen, employers, and the nation,	65,000,000
	£235,750,000

His first item we allow to stand. His second we strike out altogether, for the best of all reasons—the price of the barley is included in the first item. The farmer was paid for his barley by the maltster, and the sum of £75,000,000 is made up of 1st, Price of barley; 2nd, Maltster's labour and profit; 3rd, Brewer and distiller's labour and profit; 4th, Publican's profit; 5th, Duty. Every one will see how unfair it is to charge the barley twice.

His third item we also strike out, for he got it by a process of most erroneous reasoning. He saw that if the £75,000,000 were expended on dwelling houses, furniture, clothes, and food for the working classes, there would be a much greater number of men employed than the maltsters, brewers, and distillers keep; and he thinks this additional employment would be equal to £50,000,000 more work given to the labouring classes than they

have at present. But we cannot jump to a conclusion so quickly as that. We first deduct the Government duty of £19,000,000, because if the Government were not supported by excise duty, it would be by some other tax. £19,000,000 deducted from £75,000,000 leaves £56,000,000, which is the real sum we have to look at, because the amount we have at our own disposal. If we now deduct the wages of the farm servants employed in the production of £20,000,000 worth of barley and hops; of the workers engaged in malting, brewing, distilling; of the porters with wholesale merchants, and of publicans and their servants; of those who make bottles, corks, and casks,—there will not be left a sum anything like the £50,000,000 Mr Cossham dreams of. But now we come to the quick. Why cannot Mr Cossham see that he has already entered this amount in his first item—it is there described as loss,—and he cannot, therefore, enter it a second time as loss, on the ground that if expended on dwelling houses, furniture, clothes, &c., &c., for the labouring classes, it would provide a great addition of employment. A gentleman who spends £3,000 in fruitlessly trying to sink a well, does not say, "I have lost £6,000." He might with the £3,000 have built a mansion, but then he could only say, "I have value for my money." So the nation, in spending £56,000,000 in drink, cannot say, "We have lost £112,000,000," but we have lost the useful articles which our £56,000,000 of drink money could have procured.

His fourth item we let stand; his fifth requires proof; his sixth we allow; his seventh is exaggerated. If we had adopted his scale, we would have estimated the loss of wages in Glasgow to be nearly £1,000,000, instead of £80,000. There are some conclusions he draws which betray but a superficial acquaintance with the subject. Thus he says—

"Then according to evidence we also find, 'that upon an average, 100 lbs. of barley will produce 80 lbs. malt.' Taking this statement as the most reliable data we can find (and it has been quoted and relied upon by the *Times* and by Parliament), we perceive that one-fifth of the grain, in quantity, is wasted in the first process of malting."

It is quite true that 100 lbs. of barley will give only 80 lbs. of malt; but it is not true that one-fifth, which is 20 per cent. of the grain, is wasted by malting; for if 100 lbs. of barley be merely put into a common stove, to drive off the natural inherent moisture, the dried barley will weigh only 88 lbs., water having been a constituent of the barley to the extent of 12 lbs. The real amount of waste by malting is only 8 per cent.

While thus remarking freely on Mr Cossham's calculations, we cordially thank him for his labours in our cause. He may imagine the evils which are the result of our intemperance to be as great as his mind can conceive,—we will not object—for a

million millions would not represent the *moral* consequences; but let him not publish anything which the adversary can lay hold of. *Facts* will make our position strong enough, and facts will conduct us to only half his estimate, viz., £125,000,000 a year. And if the fact of the nation being a loser to the extent of £125,000,000 per annum do not awaken the Church, she would not awaken though one were to rise from the dead.

19th. ON THE TREATING SYSTEM.—None but those who mingle much with business men have any conception to what extent this vile system is carried on. It is maintained more or less by some in almost every branch of trade, by warehousemen, commission agents, and commercial travellers. Not a few tradesmen believe they cannot succeed unless they have recourse to treating with drink, and their practice corresponds with their belief. We grieve to say, there are hundreds who seek to force their way to a competency with the aid of alcohol; and hundreds of commercial travellers make it a point not to seek an order until the liquor has softened the heart of their customers. They seem to be ignorant of alcohol's not being a child's toy that can be played with. The beginning is pleasant, but what is the end? The demon pretends for a season to be as useful and obedient as any slave of the fabled lamp, while inch by inch he acquires the mastery, and then pushes his dupes headlong to ruin. Health, strength, substance, and character are soon beneath the demon's feet. How often have we seen those who started in business with a fresh heart and vigorous frame becoming in a few years a bloated mass, and descend to an early grave; how often have we seen warehousemen and clerks bribed with drink, until every fibre of their nature was a wreck, until their soul was a dastardly, dishonest, mean, wretched thing. It is, indeed, one of the greatest curses connected with business, this treating system; and unhappily it is not confined to Glasgow—it exists in all our great towns, even in Manchester, and that to a greater degree than here. Take a few cases which happened in our own city. 1st. A slight repair was executed upon a certain article belonging to one of our public institutions. Ten shillings was a fair and profitable price for the amount of work done, but the clerk was told to charge thirty shillings. The person connected with the institution called with the account, to complain of the charge. The tradesman knew his man, and how to buy him up. He took him straight over to a public house, treated him well with brandy,—whisky can do much, but brandy can do wonders—and when he had got him soaked, returned to his place of business, and ordered his own clerk to make out a new account, charging two pounds for the job—and the sum of two pounds *was* paid. 2nd. Certain tradesmen treated the entering clerk in the packing hall belonging to one of our largest wholesale warehouses until he became so dissipated

that his employers had to dismiss him. When he left, one of the partners sighed as he said, "We have lost one of our best men." 3rd. Certain tradesmen treated a clerk holding the same position in another of our largest warehouses, until he became unable to attend his work. He went to a watering place on the coast, to recruit his health, but died there, and died so poor that a subscription sheet had to be sent through the warehouse to get him buried, and for the benefit of his widow. After his funeral, it was discovered that the tradesmen who furnished the drink had made the employers pay for it. The goods supplied to the warehouse were systematically charged higher than the trade price; and what was worse, some were entered in the account that were never sent. The drink, the drink had so overcome the clerk, that he willingly allowed his employers to be thus plundered, for he passed the accounts as all correct. Employers should understand that, as a general rule, *they* pay for the drink their servants get for nothing; and some extensive employers in the city thus lose more than five hundred pounds a year. 4th. "How is business with you?" was asked in one of our large manufacturing warehouses. "Well, not very brisk," said the person addressed. "You see, since Mr —— became a partner, we have lost a great deal of our English trade; he is, you know, a director of the Temperance ——, and will not wait on any of the buyers at the hotel at night, and so they have taken the huff, and now go elsewhere."

The majority of buyers for the large English firms in Manchester and London are quite willing to be treated by those from whom they purchase, and some of them are treated until they lose their situation. About Christmas time, a few geese and a great many jars of best Islay whisky find their way from Glasgow to Manchester and London, to effectually remind the buyers that a call is expected from them when they come to purchase for the spring trade. There are some noble exceptions, both here and in England. Some, when asked where they put up, refuse to give their address, stating that they will call at the warehouse, and look at any goods the party may have to offer.

In estimating the loss sustained by the treating system, we will not take money into account—we will look only at the wreck of all moral principle, and it is very great. We might tell of noble fellows who, in most responsible situations, enjoyed their employers' utmost confidence and esteem, descending step by step to such degradation, that esteem was changed into anger and contempt, and then the unhappy ones leaving the place where they were so well known for some other scene, there to lie down in an obscure den and die—but we forbear. But this we will not omit to say, Let all those exposed to temptation from the accursed treating system scorn the bribe, for they

know not to what it will conduct. It leads many to the lunatic asylum at last. Out of 92 males admitted to the Glasgow Royal Asylum in 1862, no fewer than 12 were clerks, while there were only 2 bakers, 3 blacksmiths, 2 joiners, 1 dyer, 3 grocers, and 1 shopman, &c., &c. There are more insane clerks admitted than of any other class whatever. We are glad to hear that some of the large warehouses in London insist that all their young men be abstainers. It is time for Glasgow to follow the example.

20th. CITY MORTALITY.—We will look at the number of deaths which occurred during the last three years, with the causes, as given in to the registrar clerks.

	Causes of Death.	Year 1861.	Year 1862.	Year 1863.
1	Zymotic class, including Small-pox, Measles, Hooping-cough, Diarrhœa, Cholera, Typhus, &c.,	2,325	2,533	4,225
2	Dropsy, Cancer, &c.,	302	304	317
3	Tubercular class,	2,213	2,329	2,252
4	Brain, Nerves, &c.,	748	804	855
5	Heart,	332	419	420
6	Respiratory Organs,	2,225	2,273	2,278
7	Digestive Organs,	825	909	898
8	Kidneys, &c.,	89	97	113
9	Uterus, viz., Puerperal Disease, &c.,	81	75	97
10	Joints, Bones, &c., viz., Rheumatism,	35	41	63
11	Skin, &c.,	8	4	16
12	Malformations,	24	19	19
13	Debility from Premature Births, &c.,	620	653	639
14	Atrophy,	73	121	150
15	Old Age,	400	462	433
16	Sudden Death,	36	22	25
17	Violence, Privation, &c.,	332	324	340
18	Not specified,	264	180	187
		*10,932	11,569	13,327

Of the 13,327 deaths which took place last year, about 6,000 may be said to have been by the visitation of God, and the remainder by the visitation of man—by his ignorance of the laws of health, by his carelessness, recklessness, and wickedness. No one will have the presumption to affirm that God *intentionally* sends the angel of death less frequently to the Blythswood district, in which the rich live, than to the other districts in which the poor live, and yet more of the poor die than of the rich. None but a fool will deny, that though God knows the exact duration of each individual's life, he nevertheless has so united foreknowledge and freewill that they do not interfere with each other's action: they work as harmoniously together as a soul and body in one person. God the omniscient *has* foreordained whatsoever comes to pass; but he fixed everything

subject to this condition—*his creatures would have perfect liberty of action;* that all their conduct would be the result of certain motives, temptations, and influences presented to the will; that the will, in choosing which course to follow, would be determined by the pressure of these motives, temptations, and influences, and not by any force exerted upon it by himself; and that he, upon foreseeing how the will would decide when exposed to solicitation from the various motives, temptations, and influences, *then* arranged, *then* fixed into one inexorable chain, the whole facts of providence, from the beginning to the end of time. Hence it follows, that if any city, by motives presented to it, set about in earnest to diminish its annual mortality, it *shall* be successful; and the success being foreknown, shall exactly correspond with the will of God. Hence it also follows, that foreordination and freewill in every other matter (as in morals and religion), shall in every instance be found to be in unison.

In the Blythswood district, the annual rate of mortality is one person in every 64 of the entire population of the district. Thus from 1st January to 31st December, 1861, there died 442 persons out of its 28,697 inhabitants. In 1862 and 1863, the deaths were more numerous, partly on account of increased population, and partly from increased deleterious atmospheric agency. To get at the true mortality rate of the wealthy, we must deduct the domestic servants, since they are not exposed to the diseases of childhood, nor remain in their situations to feeble old age: they seldom, indeed, die in the homes of their employers. When we take 66 male and 2,685 female servants, being 2,751 in all, from 28,697, we have 25,946 as the number likely subject to disease and death in that locality. Of these, 442 died in Glasgow during 1861, and possibly other 38 at watering places or on the Continent, whither they may have gone in search of health, making 480 persons. Now, 25,946 divided by 480, gives 54, being 1 death to every 54 inhabitants, which is perhaps as near the true ratio as we can at present reach. In 1861, the population of Glasgow, excluding the suburbs, was 395,251, and probably at this moment is 410,000. Divide 410,000 by 54, the death rate of the rich, and we have 7,592 as the number which would have died if all Glasgow had been a Blythswood district. But as even the rich do not attend to the laws of health as they should; as their indolence, their midnight parties, their hogsheads of wine, their multitudinous courses of diet, their whole artificial life, are prejudicial to longevity; as they, equally with the poor, are destitute of the love of God which *is* marrow to the bones—for the peace and joy of the Holy Ghost *are* favourable to health: we hold to our remark, impious though some will count it, that 6,000 is about the number that may be said to have died by the visitation of God.

One thing we know is, that God is quite willing we bring our mortality bill as low as that figure, or even lower.

What are the causes of our excessive mortality? The principal are—

1. The stamina of the body so reduced by want of sufficient nourishment as to be below disease-resisting pitch.
2. Want of warm clothing to repel the attacks of a most variable climate.
3. Reckless exposure of the body to cold, rain, and inclement weather, even when its powers of reaction are feeble.
4. Impure air.
5. Want of cleanliness.
6. Hard and long-continued work of body or of mind.
7. Pleasing the tongue, instead of the stomach.
8. The tyranny of demon passions, and the cares of this life.
9. Alcohol.

Alcohol, though mentioned as only one of many causes, is, to the extent of at least one-half, the *cause of the other causes.* Thus intemperance deprives the poor of nourishing food, warm clothing, protective coverings to resist atmospheric changes, ventilated, healthy dwellings, the means of cleanliness, and the desire of that rational uniform attention to body and mind which are so conducive to health and longevity.

The Royal Infirmary of Glasgow is a noble institution, and the one which is perhaps more imposed on than any other—imposed upon, because the disease which abounds *can* be prevented. But at present there is little appearance of prevention. We give the number of cases treated from 1859 to 1862, and the expenditure from 1859 to 1863.

CASES IN MEDICAL AND SURGICAL WARDS.

Year 1859.	1860.	1861.	1862.
2,987	3,407	3,651	3,966

CASES IN FEVER WARDS.

572	642	790	1,047

EXPENDITURE.

1859.	1860.	1861.	1862.	1863.
£9,605 8s 5d;	£10,760 11s 1d;	£11,613 14s 6d;	£12,893 11s 8d;	£13,218 0s 11d

The cry of the directors every year is for more money, and yet the expenditure exceeds £13,000 a year. We must really call a halt, more in mercy to the suffering poor than to the pockets of the contributors. The diseases *can* be prevented. In 1862, only 29 died from small-pox, while in 1851 there were 618. To show how typhus fever—that mortal foe of the working classes—can be overcome, let us quote from Dr Gardner's last report on the health of the city, which was laid before the Police Board in January, 1864:

"Further observation and reflection have only confirmed me in the opinion, that a long course of improvement, deliberately and gradually carried out, in the structural arrangements of the houses of the poor, and in the habits of the population as dependent upon these arrangements, will be necessary before we can hope to remain even moderately exempt from such diseases as typhus and small-pox, when they are prevailing in the country at large. A remarkable proof has been afforded of the soundness of these principles, in the case of the two large blocks of building formerly remarked upon as being notoriously among the worst of the fever-haunted localities of Glasgow—Binnie's Court and the Drygate Rookery. In both of these instances, the proprietors, so far from showing any obstructive spirit, at once agreed to give their assistance in carrying out the requirements of the Act, and are justly entitled to commendation for the readiness with which they have adopted the suggestions of Mr Carrick in some points not absolutely required by the statute. These buildings have accordingly been ticketed, as explained in a former report, and, with the co-operation of the proprietors, structural improvements of considerable importance have been carried out, while at the same time the excess of population has been—in Binnie's Court entirely, in the Drygate Rookery for the most part—removed. Many and grievous structural faults remain, such as dark passages and underground apartments, which can hardly be removed by any means short of re-construction; but nevertheless it is true that, with typhus fever nearly doubled in amount in the city generally during the last three months, these two apparently incorrigible fever-haunts have been almost entirely free from it, two cases only having been reported from Binnie's Court, and none from the Drygate Rookery."

If our magistrates would take in a report from us, we would say, "Shut up the whisky shops, and provide work for all the idle, and in two years the Missionary Volunteers will bring down the annual mortality from 13,327 to 9,000, and the expenditure of the Royal Infirmary from £13,218 0s 11d to £6,000." In the report for 1856, the directors say—

"Though numerous precautions for the protection of workmen, while engaged in dangerous employments, have in recent times been adopted, it is nevertheless found that recklessness and carelessness, together with ignorance and inexperience, and we may add, intemperance, render every precaution fruitless for the complete prevention of accidents."

Yes, we think the directors *may* add intemperance. They seem afraid to name it as a cause, though it be the cause of the other two causes, recklessness and carelessness; though it is the first, the *germ* cause of three-fourths of the accidents and one-half of the diseases which occur in the city. Those who doubt this, may *try* to account for the *fact*, that the mortality among the intemperate in India is exactly four times greater than among abstainers; the *fact* that no life assurance office will permit an intemperate man to enter; the *fact* that in cases of fever and cholera the abstainer has three chances of recovery for every one that the drunkard has.

And so the Missionary Volunteers are to take charge of the health of the city as well as of its morals and religion? Yes; and yet we do not intend they shall be killed with hard work. We have seen too much of the evils that proceed from excessive

labour of body or of mind, to be advocates of heavy or long-continued work. There is a certain amount of exertion required to bring the body, including the brain, to a healthy and vigorous tone: when that point is reached, stop—or pay the penalty. Whoever overtasks his physical system, *shall* pay the penalty. We have seen young men, superintendents of Sabbath schools, and elders, who seldom were ever a night at home. Every evening they were out till after ten o'clock, visiting, or attending this or that other meeting; and when they did reach home, the poor worn-out body, instead of being allowed to rest, was spurred up with several cups of strong tea, that the exhausted brain might prepare lessons, addresses, or essays. The consequence was, they grew pale, thin, and feverish. When spoken to, they would point to Paul—to his midnight preaching and labours; quite forgetting that Paul knew his own constitution, and what it would bear, and so husbanded his health that he became Paul the aged. Thoroughly glad were we to see that after they were confined to bed for several weeks, after they were forced to give up their meetings and midnight labours—they began to think that zeal in a good cause did not require self-murder. He is the model missionary who, instead of attempting to do all in one year, and at its close lie down and die, so exercises his body, so gives out the interest of its health, that he faithfully can pursue his labour for thirty or forty years, and die at last of ripe old age: the sum of his labours is the greatest; his life course has been the wisest and the best.

What are the Missionary Volunteers to do with regard to the city's health? The preventive division will of course strike mercilessly, relentlessly at the causes of the excessive mortality. The training division will disseminate sound information on the laws of health, and train the mass of the people to better habits. Our most experienced physicians will write tracts on "How to avoid the prevalent diseases of Glasgow, and how to overcome them when they unhappily enter the dwelling." These tracts will be distributed by the training division. One of them will be headed, "*I cannot afford to take unwell.*" I cannot afford to have the children sick, so I see that they are regularly washed every morning in cold water, from head to foot; that they have sufficient food, and warm clothing; and that they romp about till they are tired. I cannot afford to be laid up, for my labour is my capital; and so I keep my body up to standard pitch, by supplying it with nourishing food in proportion to the work it has to do. I cannot afford to take fever, and therefore live in a well-ventilated house. I cannot afford to take consumption or bronchitis, and therefore breathe as pure air as I can get,—in very cold or foggy weather wear a muffler respirator, and sometimes a wire one, whether people think it odd or not; also sponge the chest with cold water every morning; and whenever there is

any symptom of inflammation or irritation, put on a water bandage specially made to fit the chest, and so well covered with silk oil-cloth, that it maintains an agreeable and soothing warmth. I cannot afford to take a cold, and therefore never wear wet clothes, or expose the body, when it is fatigued, to a draught of cold air; on a doubtful day, I carry an umbrella, and thus never forget to take it on a very wet one. I cannot afford to take indigestion, and therefore keep on the most cordial terms possible with my stomach: I never offer it things of which it once has complained, as pastry, toasted cheese, and second suppers; I give it only what it likes—the most simple and yet various diet, including fresh meat, fish, vegetables, and ripe fruits in their season. I cannot afford to go to a lunatic asylum, and therefore do not fret at the daily annoyances of life, nor allow my passions to gain the mastery. I do not believe in the propriety of trying to die before my time, by unremitting toil; and therefore allow labour, leisure, and repose to have alternate reign. I will not be always in harness, nor let care sit for ever on my brow. I will not be less happy than the birds at their song, the fish at their gambols, or the cattle in the meadow at their quiet rest or joyous play. I really cannot afford to take disease brought on by my own carelessness; and as the means of prevention cost a little (though only one-tenth of an attempt to cure), I never spend a farthing on alcohol or tobacco, nor on medicine—the punishment of fools; and as I spend nothing on these three foes of the human race, I *can* afford to take any disease that God may send, and hope to save sufficient money for declining years, that I may be a burden upon none,—

> That so "at last my weary age
> May find a peaceful hermitage,
> Where I may sit and rightly spell"
> Of all the joys in heaven that dwell;
> Till my enraptured heart attain
> The hidden depths of angels' strain;
> Until they whisper, Come away,
> To bask in the eternal day.

Yes, we must have a tract on "*I cannot afford to take unwell,*" and we must get every working man to act upon the phrase. And we must get all employers whose servants are subjected to work outside in the rain, to supply them with waterproof coverings. They will thus get double work out of their men—for a man drenched to the skin cannot work; and they will thus help to preserve the lives of those by whose labour they live.

We have under the first head made allowance for that portion of disease which is caused by the slaughter pens—by the want of pure air; now we have to calculate how much should be set down for the disease which is the *direct* offspring of the Ruin Investment, which arises from the injurious action of alcohol

upon the body. There is annually expended about £1800 by our four Parochial Boards on medicines and attendance for the *out-door* poor, but we cannot take any part of this amount, as it is included under the head of pauperism. The total sum expended in Glasgow on physicians, surgeons, and medicines, by those able to pay out of their own pocket, is about £60,000 a year. A very few of our most favoured doctors have fair incomes ranging from £800 to £1200 per annum, while a great proportion of them are nearly starved, at least, during the first five years they are in practice. The average income may be about £200, and out of this many have to pay their shop rent, boy's wages, &c., &c. This is the average we have taken, which with a fair allowance for our Apothecary Halls and Druggists' Shops, brings the gross sum to about £60,000. We are certain the Ruin Investment is the cause of one-half of this expense, but we will charge only one-third, and one-half of the Infirmary expenditure, in all, £26,500 a year. Those who remember that the effects of alcohol descend through diseased parents to their offspring, will affirm that our allowance is too small. The loss of life is a point which will be very much disputed, and therefore we will pass it over here.

21st. SUDDEN DEATHS.—In a large city there will always be some sudden deaths, to prevent which man has little or no control; but if society were in a sound moral condition, not one-tenth of the following frightful details would appear in Captain Smart's annual police returns. The following is only a selection from table No. 14.

	Year 1861	1862	1863
Drowned in the river and in canals,	45	55	—*
Died suddenly at home,	54	56	71
Died suddenly elsewhere, in streets or workshops, &c.,	38	39	31
Killed by falling from houses,	5	3	3
Killed by carts and carriages,	8	7	12
Killed by falling down stairs,	14	11	8
Killed by being overlaid by mother,	7	—	—
Burned to death by clothes taking fire,	3	4	5
Suicides by hanging, poisoning, &c., &c.,	21	23	16
Bodies of new-born children found exposed,	17	18	20

We know something about these deaths, but have space for only one case. A commercial traveller in one of our largest warehouses, some time ago lost his situation through dissipated habits, the result of the treating system. One afternoon he entered a public house, and left it much the worse of liquor. Wandering by the banks of the canal at Port-Dundas, either by accident or despair, he sunk to the bottom. At the entreaties of his distracted wife his acquaintances commenced a search. For three days and nights they sought throughout the city for him who lay at the bottom of the canal. At last, a policeman found a hat floating on the water, and brought it to the Northern

* Harbour cases not in 1863 reported.

station. It was shown to the wife, and in a moment the fatal truth was known. What particularly arrested us about this case was, that though the searchers knew that drink was the cause of their friend's ruin and disappearance, they could not keep from it themselves. One of them, a respectable man in business, left his home quite sober at 9 a.m. on the third day of the search. Vividly do we remember gazing at him in astonishment, as, at 1 p.m., he grasped the railings of St George's Square for support, being so intoxicated that he could not move along—a common instance of that infatuation of heart which no warning can tame. If a carter, unable to take care of himself, fall before the wheels of his cart and be crushed to death, his grown up children instead of saying, "Never shall I take into my hands strong drink, the murderer of my father"—freely offer the glass to every acquaintance that comes in to condole.

The proportion of these sudden deaths caused by the Ruin Investment is, on the average, every year about —

30 Persons drowned in the river and canals.

14 Persons died suddenly at home, having been drinking deeply immediately before.

4 Persons died suddenly elsewhere, in workshops, &c.

3 Persons killed by falling from houses.

3 Persons killed by carts and carriages.

8 Persons killed by falling down stairs.

1 Person killed by being overlaid by mother.

1 Person burned to death by clothes taking fire.

15 Suicides.

10 Dead bodies of infants found exposed.

The preceding cases are only those *reported* to the police, not the whole that occur. Drink is the cause of no small share of the following selection from the Infirmary report for 1862.

11 Accidents on board ship.

10 Attempts at suicide.

46 Severe burns, 12 of these patients died.

32 Coal-pit accidents, 6 of these patients died.

56 Collisions with street vehicles, 7 of these patients died.

40 Falls down stairs, 3 of these patients died.

95 Falls from heights, 8 of these patients died.

79 Falls on the ground and torsions of the body.

At least, ten of these 36 deaths occurred through the Ruin Investment.

22nd.—CRIME IN GLASGOW DURING THE YEARS 1861, 1862, AND 1863.

No. 1.—*Offences against the Person.*	No. of cases reported to the Police in 1861	1862	1863
Murder,	2	1	1
Culpable Homicide,	1	—	2
Assaults (serious),	17	20	32
Assaults by stabbing, also with intent, &c.,	31	42	41
Total,	51	63	76

	No. of cases reported to the Police in 1861	1862	1863
No. 2.—*Offences against Property committed with Violence.*			
Assault and Robbery,	27	33	29
Theft by housebreaking,	369	314	280
Housebreaking with intent to steal,	123	124	146
Other cases,	1	2	2
Total,	520	473	457
No. 3.—*Offences against Property committed without Violence.*			
Theft,	5472	5532	6381
Breach of trust and embezzlement,	154	181	206
Other cases,	179	202	218
Total,	5805	5915	6805
No. 4.—*Malicious offences against Property.*			
Breaking and extinguishing lamps, &c.,	67	77	105
Total,	67	77	105
No. 5.—*Forgery and Offences against the Currency,*	33	21	26
Total,	33	21	26
No. 6.—*Perjury,*	1	3	—
Total,	1	3	—

	No. of Persons taken into custody 1861	1862	1863
No. 7.—*Offences.*			
Disorderly conduct, assault simple, &c.,	4358	4186	5835
Drunk and disorderly,	2518	2348	2471
Drunk and incapable,	4076	3770	4187
Other offences,	614	769	1500
Total,	11,566	11,073	13,993
No. 8.—*Contraventions.*			
Harbouring prostitutes,	149	32	97
Keeping a disorderly house,	143	150	68
Publicans contravening the terms of their certificates,	98	101	138
Selling spirits without licence,	6	192	179
Weights and measure cases,	192	153	183
Other cases, principally *nuisance* cases,	5039	4982	3909
Total,	5627	5610	4574

No. 9.— *Number of Persons brought to the different Police Offices, but discharged without being brought before the Court—the* 18,779 *cases of drunk and incapable being mostly of poor wretches from whom no fine could be got, and who would have fined the public in the expense of their keep, had they been sent to prison, besides having made the public pay for officers to convey them to the station.*

	No. of Persons taken into Custody in 1861	1862	1863
Criminal charges, Assaults, } On suspicion merely,	1802	2393	2775
	20	17	38
Disorderly (making a disturbance when being taken to the office),	8019	9864	8082
Drunk and disorderly,	626	478	450
Drunk and incapable,	17,687	17,384	18,779
Prowling (mostly prostitutes taken up for a night),	10,358	9771	5356
Protection (principally destitute homeless strangers),	5232	7069	7314
Total,	43,745	46,976	42,794
No. 10.—*Number of youths under 15 years brought before the Magistrates charged with crime,*	390	271	305

If this list of crimes does not cause every professing Christian in the city to hang his head with sorrow and in shame, then we will believe that the Christianity of Glasgow is a sham, that we have merely a name to live while we are dead, a form of godliness without its power. It is utterly impossible for *living* Christianity to be surrounded with so much vice, without being powerfully excited to immediate and strenuous action to have it crushed. When Paul beheld the idolatry of Athens, his soul was so stirred within him, that a band of armed men would not have kept him from struggling with the evil. If we are followers of Paul, the city's vice *shall* recede before our determined and continuous efforts. Captain Smart never again shall draw out such a three years' indictment against the western capital of religious Scotland.

It has always been freely and confidently affirmed by our Judges, Sheriffs, and other judicial authorities, that intoxicating drinks are the cause of, at least, three-fourths of our crime. There is scarcely an instance of murder in which drink was not the principal or the accessory. In the report for 1861, Captain Smart says—

"In this, as in the previous year, two murders have been committed, one by stabbing, at or near the door of an unlicensed whisky shop, where the murderer and his victim had both been drinking. The other, that of a man who killed his child while labouring under delirium, the effects of excessive indulgence in liquor. One case of culpable homicide by stabbing has likewise occurred this year. The person who committed the deed had also newly come out of a shebeen."

For ages past alcohol has been known as the murderer's stimulant. Probably that case (of Jessie M'Pherson) which so strongly agitated the heart of the whole nation, from our parliament to the lowest grades of society, would not have happened but for strong drink. In that frightful tragedy, according to the statements given in on trial, intoxicating liquor played its part. And now as we write, the newspapers are giving the particulars of a Cowcaddens murder—a woman stabbed by a man shortly after coming out of a public house, and expiring from loss of blood.

Everywhere drink vindicates its claim to be styled the "spirit of murder." At Liverpool a few months ago, four men were led out to execution at the same hour for shedding man's blood—all dragged to the gallows by the demon god of Britain. From that scene of retribution even the most degraded in Liverpool fled in horror, yet there hell's minister reigns as firmly as before. God *does* cast our carcasses at the feet of our idol (Lev. xxvi. 30), and still judgment upon judgment leaves us incorrigible and blind.

The evils which result from our drinking customs are so obvious that none can deny them, and yet every attempt is made to palliate and cover. Even Dr Strang has this passage in his report for 1851.

"I agree with the able head of our police in thinking, that if the city could be freed from a thousand or two incorrigible drinkers, who are the pests of the police office and the tormentors of our magistracy, the character which Glasgow has obtained for drunkenness would vanish rapidly, and the cuckoo song of the almost universal prevalence of intemperance among us, which has of late been repeated ad nauseam, would soon cease for ever."

On looking over the different heads of crime in 1863, we find that there were

2471 cases of drunk and disorderly brought before the magistrates.
4187 cases of drunk and incapable brought before the magistrates.
450 cases of drunk and disorderly *not* brought before the magistrates.
18,779 cases of drunk and incapable *not* brought before the magistrates.

25,887 cases.

The apology that is offered for the city's drunkenness is, that these 25,887 cases do not represent *distinct* individuals, for the same person may have been brought up frequently within the year in a state of helpless intoxication. The defence set up by Dr Strang and our newspaper press is, that there are not 25,887 persons in Glasgow who require the aid of policemen and of a police station. Is this a defence? If our eyes were open, if we were *truly* Christian men, if our conscience were not seared as with a hot iron, that defence would pierce our heart like a sword. What is its real meaning? That there are some thousands of our fellow-immortals in Glasgow, so enslaved, so debased, so ruined, by that which ministers, elders, deacons, and members of the church will not give up, that they are lost to character, to shame, and are careering with maddened speed towards the open gates of perdition. It is not these incorrigible drinkers that uphold our drinking customs. On each haggard, brutalised, hell-marked brow, is written the warning "*Beware.*" It is the respectable moderate drinkers that encourage and maintain the customs which have made, and *shall* make thousands upon thousands of these immortals wrecks. Rather would we have it said 25,887 persons in Glasgow were each taken up once drunk and

incapable, than that some thousands had been taken up so often, that there was not the slightest hope of their reformation.

While we wish to speak gently of the dead, while we would rather praise than blame, we must yield our homage to truth, instead of to Dr Strang. Truth declares the passage we have quoted is false. Suppose that in 1851 all the incorrigible drinkers had been seized and sent out of the city, would our character for drunkenness have "soon ceased for ever?" We will answer this question in the Scotch fashion, by putting another. If all the water of the river, which is at this moment in front of the city, were instantaneously hurried off to the ocean, would the flow of the Clyde soon cease for ever? Did Dr Strang not know that it is from the ranks of moderate drinkers that all drunkards come? No man is born an incorrigible drinker—he gradually becomes one. With all his learning it is possible Dr Strang was ignorant of the physiological action of alcohol upon the human frame, how it produces a physical craving, effects a fatal change, and overcomes the will. The incorrigible drinkers of 1851 are not those of to-day, too many of them lie in a premature grave.

We confess every time we look at the passage quoted, we become more and more surprised. The incorrigible drinkers are, it seems, "*the tormentors of our magistracy.*" We really pity everybody in torment, but we do wish our magistrates were more tormented than they are. We have all due, yea, great respect for them, for there are *some* of them that deserve the esteem of the whole city, and yet we wish they were for one year tormented as are the relatives of incorrigible drinkers. There is nothing more certain in this world, not even the rising of the sun to-morrow, than this, that so long as whisky shops are open, "*it must needs be that offences come.*" There is not a man in the city who does not believe that in 1864, as in all past years, there will be many assaults in consequence of taking intoxicating drinks. Since some persons are sure to be assaulted, we have a wish, and we are not ashamed to avow it; it is, that in 1864, those who license whisky shops may suffer from them, it is that all our magistrates and justices of the peace may be attacked and knocked down by maddened intoxicated men. They are quite as able to bear this treatment as wretched wives and children, and these wretched wives, as we have seen, "curse the public houses with a vehemence that is startling." We entertain this desire entirely for the city's sake, not out of any ill-will to them. When they have been tormented for one single year as others are, verily the day of deliverance and of jubilee will be at hand. They will then quickly use the power they have of refusing licences. How often, when on the bench, have we heard them advising culprits to become abstainers, and engaging to allow them to go free if they would take the pledge. What commendable consistency! To-day to be apostles of teetotalism, and to-

morrow to license shops certain to make men the very reverse. The sermon to the incorrigible has always little effect, let them now try to preach to the publican.

The worst attempt at covering the deeds of the demon god has yet to be mentioned. Bold, to the verge of insolence as some will count us, we really could not frame the following charge. Abstainers are generally called fanatics, because it is supposed they go too far, but they never go so far as non-abstainers are constrained by the force of truth sometimes to go. Let the Glasgow *Herald* of December 26, 1863, speak. In its editorial article of that date, we find these words, which hint at an intentional sacrifice of truth—

"The business of the Circuit Court is over, and we cannot help thinking that Judges and jurors, agents and advocates, must feel heartily sick after wading through our winter calendar of crime. There have been no fewer than four cases of murder or culpable homicide tried, every one of which reveals a state of morals which says little for the progress of civilisation or sobriety. Drinking, drunkenness, quarrelling, fighting. and killing follow each other in regular succession; human life is sacrificed as if it were a worthless commodity, and the good name of our country is disgraced. It appears, however, that a number of people belonging to the legal and medical professions have a strong opinion that insanity on the one hand, or apoplexy on the other, are the causes of this unhappy shedding of blood. Killing is not murder apparently, in the estimation of these persons, and they seem to consider that manslaughter is some unknown species of natural disease. If a man gets excited over his bottle, or the loss of his sweetheart, and kills somebody while the raging fit is on him, we find doctors ready, with all sorts of reasons, to prove that the murderer is simply a maniac, and altogether irresponsible for his actious."

"A shopkeeper in Edinburgh gets on the 'spree,' and after a few days' fuddling, he has, or pretends to have, a jealousy of an acquaintance, and straightway he arms himself with a dagger, and stabs his friend to the heart. He is taken up, tried, and acquitted on the ground of insanity, because a number of doctors differ regarding the condition of his brains. One of the M.D.'s believed the accused was afflicted with the delusions of *delirium tremens*, a second believed nothing of the sort, while a third felt inclined to split the difference; and in this way the life of Milne was saved."

"The 'natural disease' plea of 'not guilty' is no less illogical—we had almost said nonsensical—as two or three of the cases decided at our own Circuit this week will show. In a public-house at Bishopton, about two months ago, a man named Mullen, in the prime of life, was knocked down upon the floor and kicked or trampled to death by one or more brutes in human shape. The kicking was sworn to by several witnesses; the poor man was found upon the floor weltering in his blood, his head and face covered with wounds and bruises; the *post mortem* examination of the body discovered the brain clotted with blood, and yet an advocate for one of the prisoners tried to make out that it was simply a case of apoplexy, or the result of a fall! The second case occurred in Stockwell Street on the 4th November last, when Robert Campbell, a policeman, apparently in good health, was murdered, or, at all events, killed, by an old soldier named Alexander Graham. The prisoner and the policeman were seen struggling on a stair together, and sometime afterwards the poor man was found stretched on the ground in a helpless condition. He had a pretty extensive wound on the forehead, and two wounds on the legs, as if he had been tumbled down the stair, and a few hours afterwards he was dead. Doctors G. H. Macleod and J. Stewart made a *post mortem* examination of the body; they found the wound on the forehead, the brain suffused with blood, and they concluded that the one

thing was the effect of the other. In his examination, Dr Macleod says—'When I find the blow over the right eye, and when I find blood in the left ventricle of the brain, I cannot but connect the two, and suppose that the one resulted from the other.' And so, we think, would most sensible men; and so thought the jury in the long run, for the prisoner was found guilty of culpable homicide. Here, however, again 'natural disease' arguments were brought to bear upon the case, but they failed from sheer want of probability. The prisoner's Counsel asked if there was anything in the 'internal appearance of the body, *putting the blows and external injuries* out of the question, inconsistent with the supposition of a man's dying from apoplexy,' and Dr Macleod answered that there was not. But then the 'blows and external injuries' were there, and when that fact was fully established, it was surely begging the question altogether to drag in mere suppositions. If the policeman had been killed by a bullet through his brain, the Counsel might have asked a similar question with similar propriety, providing always that he excepted the injury done by the bullet as he did in the case of the blow. It is also possible that Robert Campbell might have died from apoplexy in the act of falling from the top to the bottom of Nelson's Monument; but then the thing is scarcely probable, and nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of every thousand would rather blame the fall. In like manner, few, we think, will believe that apoplexy struck down the strong policeman while he was in the grips of his assailant, when they know that he bore the marks of injuries sufficient to account for his death. But Dr James Morton is of a different opinion, and he also is entitled to speak with authority. The Doctor says—'From that medical report I would not be inclined to say that there is any necessary connection between the marks on the head and the effusion on the brain.' Dr Macleod, however, says there *is* a connection; and who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

"What is to be done with our scientific and contradictory M.D.'s? Are we to believe the medical witnesses for the prosecution; or are we to believe the medical witnesses for the defence; or are we to reject both? They are brought into innumerable witness-boxes to bring light out of darkness, and they wind up by making confusion worse confounded. In almost every murder case that comes up for trial, we find medical men of high standing contradicting each other like fish wives, and playing the very deuce with scientific credibility. In short, their evidence is becoming too much a matter of opinion to be trustworthy; and if they do not 'tak' a thocht and mend,' judges, juries, and the public will fall back upon their own common sense, and cast medical testimony overboard altogether."

The law at one time held drunkenness to be an aggravation of crime, but now alcohol has so bewitched us, that it can cover a multitude of heinous sins. Killing, as the editor of the *Herald* remarks, is not *now* murder. Captain Smart, in his report for 1863, says as much—

"Three persons have been remitted to the Sheriff for murder or culpable homicide; but the result proves that they were not serious cases, as one of them, a cabman, only received sentence of three months' imprisonment for killing a spirit dealer in London Street at his own door. The second, a flesher in Anderston, was tried by the Sheriff and Jury for killing his wife, &c."

This is a remarkable quotation. What is it that proves whether a case be serious or not? *The result.* What result? The punishment to be sure. In the first instance a man was killed, and in the second a woman; but death is not hereafter to be counted a result, we are to judge of an action not from what the

victim suffers, but from the punishment awarded to the perpetrator. A publican's life is valued at three months' imprisonment. It is surely time they were taking the hint, and voluntarily shutting up their shops.

What is the expense of our crime? The total expenditure of our Police Board from 15th May, 1862, till 15th May, 1863, was £84,852 18s 4d, but after deducting the charges for lighting, cleansing, &c., there is left as the cost of our day and night watchmen and detectives, with their various superintendents and miscellaneous expenses, the sum of £45,293 10s 1d. The net expenditure of the North Prison in Duke Street, after deducting the work done by the prisoners, was, in the year ending 30th June, 1863, £9090 4s 7d. The net proceeds of assessment for Houses of Refuge for both boys and females, was £4569 18s 5d in 1862; so the total *direct* charge to the city in one year is £58,953 13s 1d. But *indirectly* the city has to pay for judicial expenses and the maintenance of prisoners sentenced to several years of penal servitude, so the grand total expended in punishing crime, is at least £80,000 a year. Dr Strang, in his report for 1861, in calculating the expense to the *city* of our 750 constables, deducts the amount received from Government, which is one-fourth of the sum for pay and clothing. But this is a short-sighted mode of computation, as the Government has no mine of its own, independent of the pockets of its subjects. When it gives, it has first got, and Glasgow, as well as other parts of Scotland, contributes before it receives back. We will not allow abstainers to exaggerate the evils of intemperance, nor non-abstainers to extenuate. Let us have the truth, and nothing but the truth.

We are a singular people. We have an affection for criminals, and a great abhorrence of paupers. In the year 1860-61, the daily average of prisoners in custody at the North Prison was 448, and the cost of their maintenance was £22 5s 3¼d each per annum. The average earnings of each in a whole year was £2 15s 2¾d, leaving a net sum of £19 10s 0½d each, which the city had to pay for their support. This is exactly 7s 6d a week. For an out-door pauper, it may be a decent widow of 70 years of age, we grudge the allowance of two shillings a week; and for the inmates of our hospitals, the weekly charge, including food, clothing, salaries to officials, &c., &c., is about four shillings a head. The enjoyment got from intoxicating drinks would require to be transcendental, seraphic while it lasts, since the certain sequel is, that hordes of criminals will have to be maintained at the rate of seven shillings and sixpence a week.

The share of crime and expense of punishment caused annually by the Ruin Investment is, by the acknowledgment of all our judges, at least three-fourths of the whole, viz, about—

2 Murders, now called cases of killing.
40 Serious assaults.
350 Offences against property committed with violence.
4500 Offences against property committed without violence (thefts).
50 Malicious offences against property.
25 Offences against the currency.
1 Case of perjury.
3300 Cases of assault simple.
400 Cases of contravention.
22,966 Cases of persons drunk and incapable.
2921 Cases of persons drunk and disorderly.
250 Cases of youths under 15 years brought for crime before the Magistrates, and £60,000.

When will the insanity of the city have an end? By shutting up the whisky shops we can, between the charges for pauperism and crime, save the city one hundred thousand pounds a year. Since we have so little regard for the souls and bodies of men, will we have any for our pocket?

INSANITY.—Whoever has perused several years' reports drawn out by the Physician Superintendent of the Glasgow Royal Asylum for Lunatics, must have detected the hand of a master. There are so many judicious remarks, everywhere so many traces of close investigation and profound penetration, that the reader is convinced, that Institution is under the care of a man thoroughly acquainted with his business. Foreigners may well assert that the Glasgow Asylum is inferior to none in the world. From the tables appended to the reports, we learn, that between 1838 and 1846 inclusive, 2145 patients were admitted, 430 of which number became insane through intemperance. And between 1850 and 1862 no fewer than 3264 were admitted, of this number 519 lost their reason through drink. So in twenty-two years, there have been treated 5409 persons, and of these 949 became maniacs through worshipping the demon god of Britain. According to the statistics of our Royal Lunatic Asylum, intemperance is the cause of 17·5 per cent. of our insanity. But the true proportion of lunacy produced by alcohol will never be discovered, any more than the true proportion of disease; for this reason, that alcohol, besides being of itself a direct cause, is indirectly, to a great extent, the cause of some of the other causes. The two causes which are mentioned as the principal in all reports, are "*hereditary*" and "*predisposition.*" Who shall ascertain how many unfortunately have a predisposition on account of diseased fetal formation, the result of a father or a mother's drunkenness. Another very extensive agent in the production of insanity, is that greatest of all curses, a putrid imagination. Who shall trace the beginning of the reign of vice, the slavery of sensual lusts? Was it when inflamed by drink, that the first departure from safety and purity took place? None but the Omniscient can follow alcohol in all its windings; none but God can estimate the fatal agency of that myriad-handed

demon that scatters the seeds of death and ruin in every path of life.

The average number of insane residing in the Royal Asylum is 500. In 1862, the average daily number was 257 males and 245 females—502 in all. The annual admissions for several years past average 210. We called at our other Asylums to ascertain the average number of patients for the last six months, and found there were in the City Parochial Mad house 146, in the Barony, at Barnhill 140, in the Govan, Eglinton Street 80, in the Garngad Asylum 65, being in all 931 lunatics residing in Glasgow at the present time. Of these, 162 have become insane through the *direct* agency of strong drink, and if we could trace its *indirect* influence, as God alone can do, we would most probably find 500 of the whole are the production of the Ruin Investment. Oh, God, thou art terrible in thy justice, and yet righteous in thy judgments! Thou *dost* smite with madness the worshippers of our demon idol, and strew their bones around his altar. Yet, oh, Jehovah! in mercy to our land, thyself throw down the altar, and smite to destruction eternal the fiend that so grinds the souls and bodies of men between his teeth for sport. We will not attempt to calculate the cost of our lunacy —let the money perish. We have not the heart to lay it alongside the lost reason of man. And lest we be accused of misrepresentation, let us say, that while there are 931 insane residing in our five asylums, some of them have come from different parts of the country, but the exact proportion we did not ascertain.

ILLEGITIMACY.—In 1860, there were born within the parliamentary bounds of the city, 1220 bastards, being at the rate of 76 out of every thousand births. Dr Strang then thus expressed himself upon this point—

"This is a very small figure when contrasted with many other towns in Scotland, especially with that of Aberdeen, Dundee, and Edinburgh; and when contrasted with the great cities of the Continent, Glasgow stands in a truly enviable light."

Fatal words. They seem as if they were an invocation addressed to the demon of lust, to arise and slay. He heard and arose. The very next year (1861) the troop of bastards numbered 1435, and 103 besides within the suburbs, making together 1538. At once the proportion leapt from 76 during 1860, to 86 out of the thousand in 1861. Still Dr Strang apologises, though a less triumphant tone—

"Although these figures by no means indicate a greater degree of immorality than is to be found in other parts of Scotland, nay, demonstrate that, in this respect, we are rather better than some of our neighbours," &c.

Again the demon answered the invocation, and blew with his

enflaming breath upon our population, and in 1862, there were 1548 illegitimates, or 94 out of the thousand, *within the parliamentary bounds*.. In 1863, there were 1589, fully sustaining the excessive rate of the preceding year. In the returns of the Registrar General for the month of January, 1864, the rate of illegitimacy in Glasgow was 10·4, and in Edinburgh 9·9 per cent. So, had Dr Strang been living, he could not have any longer held up Glasgow as more chaste than Edinburgh, but even though he could, it would be a poor consolation to a Christian man to know that other cities were no better than his own. It is miserable comfort to be told that the most religious, the most highly favoured country in the world is not so bad as Vienna, Paris, Berlin, or Rome. The true, the only comparison is between the law of God and ourselves.

If the friends of Dr Strang take these remarks amiss, we cannot help it. The interests of the city must be dearer to us than even the character of those we love. Dr Strang had, we believe, a sickening of the heart about this increase of our bastardy. In his report for 1862, he omits giving the number of illegitimates in the suburbs—out of very shame we hope. And in that for 1861, he has a heart-sore paragraph, which we shall subsequently quote.

When is the increase in our bastardy to stop? The very increase becomes one of the most prolific of the causes. Wherever every tenth birth is illegitimate, female dread of shame dies out, and man's lust becomes emboldened. The one may yield, since hundreds fall around; the other tempt with hopes of quick success, since villains by the thousand gain the day. If Scotland does not soon awake, under the heel of hell she soon shall lie. Let every city take the warning ere it be too late. Taking Scotland as a whole, illegitimacy in 1863 was greatly on the increase.

What are the causes? We are afraid we shall bring down the indignation of the city upon our unhappy head, because we take the liberty to think for ourselves and freely criticise the opinions of others. Perfectly conscious that there are thousands of stronger and better educated minds in the city than our own, we have yet an intense conviction, that as God never intended another man to eat, to walk, or to sleep for us, and in our stead, neither has he intended that another man shall think for us. We are thankful for information from any source, willing to learn from all, even the meanest, but the information must be tested, analysed, weighed, before it can be received. The structure of our mind is such that we can take nothing for granted, and therefore *must* judge the opinions of others; not out of pride or spleen, however, but simply because we cannot help it. We are certain to give offence to many, but we hope this confession of our natural failing will procure forgiveness. The liberty which

we take, we give. Every one has perfect freedom to criticise *our* opinions, and condemn them if found erroneous. And we shall be very grateful for such a favour, for we seek truth. Now what follows this apology? That we were very much disappointed, when, after running over all the annual reports issued by the Directors of the Glasgow Magdalene Institution, we found they had done nothing, said nothing, against our drinking customs or our whisky shops; though it is a well-known fact, that without the aid of alcohol, prostitution could not exist to one-fourth of its present extent. We will make a few remarks upon these reports under this head, instead of under that which follows, as illegitimacy and prostitution are so closely connected together. The vast majority of girls are first seduced before they betake themselves to the streets. The directors are sound in creed, their belief being that prevention is better than cure. In practice, however, they attack not the cause, but the *products* of the cause. In the report for 1860, they state their suppressive zeal was directed against Parry's theatre and shows during the Fair. Parry's theatre was, no doubt, a sink of iniquity. Why did it exist? Because it was supported. It would have received no patronage if parents had not neglected their children—the cause of neglect, in the case of three-fourths of the children, was that the parents were drunkards—and thus we come at last to the root, which is the Ruin Investment. Many of the boys and girls who attended Parry's theatre, were convicted of crime and sent to the Houses of Refuge; the Governor of which will prove, that the intemperance of parents, and consequent neglect of their offspring, is the reason why three-fourths of the inmates are there. So when the directors assault the off-shoots of the cause, they remind us of men who seek to fell a tree by hewing at the twigs and branches. They never shall *thus* fell the tree. They happily effected the suppression of Parry's theatre, and the munificence of John Henderson of Park converted that vile temple of the devil into a house of prayer; but, still, the tide of illegitimacy and immorality rolled through the city as before. They never shall *thus* fell the tree. The next time we hear of their aggressive measures, is in the report for 1863. In that year they petitioned our Magistrates to abolish Glasgow Fair, or at least to abolish shows and penny reels, to put in force the powers entrusted to them by the act against brothels, and to take statistics of the same. The speakers at the public meeting on Dec. 29, 1863, joined in the chorus against our Glasgow Fair. The newspapers on the following day echoed the song, declaring that the days of shows and penny reels were now numbered, and that Glasgow Fair was among the things that were. They never shall *thus* fell the tree. What they advocate is all right, but *inadequate*. For many years we have read scarcely any book but *man*, man in daily life, from ministers down to prostitutes and

thieves, and we affirm and can prove that Glasgow Fair continues throughout all the year. In the petition which they addressed to our magistrates, the directors say—

"At the Fair time, *cases of seduction became more than usually numerous*, a fact which, from its nature, was much less observable by our visitors than the two already mentioned (an increase of prostitutes and brothels during the Fair), but of which there is abundant additional evidence."

If the assertion which they have put into italics be true, it is reasonable to suppose that nine months after the Fair in July, there would be an unusually great number of illegitimate births. To throw some light upon our illegitimacy, we will give the number of bastards for each month, in the three years, 1861, 1862, 1863; also the number of legitimate births. Let it be remembered this table is only for the parliamentary city, the illegitimate births in the suburbs are every year upwards of one hundred, which we have not included.

	LEGITIMATE BIRTHS.			ILLEGITIMATE BIRTHS.			Total of Illegitimate Births in three years.
	1861	1862	1863	1861	1862	1863	1861-1863
January	1251	1353	1284	125	143	113	381
February	1092	1151	1196	115	131	121	367
March	1277	1362	1314	122	139	128	389
	—3620	—3866	—3794	—362	—413	—362	—1137
April	1497	1374	1419	113	142	131	386
May	1497	1413	1441	131	129	150	410
June	1307	1315	1438	135	132	141	408
	—4301	—4102	—4298	—379	—403	—422	—1204
July	1390	1313	1289	99	136	118	353
August	1145	1086	1160	108	117	133	358
Sept.	1072	1075	1211	122	130	123	375
	—3607	—3468	—3660	—329	—383	—374	—1086
October	1265	1165	1263	130	127	141	398
November	1060	1026	1185	98	117	145	360
December	1248	1222	1199	137	105	145	387
	—3573	—3413	—3647	—365	—349	—431	—1145
	Tot. 15101	Tot. 14849	Tot. 15399	Tot. 1435	Tot. 1548	Tot. 1589	Tot. 4572

Several points arrest attention on examining this table. 1st, The regularity of births amongst the married. The quarter ending June is *always* the highest, and that ending March next. The month in which there is the greatest number of conceptions among the married, is August. 2d, There is no such regularity out of wedlock. While in 1861, the quarter ending June was the highest; in 1862, the March one was the highest; and in 1863, the December one. 3d, That the conceptions in July (at the time of Glasgow Fair) are fewer in number than in many other months of the year—the births in April are not in any one

year the highest. In 1861, the illegitimate conceptions were most numerous in March and April; during 1862, in August; and in 1863, so far as we can yet judge, in February and March. 4th, That on taking the three years together, as in the last column, we perceive two points of resemblance to the lawful births. The June quarter is the highest, and August is also the month of the greatest number of conceptions. However, on an average of five years, September would likely be found to be as prolific of bastards as August. If any of the Directors of the Magdalene Institution will come with us on a Saturday night or two, at 11 o'clock p.m., we will convince them that so long as the whisky shops are open, there will be Glasgow Fair all the year round.

Again we have to put the question, What are the causes of our illegitimacy? Some assign as the principal reason, the excess of females in Scotland—the excess above the males being, in 1861, 11·56 per cent., whereas in England it was only 4·2 per cent. But the Registrar General puts his foot on this conjecture, in these words, in his Fifth detailed Annual Report—

"Every known fact contradicts such a theory; and the statistics of Scotland itself prove that such a theory has no support from them."

We think that he is mistaken, that he has based his conclusion upon figures, instead of on influences and their results. A great excess of females always has a tendency to increase our illegitimacy, but the extent to which it is a cause, depends altogether on circumstances. There are about 25,000 more females than males in Glasgow at the present hour. If abundant work can be got for all these women, and wages sufficient to keep them out of debt, and so out of danger, the only evil will arise from the probability, that out of a large number not likely to get married, since there are too few males, some will be found willing to yield, in the hope that the promise of marriage will be kept, and that they will be wives before they are mothers. No one will deny that out of 25,000 unmarried females, a greater number will be found susceptible of seduction, than out of 2000. And neither will he deny, that the chance of marriage is less when there is an excess of 25,000, than when it is only 2000. Women in general prefer married to single life, and when the chance of marriage is very small, a woman may be more readily deceived, than when the chance is very great. Still, let all our unmarried women be placed above want and dependence, let them be educated, strengthened and fenced by general information and sound religious knowledge, and we will admit that the excess will not, to a great degree, be a cause of bastardy. But the case is quite different when thousands of girls are competing with each other for full and constant employment, in vain; when their wages are so small that they cannot keep out of debt; when they are so

crushed and helpless by poverty, that marriage above all things becomes the desire of their hearts—the only escape from their sore struggle for food and clothes. In these circumstances, they are ready to be the prey of any deceiver. A young man has only to profess affection to a girl thus situated, appear to pity her, give her a small present, as a shawl; the present becomes the prelude to, "Now Mary, I'll not hurt you," and the girl is ruined for life. We have seen a girl with tears entreating the loan of some money to balance her credit pass-book for provisions, and we know that girls in debt remain passive under liberties which they would not for a moment tolerate, were they independent of the person taking the liberties. Unless, therefore, the Registrar General can prove that the excess of females has no tendency to keep a number of them unemployed, and to lower their wages, we will hold to our opinion, that excess is favourable to illegitimacy. And, therefore, we have advised emigration, because we do not see the possibility of employing *all* our girls regularly throughout the whole year, and at such wages as will place them above dependence. But the emigration must be effected so gradually and prudently, as not to produce the very evils in the colonies we are seeking to remedy at home. We would have no girls sent out until the colonial authorities reported there was a demand, and engaged on their arrival to provide a shelter, until employment was obtained. The return from Leslie, in Fife, for 1863, contains this passage—

"Of the 110 births 16 are illegitimate, 13 of the mothers are mill or factory workers, and the other three are servants. No doubt the excessive difference in the number of females over males in the district (2577 of the former, and 1755 of the latter) has something to do with this high rate of illegitimacy."

We know nothing about Leslie, but plain common sense reasoning leads us to the same conclusion.

In examining into the causes of illegitimacy, it may be well to look at the males first, and then at the females. As regards the male, the chief cause is that appetite which the Creator has wisely implanted in the human frame to perpetuate the race. The passion was intended to be gratified, subject to the government of reason, or rather to an enlightened perception of man's relation to God, and to the part the Almighty has to perform in animating dead matter by the inbreathing of an immaterial immortal spirit. To an unfallen being, each act would be a solemn invocation to the Deity, to create a living creature after His own image. We need not say that such a perception and feeling are almost quite unknown in the unhappy family of man. But this we will say, He is less than a man, who will not stand beside every child he has been the means of bringing into the world, and as he lays his hand upon each one's head, say before all, "This is mine, and I will work for it while I can crawl." The

passion has its office, and there is no part of our nature which God Almighty so sternly commands us to govern well as this. Relentlessly shall Jehovah smite the sinner, who foolishly, unlawfully, and sinfully invites the co-operation of divine power, who, in a brutal mood, assumes the tremendous responsibility of perpetuating human life. Whatever stimulates the appetite to unlawful action, should be condemned and prohibited; whatever tends to keep it in complete subjection, should be encouraged and cherished. Many things excite appetite into premature and disastrous action, as intoxicating drinks, the allurements of prostitutes, putrid conversation, and reading; licentious songs, which infuse the venom by means of a doubtful word, but which raise a laugh that is not doubtful, midnight balls, immodest games at evening parties, and we will add, the thoughtlessness and gaiety of girls; for if there were fewer giddy heads, there would not be so many broken hearts. A pretty extensive induction of individual and varied cases, enables us to come to this conclusion with respect to the illegitimacy of Glasgow—of other places we do not pretend to speak.

1st. That of the 1722 bastards born in Glasgow and suburbs in 1863, about 800 of them owe their existence *directly* to the Ruin Investment, because drink had robbed reason of its controlling power, one or both parents being *partially* intoxicated at the time. Burns who knew *fallen* human nature well, says—

> "See social life and glee set down,
> A' joyous and unthinking,
> Till quite transmugrified they're grown,
> Debauchery and drinking.

Let Sheriff Alison, in his History of Europe, tell us what effect intoxicating drinks have upon illegitimacy—

"The people of Sweden are universally educated; landed property, especially in the northern provinces, is very much divided among them; and no country in the world possesses, in proportion to its population, a greater number of clergy, who instruct the people in the pure tenets of the Protestant religion. The national character is admirable, and the manners of the people, except in one unhappy particular, worthy of general imitation. Brave, kind-hearted, and hospitable, sincere in their devotion, enlightened, when duly instructed in their intellects, gentle in their dispositions, the Swedish peasantry exhibit as fine a specimen of rural civilization as is to be met with in the whole domains of the family of Japhet. But one fatal indulgence has well nigh obliterated all these advantages, and let in upon this simple, kind-hearted people, the whole catalogue of human sins. Dirinking is universal—*the liberty of distilling in every separate house, on paying a trifling duty to government for the right to use a still, has, from time immemorial, been established among the whole peasantry of the country;* and, at this moment, there are no less than one hundred and fifty thousand of these manufactories of 'liquid hell-fire'—as they have been well denominated—which distil annually *thirty millions of gallons of spirits, for the consumption of three millions of people. The consequences of this calamitous facility in producing and obtaining spirituous liquors have been to the last degree disastrous.* Notwithstanding the small number of manufactures which are

established in the country, the general simplicity of rural life, the absence of great towns, and the moderate size of its capital, which contains only eighty thousand inhabitants, *the average amount of crime over all Sweden equals that of the most depraved cities of Great Britain.* The illegitimate births are to the legitimate, over the whole country, as one to thirteen; while in the capital they have reached the astonishing number of one to two and three-tenths, exceeding the proportion of even Paris itself. So fearfully does this destructive passion for ardent spirits inflame the blood, and generate crime, even in the coldest latitude; *so perfectly adequate is it to counteract all the efforts of reason, prudence, morality, and religion;* and so fallacious is the system which, proceeding on the mistaken assumption that the people will of themselves abstain from such enjoyments as are pernicious, allows them to manufacture—without limit or restraint—*this most seducing and dreadful of all physical and moral poisons.*"

2d. That probably about one-fourth, say 400 out of the 1722 bastards in 1863, would not have existed had not the fathers been hardened by illicit intercourse with prostitutes. It is a current fallacy, that access to harlots diminishes the risk of danger to the virtuous portion of our female population, and lessens the number of illegitimate births; *but the very reverse of this is the truth.* We lay it down as a maxim, that wherever prostitutes abound, there infallibly the greatest number of bastards will be born. It has been common to point to France in confirmation of this, where illegitimacy in the great cities so preponderates over that in the rural districts; but objectors render this argument worthless, by declaring that the mothers in the rural districts haste to the towns shortly before delivery, to deposit their progeny in the Foundling Hospitals, and that thus the city is made to father the crime of the country. They also affirm that the agricultural counties of Scotland are the most immoral, that in them illegitimacy attains the maximum rate, simply because they are without the safety valve of prostitution.

BIRTHS WITHIN THE PARLIAMENTARY BOUNDARIES OF GLASGOW.

Glasgow.	1861.			1862.			1863.		
Districts.	Leg.	Illeg.	Ratio, 1 in every	Leg.	Illeg.	Ratio, 1 in every	Leg.	Illeg.	Ratio, 1 in every
Central, ...	1940	377	5·1	1802	451	4·	1878	468	4·0
High Church,...	1967	169	11·6	1777	207	8·5	1910	194	9·8
Bridgeton, ...	1743	152	11·4	1742	136	12.8	1808	183	9·8
Calton, ...	1442	100	14·4	1429	130	10·9	1405	100	14·0
Clyde, ...	1018	135	7·5	938	132	7·1	981	122	8·0
Blythswood,.....	763	64	11·9	747	58	12·8	782	72	10·8
Milton,.....	1428	97	14·7	1466	107	13·7	1470	105	14·
Anderston, ...	1553	117	13·2	1708	96	17·7	1805	103	17·5
Tradeston, ...	1405	80	17·5	1463	108	13·5	1536	89	17·2
Hutchesontown,	1831	155	11·8	1774	124	14·3	1812	155	11·6
Total, ...	15,090	1446	10·4	14,846	1549	9·5	15,387	1591	9·6

BIRTHS WITHIN THE SUBURBAN OR RURAL DISTRICTS OF GLASGOW.

	1862.			1863.		
GLASGOW.	Leg.	Illeg.	Ratio, 1 in every	Leg.	Illeg.	Ratio, 1 in every
Maryhill, - - -	235	19	12·3	277	17	16·3
Springburn, - -	348	39	8·9	366	51	7·1
Shettleston, - -	259	22	11·7	246	27	9·1
Govan, - - - -	620	24	25·8	729	19	38·3
Partick, - - -	600	26	23·	725	17	42·6
Total, - - - -	2062	130	15·8	2343	131	17·8

BIRTHS WITHIN EDINBURGH AND LEITH—1863.

	1863.		
EDINBURGH.	Leg.	Illeg.	Ratio, 1 in every
St George's District, -	1302	70	18·6
St Andrew's do., -	933	51	18·2
Canongate do., -	1203	125	9·6
St Giles do., -	1112	310	3·5
Newington, do., -	1013	57	17·7
Total, - - - - -	5563	613	9·0

	1863.		
LEITH.	Leg.	Illeg.	Ratio, 1 in every
North Leith District, -	430	20	21·5
South Leith do., -	947	51	18·5
Total, - - - - -	1377	71	19·3

We hope the foregoing tables will crush this opinion, which arises more from the heart than the head, and will for ever settle the question. They are not taken from Dr Strang's report, but

from the Registrar General's returns, and slightly differ from Dr Strang.

By glancing over the rate of illegitimacy in the different registration districts of Glasgow and Edinburgh, we see at once how statistics injudiciously employed, can be made to prove anything. We see the danger of taking a city as a whole, instead of separating it into districts, according to their scale in moral advantages. The traveller in South America is astonished at the variety of climate, and consequent vegetable productions through which he passes in a day, as he ascends from the valley towards the summit of the mountain. At one glance he beholds the products of several zones. Equally great is the diversity of moral climate and consequent moral growth which he perceives, who calmly looks upon human nature in one of our crowded cities. One part of the city will be seen to be as pure or even purer than the majority of our rural districts, *while many other portions of it are infinitely worse.* And again, he who contrasts our rural districts with one another, shall find amongst them the greatest possible differences, all of which can be easily accounted for by looking at the favourable or unfavourable influences in operation.

The following inferences can undeniably be drawn from the preceding tables.

1st. *That those districts of Glasgow* (and this is true also of all our great cities) *in which prostitutes most abound, are the very districts most infamous for illegitimacy.* The central district in Glasgow contains a population of some fifty thousand (49,678 in 1861), and has within it the principal places of business in the city, as the Royal Exchange, our largest banks and warehouses, our finest hotels, our County Buildings and Central Police Station. Its inhabitants are neither all rich nor all poor. It has many slaughter pens on its eastern boundary from the High Street to Townhead, and many middle class houses and fine self-contained lodgings in Stirling's-road, George Street, and the space between George Square and Parliamentary Road. The rent of a large proportion of the dwelling houses is between £10 and £25 per annum. It is in all respects as fair an average of the city as could be got, and yet in it bastardy is higher than in any other district. In 1862 and 1863, the ratio, as entered in the Registrar's returns, was twenty-five per cent., or 1 in every four. But to arrive at the true proportion, we must take into account the births in the Lying-in Hospital in Rottenrow, which are all registered in the central. A minute inspection of the roll book of the Hospital, showed us that in last year from 15th Nov., 1862, till 15th Nov. 1863, there were 289 cases of confinement, 67 being married women, and 222 single women, or cases of illegitimacy. But of these 222 cases of bastardy, 33 belonged to the district, leaving 189 cases to be distributed over the other districts. A *very* few cases were from the country, as one from

Dumbarton, and one from Gourock. The number of illegitimate births in the Central in 1863 was 468, from which we have to deduct the 189 cases in the Hospital, leaving 279 births to be charged against the district. To give the Central as fair a character as we can, we will deduct 39 births, which is as near as we can come to the number of conceptions issuing in births among the prostitutes who promenade throughout it every night. We have thus left 240 illegitimates, and as the legitimate births in the Central were 1878 in the year 1863, the ratio of bastardy is 1 in every 7·8, which is the very highest proportion in Glasgow. How does the Central stand first in the list of infamy? Not because it is the poorest district, not even because it has the greatest ratio of whisky shops, but because it is pre-eminently the harlot's beat; more of them nightly prowl about it for prey, than in any other quarter of the city. On any one night we engage to pick up hundreds of them in an hour's walk from the Cross to Buchanan Street, and the streets between them. The district which next to the Central is most infested with prostitutes, is the Clyde. It, like the Central, contains a fair proportion of low and high rented houses, and it is the second highest in the scale of illegitimacy, the ratio being 1 in every 8 births.

2d. *That the suburban or rural districts of Glasgow, where none or exceedingly few prostitutes are found, are the lowest in the scale of bastardy.* Thus in 1863, the illegitimate births in Govan were in the proportion of 1 in every 38, and in Partick 1 in 42. In these two districts a great number of gentry reside, and many married men employed in the shipbuilding trade, and who have generally good wages. The other suburban districts not being so highly favoured as these two, are not so clear of illegitimacy. In Maryhill there was, in 1863, 1 in every 16·3; in Shettleston, 1 in every 9·1; while in Springburn, a district completely demoralised by Irish navvies—railways are a blessing to the country, but not railway labourers—it was as bad as 1 in every 7·1. Still taking the five rural districts as a whole, the illegitimacy is only 1 in every 17·8, while in the city, taken as a whole, it is 1 in every 9·6, thus showing that where there are none or exceedingly few harlots, the bastardy is only about one-half of what it is in the city.

3d. *That the rural districts of Scotland are freer of bastardy than the town districts.* Thousands will open their eyes quite wide on reading this, because it is the very opposite of what they have been taught to believe; still it is the truth. Dr Strang, in his report for 1861, after giving the comparative illegitimacy of several counties in Scotland, says—

"From these figures, it will at once be seen that the rural or agricultural portions of Scotland possess the elements of illegitimacy in a greater degree than the manufacturing or urban parts of the kingdom."

And the Registrar General, in his report for the quarter of 1863, ending in December, says, as he has said in all previous returns—

"As usual, the proportion of illegitimate births was lower in the Town than in the Rural Districts, for while 10·3 per cent. of the births were illegitimate in the Town, 10·6 per cent. were so in the Country Districts."

Our maxim, "That wherever prostitutes exist, other influences being equal, there bastardy will most prevail," was thus confronted with authorities and figures. What was to be done? Cling to our maxim. So convinced were we, that association with harlots completely breaks down the fence of moral restraint, prepares and emboldens a man to be a seducer, by making him believe that when prostitutes are so willingly toys, other women, his acquaintances, will not make much fuss or resistance—that when a stone is removed from the dykes of Holland, in the ocean of lust will pour impetuously and carry all before it—that we at once concluded the maxim *must* be true, and the figures *must* rest upon a false foundation. A few minutes' examination, showed us that the returns from the Registrar General as respects illegitimacy have, from the beginning, been of no other service than to delude and lead us astray. The reports have all along been drawn up upon an erroneous basis. Suppose there are two towns in Scotland, A and B, both containing 10,000 inhabitants. In A there are, in one year, 400 legitimate, and 80 illegitimate; and in B 300 legitimate, and 60 illegitimate births; which of the two towns is the most chaste? They are both the same, says the Registrar General, the ratio of bastardy in both being 1 in every 5. But they are *not* equally chaste, since B, with as great a population, had only 60, whereas A had 80 bastards. *Illegitimacy should be compared not with the number of legitimate births, but with the number of inhabitants, and especially with the number of unmarried inhabitants.* Edinburgh has all along been misrepresented by this most erroneous mode of calculation, by allowing a high birth rate of legitimates in other cities to throw a mantle over their illegitimates. In the comparison between Edinburgh and Glasgow, it is proper to take Edinburgh and Leith as one city, since cases from Leith are admitted into the Maternity Hospital in St Giles' District, and for the same reason, Glasgow and its suburbs must be taken as one; because, on looking over the roll book of our Lying-in Hospital, we found a few cases from the five suburban districts. The population of Glasgow and suburbs in 1861 was, according to the Registrar General's returns, 446,646, and of Edinburgh and Leith, 206,473. An approximation to their population in 1863, sufficiently near for a fair comparison is 458,646 inhabitants for Glasgow, and 208,873 for Edinburgh. Now, if 458,646 inhabitants give 1722 bastards, the number in Glasgow in 1863,

how many will 208,873 give? answer, 784; the number of illegitimate births Edinburgh should have had, were she as infamous as Glasgow, whereas she had only 684, being 100 less her share, and yet the Registrar General makes Edinburgh worse than Glasgow! The proportion of illegitimate births to the legitimate being in Glasgow 1 in every 10·3, and in Edinburgh 1 in every 10·1. To account for this, let us try another question in proportion. If 458,646 inhabitants give 17,730 legitimate births (the number in Glasgow and suburbs in 1863), what will 208,873 give? answer, 8074; whereas Edinburgh had only 6940, being 1134 fewer legitimate births than the Glasgow ratio would have given. If we now compare 8074, the Glasgow proportion of legitimates, with the actual 684 illegitimates, the ratio for Edinburgh is 1 in every 11·8, while in Glasgow it is 1 in 10·3. But as the low legitimate birth rate in Edinburgh shows there are proportionately fewer of its inhabitants married, and so a greater proportion left from which delinquency may spring, it is quite apparent that Edinburgh is not nearly so bad as Glasgow, though the Registrar General's returns have always made her worse. In Edinburgh there is one bastard to every 305 of its population, but in Glasgow 1 to every 266. And the rate of legitimate births is in Edinburgh 1 in every 30 inhabitants, while in Glasgow it is 1 in 26.

Having now given justice to Edinburgh in *one* way, we will give justice to her in another. Edina, eye of old Scotia, is a city fair. No other city has so many temples pointing to the heavens. On thee the church reposes; to thee the heathen look. No other home has freedom but thy crags; she lingers there in hope of earth's advance. Thy mountain view makes men bow down, and murmur, "Surely God is great." Lovely thou art in mount, and spire, and dome, and hoary battlement; rich is the rousing memories of the past, that moist the eye, and swell the soul; and yet, Edina, all thy fairness is the beauty of a whited sepulchre. Would any one expect that in the city of our church courts, where so many hundreds of ministers and elders annually congregate to extend the kingdom of Jesus Christ, the city which has 115 churches for its 170,444 inhabitants, being one for every 700 of its adult population, there could be such a lazar house as the district of St Giles. In the December quarter of 1863, of 354 births, there were 90 of them illegitimate. Even after giving that district credit for all the births in the Maternity Hospital not its own, the remainder proclaims that putrefying district to be a moral dunghill. Tell it to the heathen, publish it afar, that within the stronghold of Protestantism—the bulwark of the church's freedom, the defender of the regal rights of Christ, the heart, the soul of Scotland, the glory of her excellency, there is a festering spot where lechery doth riot night and day. Tell it until the bitter taunt, so well deserved, comes wafted to our shores

from every heathen clime, "*Go, wash your swine at home, ye hypocrites*, apply the gospel to your countrymen, hope not that God will work with men like you, will bless the labour of your hands, so long as drink, the parent of your harlotry and bastardy, remains the idol of the land." And if the church would then not dash the accursed wine cup from her hands, we would say, let Scotland, the Capernaum of gospel privileges, descend to the pit, as did Sodom and Gomorrah. But, alas, without our imprecation, our unhappy countrymen *are* every day descending to the pit of darkness.

Pursuing the same course of calculation, with respect to the rural districts, that we have adopted with Edinburgh, we at once perceive that these long defamed rural districts are much more clean than even the holy city.

If the population of Edinburgh and Leith in 1861—206,473 give 684 bastards (the number in 1863), how many will the population of the rural districts give, which population in 1861 was, 1,458,419? answer, 4831; whereas the number was 4743, being 88 below the Edinburgh proportion. Again, if the population of the 126 town districts, which the Registrar General estimates to be, in 1863, 1,636,031, give 6116 bastards, what will the estimated population of the 883 rural districts give, that population being 1,460,975? answer, 5461; being 718 more than the rural districts really had. The rural districts have thus had 718 fewer bastards than their share. The town districts had 1 bastard to every 267 inhabitants, while the rural districts had only 1 to every 308. But this contrast gives a very imperfect view of the comparative chastity of town and country. We said illegitimacy should be compared with the number of inhabitants, *but especially with the number of unmarried inhabitants who were of a marriageable age.* It would be monstrous, for instance, to compare two districts of equal population, say of 10,000 each, if in the one there were 5000 persons married, and in the other only 3800. And yet this is the very blunder which has always been committed in the contrast between the town and the country. To show the paucity of marriages in the rural districts, let us try another question in proportion. If the population of the 126 town districts—1,636,031 give 56,687 legitimate births, how many will 1,460,975, the population of the 883 rural districts give? answer, 50,621; but there were only 41,779, showing there were 8842 fewer legitimate births than would have been, were there as many married couples in the country as in the town. In 1863, there were 13,790 marriages in town districts, or 1 in every 118 inhabitants, while in the rural districts there were only 8297, being 1 in every 176. The few marriages in the country accounts for the few legitimate births, and also for the high rate of illegitimacy. No man will deny, that if in the country there had been 8842 more legitimate births in 1863, the

fathers and mothers, amounting to some 27,000 men, and 27,000 women (since in the country, the annual proportion of births is about 1 to every 3 wives) would have been taken out of the ranks of that class from which illegitimacy can alone spring, viz., the unmarried; and that if these 27,000 from the class of tempters, and 27,000 from the class of the tempted, had been married, there would have been a proportionately smaller number of illegitimate births in the rural districts. And that small number would not so break down the moral tone of the country, for as we have already said, where bastardy greatly prevails, female dread of shame becomes faint, and the boldness of men becomes great. So we are perfectly convinced, that if there were as many married persons in the country as there are in the town, the number of illegitimates in the rural districts in 1863, would not have exceeded 3600, instead of 4743, the actual number; and that thus, when the rural districts got the benefit of a fair, an honest comparison, they would be found to have only 2 bastards for every 3 there were in the town districts. The rural districts would thus have had 1861 fewer bastards than the town ratio would have allowed; but even without taking into consideration the small number of the married, we have shown that the country is more chaste than the town, to the extent of 718 fewer illegitimates. And we have thus proved what we purposed, that wherever men have little or no access to harlots, other influences and temptations being equal, there the smallest proportion of bastardy will exist. Prostitution then is no protection to the virtuous portion of our female population, *but the very reverse.*

In passing, we may observe that the comparative fewness of marriages in Scotland, is the reason of her *apparent* greater immorality, when contrasted with other countries. In England, for instance, there are 63 married couples for every 56 in Scotland. Taking this into account, the illegitimacy in Scotland during 1863, probably would not have been higher than 7·5 per cent. instead of 9·9, when compared with the legitimate births. We hope hereafter never to hear of Scotland being contrasted with other countries, unless the comparison be a fair one; unless the point of comparison be the number of unmarried persons, capable of entering the married state. Let the most absurd system of comparing illegitimate with legitimate births be at once and for ever abandoned. In his fifth detailed annual report, the Registrar General says—

"One other positive fact was also pointed out, and every successive years' registration confirms its truth, and that is, that illegitimacy in Scotland differs as widely as possible from illegitimacy on the Continent, in the striking fact, that in Scotland the proportion of illegitimate births is higher in the rural districts than it is in the towns, whereas over the whole Continent of Europe, the towns yield from three to six times a greater proportion of illegitimate births than the rural districts."

We have proved that the rural districts of Scotland, like those on the Continent, are freer of bastardy than the great cities, but our information on this subject does not enable us to make a fair comparison between Scotland and England, and Scotland and the Continent. This is a task we leave for the Registrar General. We shall feel deeply obliged by his informing us in his next annual detailed report

1st. What is the proportion of *unmarried* females in the English and Continental rural districts, between the ages of 15 and 45; and of *unmarried* men from 15 to 75 years of age. The number of the tempters and the tempted.

2d. The same in the English and Continental great cities.

3d. The average age at which marriages take place.

4th. If farm servants in the English and Continental rural districts are huddled together like so many cattle, and if so many females are separated from their parents as there are in Scotland.

5th. If the system of many small farms on the Continent is more favourable to morality than the system of a few large ones in Scotland. When we get correct information on these points, we will be able to put Scotland in her proper place as regards illegitimacy.

We have said that of the 1722 bastards born in Glasgow in 1863, 800 of them owed their existence directly to the Ruin Investment, and 400 more to harlots being allowed to prowl about the streets. As regards the fathers, the cause of the remainder of illegitimate births, is an unbridled appetite, which has been aroused into unnecessary action by the loose licentious strain of conversation so common in society, even amongst the members of the church; by indulging in putrid imaginations, and very often by passion unexpectedly blazing out into a flame, through heedless exposure to the fatal influence of favourable opportunity. On an average of many years, the months of August and September will be found to stand almost as high in point of danger, as January, February, and March. The beginning of Autumn is indeed the beginning of sorrows to many a poor girl, who had no idea of how one can in a moment be surprised into sin. He who at that season takes a walk into the suburbs of the city, will find numerous couples sitting under hedges, or in other secluded spots. There they sit, until the shadows of night awake a demon feeling, for true love cherishes, does not destroy—"O, man thy love *is* lust!"—and both, or at least a miserable one, is certain to repent an incautious entering into temptation. And it is specially to be deplored, that these lovers' walks and rests are principally taken on a Sabbath night, and by hundreds who have been that very day in the church. Most determinedly should parents set their face against permitting Sabbath evening to be a trysting

time. We believe the greatest number of falls which are not occasioned by drink, takes place on the holy day of rest.

With regard to the mothers of illegitimate children, we know not how to express ourselves. Whenever we think of that most painful subject, we are alternately roused to madness, and then melted into tears, so horribly cruel is man's treatment of poor woman. Let us first give a quotation from the Registrar General's volume relating to the census of Scotland for 1861—

"But it was shown, when speaking of the married women, that to produce 100 children annually, 314 married women between the ages of 15 and 45 were required in Scotland. As the unmarried women who put themselves in the way of becoming mothers may be supposed to bear children in the same ratio as the married women, we must multiply the number of unmarried women who became mothers during the year by 3·14, in order to procure the number of unmarried women who annually put themselves in the way of becoming mothers. This shows that 30,947 unmarried women in Scotland annually put themselves in the way of becoming mothers. These numbers indicate that 7·3 in every 100 (or 73 in every 1000) unmarried women between the ages of 15 and 45 years, or 1 in every 13 (1 in every 13·1) annually put themselves in the way of becoming mothers."

"The registration of the illegitimate births is so imperfect in England that it is not fair to compare the facts relative to the unmarried women of Scotland with those of England, if we adhered to the official number of illegitimate births as published in the Registrar General's reports. When the proper correction is made for the illegitimate births which escape registration, it appears that 227,757 unmarried women, being exactly 10 per cent., or 1 in every 9 unmarried women in England between the ages of 15 and 45, annually put themselves in the way of becoming mothers—being a much larger proportion than in Scotland."

We do not like exaggeration on any subject, not even on one, the full horrors of which it is impossible to realise. The Registrar General has forgotten that married and single women, or rather mothers and those not mothers, cannot be contrasted together, their condition is so dissimilar. While it is true that 314 wives will, on the average of many years taken together, produce no more than 100 children, the *reason* has altogether been kept out of sight in his comparison. When a wife has a child, there is the interval of nursing (which on the average is about a year) between the birth of the infant, and the conception of another. But single women who are not mothers, are not in the condition of wives who are nurses, and therefore 314 of them are not required to produce 100 children in a year. There were 1722 bastards born in Glasgow in 1863. If we multiply 1722 by 3·14, as the Registrar General thinks we should, we get 5407 as the number of unmarried woman, between 15 and 45, who, in Glasgow, fell before temptation in 1863.

Every one, especially physicians, will know how difficult it is to come near the exact number of the fallen, so many and varied are the favourable and unfavourable circumstances which require

to be taken into consideration. On the one hand, some wives have only one child, the giving birth to which has developed peculiar diseases in their system, which prevent further procreation. On the other hand, many girls, snared into coition when giddy with drink, take care never again to place themselves in the power of a destroyer, though happily escaping issue from a first connection. Among wives there is a natural desire of children, but such a result is the dread of the unmarried female. Again, a few mothers of illegitimate children have more than one child, and may, as regards the interval of nursing, be compared with wives. And a number of girls who have fallen during one year, without offspring, by becoming sly prostitutes, that is going out occasionally for an hour or two at night, even while attending their work regularly throughout the day, are caught at last. But without mentioning all the circumstances affecting husbands and wives, and single men and women, which we have weighed as carefully as we could, and with special reference to Glasgow life, we may say that 3500 unmarried females have fallen in order to produce the 1722 bastards in 1863. We are convinced this number is much nearer the truth than the Registrar General's computation of 5407; and 2500, out of these 3500, were girls who previously had not been violated. But is not even 3500 a frightful number. Of these unhappy creatures, about 2000 have been the victims of rape—of rape, which God, the ever-watching, has marked down in the books of judgment, and for which the despicable and inhuman violators shall stand at the final bar, though now they altogether escape punishment from man. And the instrument of these poor girls' ruin has been strong drink. In all ages alcohol has been the tool of hell for every species of villany. Lot's demoralised daughters had learned in Sodom how the unwatchful, the unsuspecting, were to be overcome, when the one said to the other, "Come, let us make our father drink wine." Absalom knew the potency of the material demon when he said, "Mark ye, now, when Amnon's heart is merry with wine, and when I say unto you Smite Amnon, then kill him, fear not." And the same accursed agency is used in Glasgow every night, to murder the souls and bodies of our simple unreflecting sisters. We have said that August and September are dangerous months for females, but January, February, and March, are more fatal still. Every month, and, indeed, every day of the year is dangerous; but the season for pleasure walking, and sitting under hedges, is not so prolific of bastards as the beginning of the year. On looking at the table of illegitimacy in page 111, it will be seen that the December quarter of 1863 is the highest. This was also the case with Edinburgh, the number of illegitimates, in the quarter ending March, being 173, in that of June 157, in September 157, and in December 197. The following table will show that, taking Scot-

land as a whole, the last quarter of 1863 was the worst as regards illegitimacy.

	LEGITIMATE BIRTHS.	ILLEGITIMATE BIRTHS.	MARRIAGES.
Quarter ending March,	24,004	2725	5090
" " June,	26,890	2761	5557
" " September,	23,771	2591	4863
" " December,	23,801	2782	6577
Total,	98,466	10,859	22,087

On examining this table, we perceive that the June quarter is the highest for legitimate, and December for illegitimate births. July, August, and September are, throughout Scotland, the most fruitful in legitimate conceptions, while January, February, and March, are a little more dangerous to female virtue than many other months of the year. As regards the married, we confess we do not know the cause of the superior fecundity of the quarter, July, August, and September; is it not on account of marriages being then more numerous than during the other quarters? If the cause were wholly a physical one, it would also affect the unmarried. What most affects the unmarried is the physical cause of whisky; it can melt the heart (of lust) and inflame the passions with a power compared with which the warm breathing of summer, or the mellow music of autumn, is but a name. On a close investigation, it will be found that the months in which girls are most treated with whisky, are the months most abundant in illegitimate conceptions. The Directors of the Glasgow Magdalene Institution are mad against Glasgow Fair; surely the tables we have given, will convince them that Glasgow Fair exists throughout the whole year. It is the fair of John Barleycorn, held every day of the year in those places where Satan has his seat, places set up by *Christian* men, licensed by a *Christian* government. Will Jesus Christ acknowledge *such* Christians and *such* a government as his in the day of judgment? places which are

> "Licensed, where peace and quiet dwell,
> To bring disease, and want, and woe;
> Licensed to make this world a hell,
> And fit men for a hell below."

Talk of the shows at Glasgow Fair! Come with us and we shall show you greater abominations than these—sights which, if you are a man, will awake within you a deathless purpose, and nerve you with a gigantic strength, to labour with all the energy of your being to have those traps of hell, the public-houses

closed for ever. We had been informed that public dancing halls, and dancing clubs, sent more girls to the street than any other means whatever. As we believe no report until we have personally inquired into its validity, we laid our hat aside, put on our bonnet, and, dressed like a working chap, set out the other Saturday night for the Lyceum Hall in Nelson Street. In the window of the public house on the ground flat we saw a bill, stating that the dancing would commence at 8 o'clock. Admission for gentlemen sixpence, but for ladies free. Determined to see the whole process, we were there before the hour, paid our sixpence, and coolly sat down with our hands in our pockets. At eight o'clock some three young men came in, who seemed to be quite at home with the door keeper. Vice had set its mark upon their face too plainly not to be discerned. We afterwards learned that one of them, the leader, was connected with a brothel. As we will get hundreds to corroborate what we say, we will *fearlessly* describe what we saw. Slowly, one by one, other young men came dropping in, but as yet, not a single girl. At last, at ten minutes past eight, the first female appeared, who walked in and took a seat with as much ease as if she were at home. A line of forms runs round the four sides of the hall, two of which are kept for the girls, who sit until asked by a partner to join in the dance. We fixed our eyes on the first girl who came in, to read her through; one thing was apparent, that though she was without the grossness of a prostitute by trade—all modesty was gone. At her back came another female accomplice, quite as brazen-faced as her acquaintance. We soon saw if bullies from brothels were required to lead, girls of cracked reputation were needed as their assistants. These two females, at a nod from the male leader, laid aside their bonnets and cloaks, and stood before their partners. Now the fiddles struck up, and the performance began, which had the effect of bringing in all hangers on about the door. The hall soon became moderately filled with some 46 men and 32 girls, the latter all decently dressed with cloaks and bloomer bonnets. We were informed by several young men, beside whom we sat during the latter part of the evening, that some of these females were sly prostitutes, who had come more for the chance of picking up a lad, than for a night's dancing. The girls were, with few exceptions, factory or warehouse workers; some had come of their own accord to see the entertainment; in other instances, one girl had brought another, while about a fourth of them had been pressed by their male acquaintances to come and see the sport. We sat very near the door to observe all the incomers, and some of this latter class, who had been enticed by their sweethearts to come, planted themselves at our side. Some of them told us they had never been there before. They had scarcely been five minutes in, when their lads came asking them them to rise—"No, as sure as death,

I'll no rise the nicht," said the one on our left; but a little coaxing and gentle drawing soon had her on her feet, and she immediately was whirling round among the rest. To the one on our right, a good-looking Scotch girl of about 18 years, we said, "This is not a place for young women to be in." She replied, "Archie asked me and her (her neighbour) merely to come and see—we're no going to dance." In a few minutes Archie, who had got through one dance with a stranger picked up in the hall, presented himself before us. To his solicitation, she answered, "No, I canna, Archie; no, I canna." "But you can, Mary, it's so easy; come now, no nonsense." Whether jealousy at his having danced with another made her change her mind, we know not, but when he placed his arm around her waist and drew her, up she started and joined with him in the following dances. We saw it was impossible for girls who had come purposing to be spectators only, to keep their resolution. At first there were country dances, then quadrilles, and lastly waltzes. As it came near half-past nine, the dancing became fast and furious; the young men hooghing and stamping with their feet. From the very first we could see no object in the dancing, but to make the head giddy, the whirling round was so predominant in every dance. We asked some of the girls who sat beside us, if the whirling round did not make them giddy. They all confessed it did, but when one got used to it, not so much as at first. Another said it always made her sick, just as if she was going to vomit. At half-past nine they commenced the circle waltz. It was here that our suspicions were aroused, that we saw through the most infernal system of wholesale murder, that the fallen archangel himself could devise. Some thirty couples are performing a double revolution, whirling round as fast as they can, on their own axes, if we may so speak, while, at the same time, they are describing the circumference of the hall. Here the young men kept up the shouting and excitement to the utmost, here the fiddlers tried to spur them into still greater exertions. The effects were very soon visible, perspiration stood on each female's brow—the countenance was flushed, and some wore an expression we had never beheld before. They held on tightly to their partners with their head immovable; their eyes half closed and unconsciously staring, while their mouth was open as if panting for breath. If they had not been supported by their partners, we are certain some of them would have fallen on the floor. As it was, instead of keeping a proper distance from the sides of the hall, they came whisking past us, as we sat with our hands in our pockets, saluting us with their crinoline, and looking as if they would drop at our side. At a quarter to ten the fiddlers suddenly ceased, and the girls were conducted to where their hats and cloaks were lying—for what purpose—to rest themselves? no, but to go out to a public-house for refreshment. In

two minutes after the dancing ceased, the hall was emptied. There is an interval of a quarter of an hour allowed every evening shortly before ten, that the young men may go out and treat the girls. At the very foot of the stair is the back door of the public-house, and either into this or some other surrounding den, the girls, perfectly giddy, are conducted. We went out to watch the couples, and after we had seen some of them landed in the whisky shops, we returned to the hall to take note of how many came back. Not above one-half returned. We now entered freely into conversation with several of the young men. As they had got a glass in their head, they were quite communicative. They supposed we were wanting lessons in systematic seduction, and made a clean breast of it. The information they gave was found to be quite true, being exactly the same as we afterwards got from other young men in public works, who formerly had attended the Lyceum. These we can at any time produce as witnesses, so we dare the monsters who conduct public dancing halls to contradict our statements.

Some may think we should not publish what we learned, lest it corrupt lads as yet strangers to such knowledge; but, we are sorry to say, all the young men in our public works know it already. It is for the sake of parents, and especially of poor unsuspecting girls, that we now give it. Since the one class knows how to destroy, the other should be told of the snares. The disposition to dance is more natural to women than to men; and the devil, and men as cruel as the devil, avail themselves of this natural weakness to slay them by thousands. How artfully is the snare laid! First we have *free* admission for ladies, then seemingly innocent dancing, pushed *designedly* on to one end—that of making the head perfectly dizzy, and creating an intense thirst, to quench which there is nothing provided but whisky, warm water, and sugar. Many young men in Glasgow, when bent on the gratification of lust, instead of associating with a common prostitute, prefer to attend, and they do regularly attend public dancing halls, in the hope of picking up fresh girls free of disease. The excitement of the capture is also more agreeable to their hellish nature. By attending frequently they soon know who are fresh hands. We were intensely sorry to see so many decently dressed girls, seemingly not then corrupted, entering such a slaughter house. Some between 13 and 16 years, attracted by their natural love of dancing, hung about the door wishing to come in, but yet not having the courage. When one of these professional murderers sets his eyes on a fresh girl, he blandly asks the favour of her being his partner for the night. A little gentle coaxing generally prevails on her to rise. If she appear too much affected or fatigued to stand out to the end, give her a rest, as it is indispensable she be kept for the last, the fatal circling waltz. When the fiddles cease, on with her bonnet

and cloak, and hurry her off to the public-house; but, lest she be too timid to enter, or to drink when there, see there be also some other girls in the company, the best are those already cracked, they will act the part of a decoy elephant, and will press her to drink. Give her two or three glasses of whisky, but don't drink much yourself, and the prey is secured; no power on earth can save her. When the alcohol has reached the brain, she is ready for taking to a brothel—a dark stair, Glasgow Green, or other secluded spot. If she be on her guard, and will not enter the public-house, offer to see her home, treat her with pastry on the road, and say you will call for her to come to the dancing next night. By and bye she will enter the whisky shop, and she shall then reap ruin, and you damnation. Go on, young men, go on; murder the souls and bodies of your poor fellow creatures; break the hearts of many parents, heap up the city's bill of illegitimacy; but know, that for these things, God will call you into judgment; know that, dreadful beyond all thought, shall be your immortality in hell.

Thus we have truly described the process of wholesale murder that is carried on in the city. There are hundreds of girls on the streets who will testify they have thus been destroyed. There are many hundreds of fathers and mothers who mourn for lost ones in the grave, or worse than in the grave, now leading a life of infamy, and drawing others with them to the pit; parents upon whose heart a dark cloud has settled, that cannot be dispersed, but which will grow the deeper the nearer they approach the tomb. Some of the incidents of this infernal butchery rouse, as we have said, our brain to madness. A young man, who formerly attended the Lyceum, told us he was once in company with one of these professional murderers with his victim, an interesting girl, in the public house. He toyed for a little with her head, until he had got her net in his hand; he then showed it to her, and threw it below the table, as if in sport. While her head was under the table looking for the net, he quickly mixed ——— with her drink. The net was got, the drink was taken, and she was shortly afterwards led out as a sheep to the slaughter. Another victim of the Lyceum went to the Lying-in Hospital to be confined. She entreated her destroyer to come and see her, but she might as well have sought mercy from hell. In two days after delivery, she and her babe were in eternity—her heart was broken.

The Lyceum is not the only slaughter house in Glasgow. When the directors of the Magdalene Institution, and every man with a soul in the city, demand from our magistrates the closing of these places, and also of public houses, without whose aid the dancing halls could not effect such villany, we shall give a list of these dens. They exist everywhere, and some of them have a blacker character than even the Lyceum. The magistrates will

not have power to put down private dancing clubs, though they to a great extent act as feeders to the public halls. Many of the girls who begin with private clubs find their way to the public halls, and the private clubs are only second to the public halls in the destruction of female virtue.

The only effectual cure is for parents to see that their children never learn to dance. How shall we judge of actions? Even as we judge of persons—"*By their fruits shall ye know them.*" And never since mortal feet attempted to step in rhythm have the consequences of dancing been beneficial. Everywhere, in all ages, has the lightness of the feet produced lightness in the head, weakened the control of reason, set the heart in a blaze, fired the blood, and been a spark to the tinder of lust. Those grips,—when referring to which even a putrid poet (Byron on the Waltz) says, "put out the light"—those motions, those pressings, which make the blood dance as well as the feet, are not for fallen human nature. We shall be told "Evil to him that evil thinks," and we shall retort "Cursed be the fool who will not take warning from thousands of wrecks around." We shall be told even the Bible says there is "a time to dance," and we shall reply that practically it is possible to enable our informant to hit upon the right interpretation. What would be said if his coat or her dress were rent into a hundred pieces, and the performer in justification to quote Eccles. iii. 7—there is "a time to rend." They would not *then* suppose the passage conferred a liberty on any one to rend; even as judges would regard as madness the assertion of a murderer at the bar, "there was no harm in killing, as the Bible said there was a time to kill," Eccles. iii. 3. Doubtless they would let him know there was also a time for hanging. All but those who wish to be deceived know that Solomon merely says such and such things happen; and as they happen in time, it may be said there is a time or space in which they are done. There is not a single passage in the Bible which gives the slightest countenance to *promiscuous* dancing; and there never was a man or woman who found dancing congenial to piety, who in the ball room could look God in the face and say, "Father, bless this dancing, and grant it may be a means of bringing me nearer to thee." We challenge the world to produce a man or woman who in the excitement of the ball room ever did so pray. We are quite aware that in vain we speak on this subject to worldings, but we do hope that fathers and mothers whose hearts have been renewed by the Holy Ghost, who really are new creatures in Christ Jesus, will take care their children never learn to dance. Girls can by themselves be taught deportment in school, without having partners; and boys at a gymnasium acquire a graceful carriage, with more success than in a dancing class.

Drink is used in Glasgow every evening as the tool of seduc-

tion, without the preliminary process of dancing. Every one has seen, especially on a Saturday night, young women dragged into the public houses by their sweethearts. A girl is afraid to go in by herself, but when two or three female acquaintances are with her, she thinks there is no danger—forgetting that the real moment of danger is when, after all come out, they separate into couples. There is not a matron of a maternity hospital in Britain but will declare that hundreds of the poor creatures have told her, that "but for drink, they never would have been there." Girls *must* refuse to enter a whisky shop. Let them tell their sweethearts they will go to a Cooking Depot, which happily are now open in every quarter, but will on no account set their feet within a public house. Coffee and pastry will cost less than brewer's or distiller's accursed broth. And servants, perhaps the most ill-used class of any, *must* refuse to taste a single mouthful of intoxicating liquor, whether presented by their master or his son, or their own male acquaintances. The most fatal time for servants is when the family is at the coast in summer, and they left in charge of the town house. All the three parties we have mentioned,—that is, some of each class—plot their ruin then. In some cases they fall by the master, in others by his son, and often by their own supposed friends. Not a few young men boast that by calling at the house in the evening, they can remain with servants all night until the morning. And the consequence is, that in due time they appear before the Registrar to notify the birth of an illegitimate child, looking as if they would sink under the ground with shame, and in some cases asking how they shall proceed to procure aliment from the father.

We will not blame drink with more than it is guilty of—the truth is, very many, nearly one-half of young women fall when perfectly sober, deceived by promises and overcome by superior strength. Even for these we have this apology, that naturally they are as chaste as the rich, but all the influences by which they have been surrounded from the cradle upwards, have been such as to prevent the growth of female modesty, delicacy, and virtue. They are, with very few exceptions, the children of the working classes; been, many of them, reared in dwellings of a single apartment, where the limited accommodation necessitated the sleeping of brothers and sisters together, almost to the years of puberty, and where dressing and undressing before each other were quite unavoidable. They have been accustomed from childhood to behold all the coarseness, vulgarity, and brutality, and listen to all the filth and blasphemy which everywhere are the products of our abounding intemperance. And their education has been far more neglected than that of males in the same rank of life; their capacity for mental enjoyment so undeveloped, and their resources of intellectual pleasure so few, that they are glad

to stroll about the streets, or rush to dancing halls, to divert an empty mind. To show how shamefully females are neglected as regards education, we will state a few facts drawn from the returns of the Registrar for Bridgeton district in 1863. Out of 1232 fathers who came to intimate the birth of a child, 1014 could sign their name, and 218 could not; while out of 732 mothers who came, only 196 could sign their name, the remaining 536 merely putting down their mark. In 1863, there were, in that district, 383 marriages, 281 of the men could sign, and 102 could not; but 227 of the wives could only make a cross with the pen, only 156 of them being able to write down their name. Out of twenty thousand girls of a marriageable age in Glasgow, more than twelve thousand of them cannot sign their name, and not 100 out of the twenty thousand can write a letter correct in spelling and grammar. Out of every hundred working men, a few will be got who, with a critical eye, can perceive and delight in the beauties of poetry, and other efforts of intellect; while such pleasure is almost entirely shut out from the female mind. No wonder there is so much frivolity among women; no wonder their heads are lighter than their heels.

While we thus fairly represent the case of women, especially of those in the lower classes, we will not exonerate them of all blame in the matter of illegitimacy. In too many instances they throw themselves in the way of men. It is true that what a trade or profession is to a man, indispensable as a means of living, so is marriage to a woman. Still, from their knowledge of the many women who are deceived by false promises, of the thousands more who endure miserable lives with monsters of husbands, females should learn to be cautious with whom they associate. But instead of this necessary prudence, they will not stay at home—how we wish we could burn in these words of Paul on every girl's heart, "*keepers at home*," Titus ii. 5; they *will* gossip abroad, and chatter like so many monkeys in every thoroughfare. Having nothing but gross ignorance within the mind, quite destitute of internal beauty, they must have the body decked out in the most fantastic mode, to attract the attention of men. They must have hair oil and a scented handkerchief, as substitutes for the fragrance of a quiet sweet disposition; artificial flowers for the graces of the female heart, a bare bosom and exposed ankles and legs for modesty and delicacy, and crinoline for common sense. By thus giving all their attention to the body, they publish to every beholder, that they themselves believe they have no mind. When hugged by any young fellow who may attempt that coarse freedom of intercourse so common in low life, instead of repelling him by a look from a sensible and virtuous mind, they only scream encouragement. The truth is, that if illegitimacy is to be banished from the land, there must be an improvement in women as well as in men.

Paley makes this most judicious remark—"The men are in all respects the most virtuous in countries where the women are most chaste." Now, at the risk of giving great offence, we will plainly tell the women what we think of their present style of dress. Some writers on infanticide condemn crinoline on account of its enabling pregnancy to be concealed to the last moment. It is possible that women of cracked reputation first introduced it for this very purpose. In Paris, and other places, where every third woman is a whore, such a cloak must be of great service. If it be intended only as a screen, every girl, who is a maid, should, in vindication of her character, cast the hoops aside; she would thus allay suspicion, and have the better chance of a husband. As we go farther back than the hiding, we will unhesitatingly tell women, that whatever excites observation and obscene remark among young men, is dangerous to female virtue. God Almighty, who knows the heart of fallen man as no other knows it, commanded, that even in the case of men, the ascent to his altar should be by a gentle slope, and not by steps. For what purpose? let him speak himself—"Neither shalt thou go up by steps unto mine altar, *that thy nakedness be not discovered thereon*," Exodus xx. 26. How often have we seen young men plant themselves near the paddle-boxes of our steamers, to remark upon the enormous crinoline of the female passengers crossing the gangway above. When women sail along the streets and have a whole pavement to themselves, their huge girth may not attract questionable observation, but where in public works, the pressing of the hoop on one side causes a projection on the other, and the exposing of a girl's knees to the eyes of the young men in the place, the case is quite different. We do detest and deplore any improper and unnecessary exposure of the person. Ladies, who at operas and parties exhibit an uncovered bosom, who at church, on entering a pew, leave their capacious crinoline two yards behind them, with the mouth turned up to show off their nether garments, have very little delicacy indeed. It is time that women were told there is such a verse in the Bible as —"I will, therefore, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety," 1 Tim. ii. 8, 9. It is time that they reflect that whatever excites improper thoughts in men, produces evil which comes back upon themselves, for it is not men that bear the burden and the heavy woes of illegitimacy. So little delicacy is there left in the city, that whole shop windows are filled with hoops of all sizes and shapes; we know not what effect the exhibition has upon women, but we know it makes every male beholder laugh and jeer. Do women not feel hurt themselves to see men passing under a long line of hoops hung up on the outside of a shop door?

We know that in penning these lines we have thrown away our ink. We know that *Punch* may give illustrations of hoops in

every weekly number till doomsday without accomplishing the slighest good, for this simple reason, that caricature, wit, and sarcasm, are intended for the head, and, therefore, can have no effect upon a woman—a woman of the world. If Paris would introduce dancing on the head, the women here would immediately adopt it; even as they, to be in the fashion, killed themselves by hundreds with their strait lacing, in order to acquire a beauty that nature never dreamed of, a needle waist. It is not women of the world that we now address, for they, one and all, declare, "better out of the world, than out of the fashion." We believe that there are a few ladies in Glasgow who really fear God, and a woman that fears God need not be under the tyranny of fashion. Nay, more, no woman who loves God will adopt a form of dress that is inconvenient, and apt to emit sparks to kindle into flame the putrid heart of man. If any one say, as many will, we judge of others by ourselves, we will point to the 1722 bastards in Glasgow in one year, we will point to the 2500 prostitutes who are supported by tens of thousands of our inhabitants. We say that indecent dress *does* kindle the heart of man into a flame. But then it is urged, hoops are so convenient for walking. Well, place the convenience of walking on one side, and on the other, the convenience of being burned to death by the clothes projecting into the fire, or of being caught by machinery in public works; the convenience of getting into an omnibus or church pew; the convenience of rubbing against every person and every object, that the dress may be cut through and worn out in one third of the time it should last—balance the two sides, and say which is heaviest.

We do beseech the Christian ladies of Scotland to lead a fashion that shall unite utility, propriety, expediency, with symmetry and elegance. Let them consider the effect of the fashions they introduce upon those in the lower ranks. Ladies are few in number, but their imitators are tens of thousands. How disgusting that parody on hoops, exhibited by poor girls with wages from two shillings a week and upwards—a solitary circle of bamboo cane, whose only use is to wear out, in a couple of months, a dress which, without it, could have lasted a year. Again, and again, we have entreated some of these poor girls who could not, we knew, get fresh clothes but on credit, to save their gowns, but we need not say we pled in vain. It may be said that poor warehouse girls, and servant girls, should not ape their superiors, but they have the failings of the sex, and *will* be in the fashion, though they should make their belly pay for their pride, though they should take clothes from a credit club, and so get into debt and difficulties which conduct to dangers they little suspect. Women will rather die than not be in the fashion, and woe to that man that assails the fashion. Unless we can get the Christian ladies of Britain to regulate their dress,

not by the caprice of mere worldlings, but by a noble independence of the world, and by a thoughtful adaptation of every fashion to health, morality, the wants of society, and the nature of man—any reformation in this matter is impossible. We are quite willing to let Paris lead the fashion in styles of cloth, but not in forms made up. We will admit the superiority of continental taste in fine perception of the harmony of colours, and symmetry of design; but we deny their superiority in point of morals, or religion, in what is becoming in the outward adorning of a woman, in whose heart the grace of the Holy Spirit reigns. Though we condemn enormous crinoline, there is no necessity of going to the opposite extreme. We would like to see it so modest, moderate, and elegant, that poor girls would not suspect it was worn, and therefore not attempt an imitation. Surely ingenuity would soon get rid of cane or metal hoops. Propriety will suggest that the material be so elastic as, when pressed on one side, not to cause a corresponding projection and elevation on the other.

Since we have thus set ourselves up as judges on that most delicate of all questions, a female's attire, let us express the hope that the *artistic* and intentional exhibition of fancy petticoats, boots and stockings, will soon be given up. An intelligent man, whenever he meets a woman decked out like a peacock (but with borrowed plumes) and strutting like a turkey, knows in a moment the bird has as much brain as the imitator; that the wearer is worth no more than the clothes she so much displays; that the same garments he can easily buy in any shop, and that a wooden image, arranged in the same dress, would quite as much promote the real comfort of a family, as the garish creature who struts about soliciting observation. Verily, the winding sheet will be bitter to such unhappy worthless beings. We can forgive a great deal in a woman. We know the almost impossibility of a "maid forgetting her ornaments, or a bride her attire," but the extravagance, immodesty, and indelicacy of females, do embolden men in their advances, do tend to maintain and increase our illegitimacy, and, therefore, we have been roused to a savage form of speech, which we by no means delight in ourselves.

We promised a quotation from Dr Strang's report for 1861. Here it is—

"May not illegitimacy in fact, in Scotland, be fairly regarded as one of the sources of infant mortality, seeing that in France the fact has been perfectly ascertained, that while there is on an average only 1 stillborn child to every 26 legitimate births, there is 1 to every 13 illegitimate births, or a double mortality, and where also, among children who die under five years of age, many more illegitimates are cut off than those born in wedlock. May not illegitimacy be also regarded as the fruitful source of crime, arising from none to guide in infancy, none to watch over and educate when somewhat farther advanced in years? In short, we gravely suspect that it is from this class of unfortunates

that the substratum of uneducated youth is chiefly made up, especially when it is recollected that out of the juvenile population living in Glasgow at the educational period of life adopted by the Government at the last census—viz., from 5 to 15 years of age—and which juvenile population amounted on April last to 78,923—there cannot be fewer than about 6,800 of these illegitimate. The truth is, that notwithstanding the comparatively low figure of illegitimacy attachable to Glasgow, the whole number of persons born out of wedlock living within the extended boundaries of our city cannot be less than 36,600; and when we consider the perhaps too severe, if not unjust, ban which is so generally passed in Scotland against such unfortunate individuals, it is certainly not to be wondered at that from the treatment of such a class there should spring many social disadvantages and sorrows."

It is not true that there are 36,600 bastards in Glasgow. Dr Strang reached this most erroneous conclusion, by taking as an indicator the ratio of illegitimacy in Glasgow and suburbs in 1861, which was 82 out of every thousand births. He calculated that, if in 1000 there were 82 illegitimates, there would be 36,600 in the entire population of 446,639. But he forgot two most important facts, 1st, That the ratio of bastardy in Glasgow was not always so high as 82 per 1000; and that, therefore, 82 could not be taken as an indicator for the last 25 or 30 years. 2nd, That even if the ratio had been the same for the last quarter of a century, 82 could not be taken as an indicator, since, according to his own statement, "among children who die under five years of age, many more illegitimates are cut off than those born in wedlock." Keeping these two facts in view, the nearest approach we can make to the number of bastards at present residing in Glasgow and suburbs is 19,000, being about one-half of Dr Strang's estimate. It is very easy to write down and to read the figures that compose the sum of 19,000, but were we to see all this vast army collected in 19 of our churches, or marching through our streets like 19 regiments of the line, surely we would be awakened to a conception of the extent of sin, and consequent suffering and shame, that we so long, without remonstrance, have been tolerating in our midst.

Though mistaken as to the number, Dr Strang is perfectly correct in believing that from the class of bastards "the substratum of uneducated youth" is to a great extent made up, and that from a soil so uncultivated, only the weeds of crime can spring. Seduction has been so overlooked by the church, and by those whose position and influence require them to be the salt of the earth, the preservers and extenders of public morality, that the evil has been allowed to become reduced to a system; by which the mothers and innocent offspring are punished, while the most guilty, the principal criminal, is allowed to go free. The villains who prey upon giddy, thoughtless, silly, girls, escape all penalty from their transgression. No sooner is it certain that exposure and a claim for aliment are looming in the distance, than they quietly decamp, and leave the shame and suffering to

be endured by one alone, by the one that is least to blame, and least able to bear. Oh! it is here that the horrible consequences of seduction are seen; here that the fallen soul of man is seen in all its vileness and treachery. Deserted by the parent who should be the support, there is nothing but misery and a life-long struggle for the unhappy mothers, nothing but shame and neglect for the unfortunate children of dastardly fathers—unhappy children, never to have a father's hand upon their head, never to hear a father's voice, never to rejoice in a father's smile, nor know the strength of his protecting arm. But though these despicable ruffians, whom we will not honour with the name of men, now manage so easily to flee from their unlawful progeny, they shall be forced at the judgment bar, in the sight of men and angels, to stand beside their children, and meet their gaze.

The figures one, seven, two, two, are dry, but not so are the eyes of the mothers of these 1722 bastards born in Glasgow in 1863. As we dislike always selecting tragical cases, let us take two of an average character. Among the females employed in a small public work in the city, there were two of these cases of bastardy. Both girls earned eight shillings a-week. One of the fathers sailed to Australia six months before the birth of his child, promising, of course, to send for his dupe when he got settled there. The other, when he found what would certainly happen, moved off to England, without leaving or sending his address. Thus both girls were left to their own resources. Pass over their various attempts at concealment until their condition could be no longer hid, while all the time there was within an aching heart. One of them happily had a mother, who attended to the infant when its parent was at work. No babe, however, can thrive whose mother is employed from morning to night in a public work; and no woman who has to suckle an infant during her meal hours and at night, whose rest is constantly disturbed by the wants and crying of her child, can regularly attend her work without her own health giving way. The mother of the other girl was in the grave, and she had no relative to assist or take care of her child. She was in lodgings, and had to send her infant to be nursed by a stranger, to whom she paid four shillings a week, which was half her earnings. She had thus only four shillings a-week for herself, with which to pay for food, clothing, and lodging; and to-day, she walks a bowed down, withered, broken-hearted thing, while he, the cause of all her shame and suffering, never loses one hour's sleep, nor has one shilling the less in his pocket. What men call sport, turns out to be most hellish cruelty. Tried and tempted as these deserted mothers are to make away with their offspring, the majority of them have yet a mother's heart. Seeing the eyes of the last mentioned girl quite swollen and red as with immoderate weeping, we asked "What is the matter to-day, Mary?" She burst

into tears, exclaiming "It's dying, it's dying." "Who's dying?" we asked. "The child." So what many a one would have counted a deliverance from her heavy burden, was to her an agony. But however willing single women may be to struggle on in the attempt to rear their illegitimate children without a farthing of help, all their willingness cannot avail, cannot make up for a father's care and government; for children do require the kind discipline of a father. Never under his eye, and often away from that of their mother, who must labour for herself and them, they too often grow up more and more neglected, more and more allowed to run about with companions of any description, instead of being kept at school, and more and more exposed to temptation. In their birth they grieved a mother's heart, and in their crimes they break it. Thus the tragedy ends on earth, but the consequences *are* eternal.

Many women are unfit for this dire struggle with their bastard offspring. The matrons of Maternity Hospitals can tell of many girls expiring shortly after confinement; bowed down by shame, knowing that on their innocent child the stigma of bastard was fixed for life, despairing of being able to maintain it; in short, a load of woe that man seems incapable of comprehending, pressed upon their heart, and rendered recovery impossible. From the dark future they gladly sought a refuge in the grave.

We confess when we think of these things, our blood is on fire. The coolness with which society beholds the atrocity of seduction, the indifference with which it regards the consequent growth of ignorance and crime, the willingness to maintain our vast and expensive punitive machinery, and comparative unwillingness to contribute to the elevation of the neglected, the unfortunate, and down-trodden, convince us that our Christianity is a sham. For a man to educate the neglected masses, we will offer from £60 to £100 a year; for a judge to sentence them to punishment, a salary as much as for twenty missionaries or teachers. A hangman is better paid than a schoolmaster. Why are we so ready to strike down with the sword of justice, and so loth to lift up the fallen? Why will we expect harvests of virtue, where only the seeds of vice have been sown? Why will we lay stumbling-blocks before the poor, over which they cannot but fall—licensed public-houses to enflame the passions and dethrone the reason, and thus produce a full crop of illegitimacy; for wildly as we have written against the natural thoughtlessness of men and women, it is drink that makes them more thoughtless still? We confess to a weakness. As we beheld the usual procession of our judges at our last Autumn Justiciary Court, and thought of the horrible cruelty and folly of society, in thus putting the city into commotion in order to punish, when it never can be put into commotion in order to reform or to prevent, we had to seek the shelter of a close to hide the burning

tears that rose. What, is it to wreak vengeance on these miserable, helpless, neglected, uneducated ones, that the city bells are ringing, martial music is swelling, bayonets are gleaming, horses are prancing, judges sit like gods, and magistrates like kings, while men, as if demented, throng every street and window to admire the idle show? Verily, verily, ocean *hath* lashed itself into fury to drown a —— fly! Is it to frighten these poor thieves, who only steal the pence, that all the city is turned upside down, while some enormous swindler in high life, under the shelter of our laws of trade, can quietly rob us of one hundred thousand pounds, and then begin afresh to look out for more prey, while all the time he lives in luxury and ease? Is it to punish crime produced by drink, as surely as night follows day, that all the wisdom of the nation sits, while that same nation holds the drink before its subjects' lips? Is it to send to penal servitude for many years a broken-hearted woman, who, in an hour of mad despair, that sprung from want, desertion, and disease, strangled the infant of her shame; while he, the murderer of both, can walk at large, without society fleeing his hateful sight, or rather making him endure the punishment? Could we behold the frown upon Jehovah's brow, his utter loathing of our ways, we would haste to hide beneath the ground. From highest heaven he cries to us, "Is not this the offering that I have chosen, that thou deal thy bread to the hungry, and bring the poor that are cast out to thy house; when thou seest the naked that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh." Is. lviii. 6, 7. Say not that the *majesty* of the law must be upheld. Is mercy not as majestic, and lovely, and beneficial as justice. It is not justice, but mercy—mercy, the fairest angel sent from heaven to gladden earth; mercy, the harmoniser of Jehovah's attributes; it is mercy abounding over justice that shall ever reform society, or regenerate the world. Justice alone, as we sadly know from crowded prisons, and increased crime, does not prevent, but often hardens and destroys. Let us only spend as much in helping the fatherless and neglected, as we do in crushing them beneath the sentence of the law; and an approving God will smile on us, and they, the rescued, shall bless us too.

Our illegitimacy *must* be suppressed, or it will soon suppress the character of Scotland, the peace of families, the vitals of religion, the morals of the land. The increase in our bastardy, from 1220 in the year 1860, to 1591 within the parliamentary bounds of the city in 1863, being an addition of 371 illegitimate births in the short space of three years, is most portentous. We have now reached a point when infants are exposed in closes and on stairs so frequently, that the placards posted by our Parochial Boards, offering a reward for the discovery of the unnatural parents, are never off our walls. Infanticide is so

common, that at our Autumn Circuit Court in 1863, four women were tried for child murder. At the close of that court, the presiding judge could not forbear addressing the sheriffs thus—

"We have now, gentlemen, got to the conclusion of what has been a very serious circuit. I do not refer so much to the length of time the Court has sat, nor to the large number of cases disposed of, although, perhaps, the sitting of the Court has been somewhat lengthy—protracted beyond the usual time—and the number of cases very considerable, there being tried no less than 96 persons, under 73 different indictments. Yet there have been circuits equally protracted within your remembrance, and perhaps an equal number of cases disposed of; but the chief feature of the circuit is the character of the offences which we have been called on to try. I observe, with very great pain, that there have been not less than four cases of child murder tried at this circuit, while there have also been no less than nine cases of assault with intent to ravish, or indecent practices committed towards young girls, and altogether, including these, there are twenty-five cases, which are cases of violence. The number certainly is very formidable—a serious catalogue of great crimes; and although, as I said before, the entire number of cases is not by any means unprecedented, and may not even come up to what we may remember on some former occasions being tried here, yet the character of the offences is very grave indeed. Those offences in connection with the invasion of female virtue certainly seem to be on the increase—alarmingly on the increase—both here and in other parts of the country; and keeping that in mind, with the fact of the increase of child murder and concealment of pregnancy—looking abroad and finding also the great increase in the number of illegitimate children who are brought into the world, not only in this town, but all over the country—one cannot look on the state of the morality of the people without the greatest pain and alarm."

We have said that the Registrar General is mistaken in supposing that 5407 women must have put themselves in the way of becoming mothers, in order to produce the 1722 bastards born in Glasgow and suburbs in 1863. But even taking the low estimate we have adopted, of 2500 fresh girls being violated in a single year, what an alarming prospect is before us—should our illegitimacy go on increasing. There are about 9000 female children born every year in Glasgow and suburbs. Of these, 3000 die before the age of sixteen. Thus, there are left 6000, on whom lust may fix its hateful eyes. Already, nearly half of that number fall before the manifold temptations to which they are exposed; already, nearly one-half of the females in the lower ranks of life are being destroyed as they advance into womanhood. Better for these 2500 girls to have fallen in childhood into the kindly arms of death, than to have grown up to know the tender mercies of the wicked. Will this true view of the subject not now awaken the church, not arouse every man who has the slightest pretension to the name of Christian, to resolute determined measures to crush this monstrous sin? Our illegitimacy *must* be suppressed—yes, but how? We know fallen human nature too well to believe there is any complete remedy but the grace of the Holy Ghost, but being made new creatures in Christ Jesus. Not until the Holy Spirit plant His foot upon

our indwelling corruption, and still its very breath; until every man realise the sweet entrancing thought that the heart is the bride of Jesus Christ, and must keep true to Him, Rev. xix. 7, 8; until, like Job, he make a covenant with his eyes, Job xxxi. 1; until he recognise in every woman's form his Father's workmanship, and looking God in the face, can say, "Father, perish the hour when I attempt to mar Thy work, to put a stain upon a sister's soul which all earth's waters could not wash away," 1 Tim. v. 2; until he long for beauty immortal, and scorn to pluck a flower that grows not in the married garden of the soul—a flower, the gift of God for him, Prov. v. 18, 19, Prov. xix. 14; till he regard the fairest earthly form as only perishable dust, and to be valued only as the casket of the gem within; until he walk and live by faith, and placing God between him and the human hand he holds, whisper, as he gazes on the brow of the Invisible, "Thou, God, seest me; Father, bless both her and me," Gen. xxxix. 9; shall this sore weakness of our fallen race be wholly overcome. Grace is needed to preserve purity of *thought* —that is God's part of the work; human effort to prevent the evil in the heart bursting out in the life—that is man's part. Nine-tenths of our illegitimacy can be prevented by removing temptations, and opportunities, and by strengthening moral restraint. Out of the heart, says Jesus Christ, come the sins that defile the man. Matt. xv. 19. Well, our aim must be to keep the sins from coming out of the heart to defile society. So long as a thief merely wishes to steal, nothing will be stole; so long as lust merely covets possession, there will not be a solitary bastard born. Human laws deal with actions, not with desires or thoughts. Human efforts *can* restrain the performance of actions, and, therefore, the endeavours must now be made. Human nature is just the same in Partick as it is in the Central District of Glasgow, though the bastardy of the latter is five times greater than that of the former.

First, we must ascertain the *true* causes of our bastardy. This knowledge can be obtained, only by a thorough investigation into the social condition, habits, and customs, of each district, village, town, and city. The causes in one locality are not precisely those in another, and, therefore, every district must be looked at by itself. It is impossible to acquire this information from statistical figures. Almost every conclusion which the Registrar General has drawn from his figures is false. He fixes upon a *single* point of comparison, and because the same cause is not seen to produce the same effect in every locality, which uniformity of result it cannot accomplish on account of *other* modifying causes in operation, he denies the efficiency of the cause to which he refers. Thus he says—

"Lodging the farm servants in boothies was popularly assigned as the cause of the greater prevalence of illegitimacy in the rural parts of Scotland. If that

assumed cause had much influence, it ought to have been found that those counties which contained the highest average of large farms (where boothies are alone used), should also be the counties in which the highest proportion of illegitimate births occurred. This, however, was far from being the case, seeing that, generally speaking, it was proved that those counties which yielded the highest proportion of illegitimate births, were those where the average size of the farms was much below those on which the proportion of illegitimate births was below the average, and that many counties in which the average size of the farms was much greater, furnished a lower proportion of illegitimate births." "An ascertained fact, which every subsequent report has confirmed, was, that the extent of the vice of illegitimacy bore no relation to the ignorance of the people, or rather, no relation to the deficiency of the grounds of elementary education, insomuch as the counties where fewest of the men and women who married could sign their names, were those where the proportion of illegitimate births was lowest; while the counties where almost every male, and a very high proportion of the females could sign their names, were also those in which the proportion of illegitimate births was highest."

These extracts declare that neither boothies nor ignorance is a cause of illegitimacy. If the Registrar General knew *all* the causes of bastardy which are at work in the counties he compares, he would never write in this absurd manner. Suppose among a thousand farm servants lodged in boothies there be four bastards per annum, and two additional, from the cause of drinking whisky; the supply of which is happily very limited, as boothies are at a distance from public-houses—there are thus in the boothies six bastards a year. Among a thousand servants lodged on the opposite principle there are two bastards, but these servants are much nearer whisky shops, and are much more frequently intoxicated. From this greater access to whisky, six bastards spring, making eight in all. The Registrar General, looking only to figures, declares the boothy system sound; whereas, when viewed *apart from the other influences*, it will be found to be by far the worst. It is perfect folly to compare any two places together, unless *all* the facts on both sides be weighed. The imperfect comparison which he always makes, has led to his conclusion regarding ignorance. An ignorant population kept from temptations and opportunities, will be more chaste than an intelligent people exposed to these; but place the ignorant and intelligent under *exactly* the same influences tending to break down moral restraint, and the ignorant will be found to be more brutal, more vicious, and debased than the other.

It is not by sitting in his office, surrounded with nothing but figures, that the Registrar General will ever become acquainted with the special causes of bastardy in each locality. Most heartily do we vote an addition of £500 a year to his salary, to enable him to travel over the length and breadth of the land, and enter into free conversation with the Registrar clerks of each district, and to personally inquire into the condition, tastes, and habits of each class of our population. And in return, we ask from him at the end of every year, abstract tables on illegitimacy and

its causes, so far as these have been mentioned by the district registrar clerks. An abstract sheet for the whole of Scotland drawn out in a manner resembling this—

No. of District.		Pop. in 1861.	Pop. per Acre.	BIRTHS in 1863.				Causes of Illegitimacy.
				Legit.		Illegit.		
644	GLASGOW.			No.	Ratio to Pop. 1 in	No.	Ratio to Pop. 1 in	
	1. Central	49,678	133	1878	26·4	*468	178	Whisky shops, access to harlots, slaughter pens, ignorance and poverty.
	2. High Church ..	48,119	41	1910	25·1	194	248	
	3. Bridgeton	45,485	47	1808	25·1	183	248	Vast number of factory girls without resources of mental enjoyment, strolling about and treated to drink.
	4. Calton.....	36,625	178	1405	26·	100	366	
	5. Clyde	29,975	232	981	30·5	122	245	Sunken condition of the Irish; whisky shops and prostitutes.
	6. Blythswood	28,697	109	782	36·7	72	398	Servants exposed to great temptations.
	7. Milton.....	33,360	86	1470	22·7	105	317	
	8. Anderston.....	40,945	59	1805	22·6	103	397	
	9. Tradeston	38,600	92	1536	25·1	89	433	
	10. Hutchesontown	44,019	99	1812	24·2	155	283	
	Govan.....	13,725		729	18·8	19	722	Human nature encouraged by opportunity, but happily not set on fire by abounding whisky shops or prostitutes.
	Partick	14,859		725	20·5	17	874	

To make the above table complete, the births in the Lying-in Hospital should, at the close of every year, be distributed over the districts in which the parties lived prior to confinement, or better, in which conception took place. The advantages of this table are, that it affords at a glance a true idea of the number of the married in any locality, and also of the true ratio of illegitimacy. The annual average birth rate of *legitimates* in all Scotland, is 1 for every 31 persons. If there were as many of the population married as relatively there are in England, the rate would be 1 in every 27; while, if there were as many married as there should be, it would be 1 in 20. So in glancing down the column, one can find in a moment whether marriages are up to the proper pitch, or much below it. And by running over the column of the ratio of bastards to the entire number of inhabitants in a district, a correct knowledge of the state of morality is got at once. Let us make a few further remarks on this table. 1st. It shows the absurdity of the method at present employed in making up the returns by the Registrar Generals in Scotland, England, and elsewhere. In the Blythswood district, the ratio of illegitimacy is one bastard annually to every 398 inhabitants, and in Anderston district, 1 in 397. The Blythswood district is thus a shade better than the other, and when we glance at the

* Only 279 its own, after deducting Lying-in Hospital cases belonging to other districts.

column containing the ratio of legitimate births, we find that very few persons are married in the former, the proportion being one legitimate birth in every 36·7 of the population; while, in Anderston, a great number are married, since there is a birth in every 22·6. Thus it is apparent that the Blythswood locality is much more chaste than the other, because it contains many more single women, from whom alone bastardy can come. Now, on turning to the Registrar General's table, page 115, we are amazed to find that the Blythswood district is represented as nearly twice more immoral than the Anderston one. In the former, the ratio of bastardy to the legitimate births being 1 in every 10·8, while Anderston is marked as the purest portion of the city, the proportion being 1 in 17·5. This most absurd plan, which has been devised seemingly only to delude, must be given up. 2nd. It shows how dangerous it is to draw inferences from figures alone. Every one will allow that slaughter pens—small houses of one apartment crowded with persons of both sexes, are favourable to bastardy; yet the table might be used to support an opposite opinion, it might lead us astray as figures did the Registrar General with reference to boothies. The Clyde is the most densely populated of all our districts, having 232 inhabitants to the acre, yet, infamous though it be in the scale of bastardy, it is not so bad as the Central, which has only 133 on each acre. Slaughter pens *are* undoubtedly a cause of illegitimacy, but not the chief. The first, the most powerful, is intoxicating drinks, the second, access to harlots, then come slaughter pens, ignorance, poverty, &c., &c. As every patient has some peculiarity which requires the physician to examine specially into his case, so every district has its own principal peculiar causes of bastardy, which never can be found out from figures alone. Thus, the Bridgeton district is nearly as bad as the Clyde, but the illegitimacy arises from different sources. In the former from the vast number of silly uneducated factory girls, in the latter from ignorant brutal Irish. We have already shown that we have no illwill to the Irish, but they unquestionably produce more than their share of bastards—they are worse in this respect than even godless Scotch. In Ireland they may be more chaste than the Scotch, but when they settle down here, and obtain better wages than in their own country, they do give the reins to their lusts. 3rd. It shows that man's animal nature will not much burst forth, unless excited by temptations and opportunities. In the Central, there is one bastard to every 178 of its population, but in Partick 1 in 874. Indeed Partick is more chaste than the table represents, because its population has increased very much since the census was taken in 1861, though the Central has not. If we knew the exact population of Partick in 1863, it would be seen the proportion of bastardy was only one 1 in every 960 persons. Take away the temptations

which are the ruin of the Central, Clyde, and other districts, the whisky shops, and the harlots, and speedily the morality of the city will rise to a fair figure—not to 1 in 960, but probably to 1 in 600. After that, down with the slaughter pens, thin our city population to give full employment and fair wages to all; let the missionary volunteers every man to his post, and we shall live to see the ratio of bastardy 1 in 2000. But before it can be reduced to 1 in 2000, we must give a fair remuneration for female labour. We have our eyes on certain magistrates, and rich men in the city, who contribute to measures fitted to repress crime, while the managers of their large works are breaking the wages of women even below a shilling a day. The disgust with which God beholds this double dealing is indescribable. Women must get fair play, they must by their labour be able to pay for lodgings, food, and clothes, or they cannot stand. We boast that Christianity rescues woman from slavery—the existing competition which keeps her a slave, never felt the influence of living Christianity. We blame no one, nor any class in particular; the injustice which competition has produced, arises from the selfishness of fallen human nature, and there is no remedy for this but the grace of the Holy Spirit. Buyers and sellers must exchange the inhuman rule of "buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market," for the Christian one of "*Buy in love, and sell in love,*" before there can be the happy times we faintly behold in the distance.

With reference to ascertaining the causes of illegitimacy by means of the registrar clerks, very much tact and delicacy would be required. We would not have them to rake into the particulars of moral filth. This would be as bad for them as the confessional is to the priest, and to the party confessing. They should, at the most, merely say to the mother, "I always ask these two questions when registering an illegitimate birth—1st, Were you deceived by a promise of marriage? 2nd, Had you been partaking of intoxicating liquor shortly before you fell?" The Registrar-General may or may not instruct the clerks throughout the country to make such inquiries, as he thinks fit. He may deem it improper for a man to put such questions. This, however, we know for a fact, that the girls often volunteer the information, human nature readily offering an excuse for its sin. But whether he approve of this or not, the directors of the Glasgow Magdalene Institution should appoint an intelligent really Christian woman, say a widow, to converse with the mothers of illegitimate children, either before or after their confinement, and give them such counsel as their case required. A very large proportion of them are orphans; many of them are in lodgings and service, and have not a single person to whom they can unbosom themselves, and thus find a relief from the silent agony they endure. Many of the desperate attempts at

abortion, infanticide, and self-destruction might thus be prevented. This compassionate widow, who could sympathise with fallen girls, could inform them how to proceed if the fathers were meditating an escape, or how to procure aliment; could advise them not to despair, though the prospect before them was so dark; on no account to think of making way with their infant, or go farther in sin than they had already gone—to determine that nothing would drive them to the street for a living; in short, in every way to soothe and encourage poor creatures, whose misery at such a time man's hard heart cannot understand. Here is choice work for the ladies who take such an interest in rescuing the fallen. Let them meet with these unfortunates, and cheer them up. Though the fathers may have dastardly deserted them, they are not in a much worse position than some widows who are left with a large family to rear. Each clerk in a register office would hand to every mother of an illegitimate child a printed slip, earnestly desiring her to call upon Mrs ——, No. — —— Street. The office should be in a central part of the town. Either £100 or £120 would be required yearly for rent and salary, but this outlay would save the city many thousands, and prevent much of its terrible suffering and crime. From the entries made in the book kept by this female registrar, the true causes of our illegitimacy could be got.

The Church must begin to speak out plainly on the subject. At the time when the Pharisees had made the temple a den of thieves, and were plundering widows' houses, the word "robber" was never in their mouth; and so at the time when the Church of our day is verily guilty before God in the matters of drunkenness and debauchery, the terms fornication, whore, whoredom, must never be used. We are grown so afraid our iniquity will be discovered, that we have adopted the phrase "social evil." How beautifully ambiguous is the phrase! What does it mean? Is dishonesty not a social evil, lying a second, Sabbath desecration a third, drunkenness a fourth, &c.? Ah, but you tell us it is "*the* social evil." Very well; since it so extensively prevails as to tower above all the others, and be entitled to be called *the* evil, it is *in* the Church; and unless the Church bear to have its sins spread out before its eyes, the nation will speed swiftly on to ruin. Where did we learn this touchiness, so that we wince whenever certain words are uttered—was it in the Bible? God in his holiness, spotless and infinite, *hath* spoken out plainly on the subject; and it is the want of personal holiness in the pulpit that makes it so dumb, so utterly powerless with respect to the country's grossest sins. The man who willingly opens his own heart to the gaze of the Omniscient, saying, "Father, make me pure as thou art pure; Holy Spirit, lead every thought captive to the feet of Christ Jesus my Lord," *can* calmly look in

his brother's eye, or even on a sister's face, and unflinchingly, and yet with compassion, say, "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge: they shall have their part in the lake that burneth for ever." Heb. xiii. 4; Rev. xxi. 8. Grace will give a delicacy and propriety of speech to every preacher and lay speaker, superior to the ambiguity of the false modesty so common in the present day. Under a minister or speaker of the right stamp, the people will not need to lower their brows or hang their heads in pity or in anger at one who improperly handles a subject. Nature abounds with comparisons, under cover of which, doctrine on the intercourse of the sexes in single or married life, can be made to distil pure and gentle as the dew. As the bee can extract honey from the flowers, and leave them lovely and unsullied as before, so the man whose soul hath been washed in the blood of Jesus Christ can draw the sweetness from his own wife's heart, and leave it pure and modest as a child's. The husbandman deposits the grain in the bosom of the earth, and then retires, leaving the soil to rest till autumn give the blessed return, till earth again require the sowing of the grain.

The Directors of the Glasgow Volunteer Mission will get a series of tracts drawn out—say four; one addressed to fathers, a second to mothers, a third to single young men, and a fourth to single young women. Those to parents will urge the necessity of parental government, prudence, and watchfulness, to preserve their children from abounding immorality, and themselves from shame, sorrow, and a broken heart. The sin of illegitimacy *can* be prevented, even in countries not blessed with the religious light Scotland enjoys. One who recently sojourned a summer in the province of Nice, thus writes:—

"In this Mandamento, containing upwards of four thousand souls, there have been but three illegitimate births within the last forty-one years; and that among the peasants illicit intercourse may be said to be unknown; and that there is not a woman of loose character in the whole country, nor would be suffered to live in it. Also, that in the Mandamento of St Remo, upon the coast, containing a population of about 14,000 souls, there is no memory or record of a murder having ever been committed."

How has such an enviable state of morals been reached in Nice? By habits exactly the opposite of those in Scotland. First, in Nice, drunkenness is unknown; 2nd, The young people of both sexes are under the eye of their parents until they marry, they are not cursed with that liberty which is the ruin of our children, there is no such thing as late courting at night, and they marry young; 3rd, There is not a harlot in all the country; 4th, There are no boothies nor slaughter pens, the *majority* of the inhabitants being peasant proprietors of small plots of ground. The same result would follow the same means,

if used in Scotland. When Robert Owen experimented with human nature,—of which he knew nothing, seeing he denied the fundamental principle of the depravity of the race—he endeavoured to suppress illegitimacy by a scale of rebuke and punishment. The owners of the Catrine Mills tried an opposite system, which was, the instant and perpetual expulsion of both the parents of an illegitimate child from their works. They proved that human nature could be restrained, that lust was only strong when free from control; for their cases of bastardy were but a fraction of those at New Lanark. Owen, in his "Outline of the System of Education at New Lanark Mills," writes thus:—

"If happiness be our 'being's end and aim,' and if that which promotes the great end of our being be right, and that which has a contrary tendency be wrong,—then have we obtained a simple and intelligible definition of right and wrong. It is this—'*Whatever in its ultimate consequences increases the happiness of the community, is right; and whatever, on the other hand, tends to diminish that happiness, is wrong,*'"

We thankfully accept the definition, even though it did not come from a Christian, and use it as an argument for the strictest measures to diminish our illegitimacy. Bastardy in its *ultimate consequences* confers happiness neither on father, mother, nor child, and must be put down; and the most effective means, stern though they may be, are, according to this definition, the best.

We have said that parents must take a proper oversight of their children, but many will not do so; many are the means of sending them to the street, and the majority have a disinclination to speak to them on the government of their passions when they come to the age of puberty. The tracts specially addressed to young men and women must then speak faithfully, must then perform the parents' part. In these tracts there will not be a single thought over which a polluted imagination may dream, but warnings lodged in the mind which may prove a wall of defence in an hour of temptation. Young men and women will dream over the subject whether we will or not—it is from imagination, not bodily sensation, that danger can arise; and therefore we would plainly address both on the government of the thoughts, and leave no room for a putrid fancy to speculate. Better to caution our children before they fall, than unavailingly groan after they are destroyed. We *must* speak on the subject, by the tongue or the tract, in our families, or we shall be forced to hear of seduction after seduction, of dead bodies laid in the dunghill, of living infants exposed on stairs, of infanticide and self-destruction. We know members of the Church whose sons are destroyed for life, complete wrecks in constitution, before they have reached the age of twenty. Well had it been for these young men if tracts of the right kind had been placed in

their hands when they were fifteen or sixteen years of age. No young man knows where the consequences of his sin are to end. A seducer cannot foresee the possible issues of that mad moment. There is at present a young woman in Glasgow prison awaiting trial. She concealed pregnancy until after delivery; kept her dead infant in her chest for nearly a fortnight; kept it hid until decomposition forced its removal; in the darkness of night she left it on the street; was ultimately detected, and apprehended. Can any man, without trembling, imagine all the woe that poor creature has endured since the hour she fell. The terror lest her condition before confinement should be discovered; the absence of a human being to assist in her hour of anguish—anguish of body and anguish of soul; her starting in sleep, as conscience in the midnight hour whispered of her murdered babe concealed within her chest; her utter loneliness of heart, as she now lies in prison awaiting her trial; and her coming sentence of penal servitude, for many long years, it may be for life. Is it possible to damn a human being more thoroughly than the seducer has done this woman? Is it right in the sight of God to punish her alone, and let the villain walk the streets at ease? We would not for the universe stand in his place. God does by fearful tragedies show his abhorrence of our bastardy, but yet we still go on.

Young women must also be spoken to in earnest. It is perfect madness to part with their chastity before marriage. Even though a man intend to keep his promise, where is the certainty that death may not remove him before the promise is redeemed? Some keep their promise; there are 14 wives out of every 100 married in some of our districts who have children within six months after marriage, proving there was antenuptial fornication. But the vast majority of men do not keep their promise, and never did intend to keep it. They must not for the chance of a husband commit a sin which will leave a scar on their heart for life, it may be for ever, and lead to consequences of which they have no conception. They must cast off a lover, rather than enter a public-house in his company. They must become abstainers if they hope to stand. Men generally tempt women, but a half intoxicated woman positively tempts a man. Such is our hellish nature that we feel an inclination to steal when we suppose we are beyond observation or opposition. Leave money or property unprotected, and thieves *shall* find the way to it. The immense number of our locks, and bolts, and bars, show how alive society is to this truth. But it is altogether blind to a greater truth, which is, leave virtue in the least exposed, and defenceless, and it also *shall* be stolen. It is when man thinks he can rob with impunity, that the phrensy for sin arises in a moment with gigantic force, striking down reason and conscience at a blow, that he forgets all thoughts of consequences, sees not

a watching frowning God, sees nothing but the opportunity, and then on the pages of the book of doom is written down what shall meet the sinner in eternity.

We want our marriage system altered. Let the ceremony be performed by a clergyman, but let greater facilities be given to the working classes. The charge should be reduced to 2s 6d for the poor, and the names, instead of being cried three times on as many Sabbaths to empty walls, should be printed and posted up on the outside of the parish churches during three or four week days, but not on Sabbath day, otherwise the list of brides and bridegrooms will fill the mind to the exclusion of both sermon and text. On, at least, two working days, some of our city clergymen should devote two or three hours in the evening to marrying as many couples as came forward. The nonsensical method of hiring coaches and incurring several pounds of debt needlessly should be given up. By this cheap and rapid plan, a couple meditating matrimony, could intimate their intention on Monday, and be married on the following Friday. When a man promised marriage as a bait, every young woman could then say, "If you love me, marry me first, it can be done so easily now. When married, I have some claim upon you, and preserve both your character and my own; but while unmarried, I have no proper claim, and sacrifice both character and peace." We believe that priests are forced privately to marry many couples living in concubinage; our expensive and tedious process of proclaiming the banns, and getting up a show and bridal feast, proving an obstacle to many of the poorest class of our citizens.

The share of illegitimacy caused directly and indirectly by the Ruin Investment, is not less than 1000 bastards a year. If it be said that intoxication incapacitates, we reply we do not refer to *complete* intoxication. Reason may be overthrown, while voluntary movement remains; were this not true, the Moabites and Ammonites would never have been in existence. Gen. xix. 37, 38. Some again will say that immorality is much greater on the Continent than in Scotland, even though the inhabitants do not indulge in strong drink. In reply, we need not press again what we have already insisted on, that no conclusion can be founded on the illegitimacy of one country or place, to determine the causes in another. Every locality and nation must be looked at by itself. A warm climate has great effect in giving strength to the passions; this is an admitted truth by all acquainted with the subject. Yet, if we attend to statistics only, instead of to special causes, we might prove that a hot climate is more favourable to chastity than a cold one, since in Nice, a very hot country, there have been only 3 bastards out of a population of 4000 in the course of 41 years. No inference whatever can be drawn from figures; the peculiarities of every district must be taken into consideration. Drunkenness is not the cause of illegitimacy

in some countries, though it *is* the producer of about three-fourths of the bastardy in Scotland, directly and indirectly, so manifold and fatal is its influence.

PROSTITUTION.—The evil has become so enormous, and its consequences so dreadful and diversified, that the time has now arrived when every man who loves God, or cares in the slightest for the nation's welfare, must arise and strike it down, must put into immediate and determined operation the only remedy which can rid us of this most frightful curse. That remedy is God's—no other can stay the plague; it is, "*Thou shalt not suffer a whore to be within thy borders*, lest the land fall to whoredom, and the land become full of wickedness." Lev. xix. 29; Deut. xxiii. 17.

The number of prostitutes in Glasgow at present is about 2500. Not a few of them are occasional or sly harlots, who have not as yet given up their employment in public works, and who do not live in brothels, but either in a room of their own or in lodgings. The great majority, however, have no other means of living than their hire and what they can steal. Some of the occasional prostitutes go out so seldom and parade the streets only for an hour or two in the evening, that we may reduce the total number to 2200. Add bullies, mistresses, and servants in brothels, and the total living on prostitution is about 5000. Fifteen years ago the magistrates attempted, through the agency of the police, to ascertain the number of harlots, and those found that night on the streets, and in the brothels, were upwards of a thousand. But this is a task beyond the ability of the police, because they do not know where the occasional, nor even where many of the regular prostitutes reside; and on some unfavourable evenings, as wet ones, not half so many come out as on others. The number we have given, 2500, is not far from the mark. Though we shall not rest until every one of them is swept from the city, we by no means count the harlots the greatest sinners in the community. There are men whom we meet every Sabbath going to church, who are worse in the sight of God than our prostitutes. There are in our midst, men who can be members of the church, and yet keep their mistress; others so debased that they are not infrequent visitors at our brothels. When we consider how many of these poor girls have been driven to vice by inhuman villains, by accursed hell-born bawds, the friends and tools of *noble*men and *gentle*men, by destitution, by negligent and cruel parents, unworthy of the name, by inheriting the bastard's shame and miserable lot, we can unhesitatingly say to the church, "Go, and lift up these fallen, for if Jesus Christ could, when on earth, lay his hand upon their shoulder, and dart sunshine into their lonely heart by his look of compassion, so may you." Once more the Saviour will permit them to embrace his feet, and pour on them the ointment of a swollen heart, the gushing stream of

gratitude, after he has whispered into each desolate soul, "Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee; go in peace, and sin no more." Let us not judge of these unfortunate creatures from what we see, but from the *realities* of their condition, and these are terrible. Despite their gay attire, the painted cheek, the smile that is forced, and the laugh that is hollow; it is terrible to have lost all modesty; it is terrible to have a seared heart; it is terrible to be a toy to every brute; it is terrible to know the career will be short, and will darken every year; and terrible may be their doom. To that doom not a few of them haste by suicide, seeking in self-murder a covering from their shame, an end to their misery. It is out of pity, out of love to them as well as to the many thousands they are dragging with them to perdition, that we demand their instant seizure; the prohibition of their ever again parading our streets for hire.

We will not take time to show that, without the aid of drink to drown all sense of shame, our harlots could not continue in their infamy—that without drink three-fourths of our prostitution would speedily cease, nor expose such opinions as—

"Lewdness is to the full as often a cause of intemperance, as intemperance is of lewdness, the latter being chargeable with the former in all cases in which it resorts to it as a means of attaining its nefarious ends;"

Because, even the objectors to total abstinence are forced to admit that drink is hell's favourite tool for effecting the ruin of innumerable thousands; that though not the moral, it is the *instrumental* cause of prostitution. One idea alone we seek at present to enforce; the absolute necessity there is of obeying God's command regarding the prevention of whoredom, which is preventing harlots going about for hire. The fact that it is God's command, should be sufficient argument to a professedly Christian nation; yet, we shall give a few reasons to show its wisdom.

1st. Harlots, as a class, are thieves, and it is superlative folly to allow them night after night to go out in search of plunder. In some of the first-class brothels the girls are forbidden to steal from regular customers; but taking them overhead, nine-tenths of strumpets are thieves. In 1861, there were 449 cases of theft by harlots reported to the police, and 170 more in brothels; in 1862, 474 by prostitutes, and 169 in brothels; and the robberies are increasing, for in 1863, there were 467 by prostitutes, and 264 in brothels. It is well known that scarcely one theft out of a hundred is reported to the police, the plundered victims being afraid to expose their folly. The prostitutes give our police more annoyance than any other class in the city; nothing else, indeed, is to be expected than that the most degraded will be the most troublesome. The following table from Captain Smart's

criminal returns, gives us a faint idea of what a plague the harlots are.

			1861	1862	1863
No. of Female cases taken up		disorderly,	4082	4788	4078
"	"	drunk and disorderly,	247	184	115
"	"	drunk and incapable,	7925	7417	7971
"	"	prowling,	10,194	9571	5208

At the top of the tables from which the above particulars are copied, there is this strange remark—"Those classified under the headings 'Disorderly,' 'Drunk and disorderly,' 'Drunk and incapable,' and 'Prowling,' include *many prostitutes* and others who have been at least *fifty* times in custody during the year for these offences." Aye, is this the way the money goes—are decent citizens to be heavily taxed for police rates, that detectives may be kept hunting through our brothels and pawns for stolen property, and constables by the hundred employed in conveying drunken and prowling prostitutes to the office? The city surely has too much spare cash, since it can thus be cast away. "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the word;" is that our motto? when our magistrates permit practices directly opposed to the word and even to common sense, when thousands of abandoned women are allowed to filch our youth of virtue, when the welcome which a *Christian* city gives to strangers is from a bevy of strumpets bent on plunder. Let us erase our motto. How dare we gaze on it without a shock? By "the preaching of the word"—bah, hell laughs at our insanity. 2nd. We must take up all harlots in order to diminish our illegitimacy. Our remarks on bastardy would not have been so lengthy had we not designed them to prepare the way for the suppression of prostitutes. All known facts in every part of the world establish this great truth, that wherever prostitution does not exist, other influences being equal, there the least bastardy is found. Lust is not like a flowing river which cannot be dammed up, it resembles water in a reservoir. A sound moral tone in society and proper oversight of the young, would form a sufficient embankment, if the almost irresistible temptations to which our youth are exposed were taken away. Many a work of ordinary strength will confine the water, if the wind do not blow upon it and lash it into huge waves; and many a young man could stand, were he not solicited by harlots; but when they blow upon his soul, lust becomes violently agitated, and the consequences are more to be deplored than even the dreadful inundation at Sheffield. Communion with harlots *invariably* leads men to cast their lascivious eyes upon those who are not harlots. It is the first taste of blood that rouses the wild beast of lust in the human heart and makes it thirst for more. In too many cases, the appetite, once illicitly gratified, becomes insatiable, and the virtuous portion of our females become the victims. If

our illegitimacy is to be put down, harlots must not be allowed to corrupt and inflame our people. 3rd. Prostitution must be prevented for the sake of prostitutes themselves. Even if they were willing to endure the full amount of misery which springs from their sin, it would be inhuman in society to permit them. That full amount man *cannot* calculate, does not even suspect, so much of it is concealed from view. Though apparently devoid of sensibility and shame, there is not a day passes but they are made to feel their degradation. Could we look within their breast when they have met with some insult, as when one accosts them to scan their attractions, and then coldly turns away, as he deems them stale; or when in a sober mood they remember they have no home, no friends, no hopes—nothing but an accursed means of subsistence which can last only while youth and health are possessed, could we at these moments gaze on the writhing of the heart that never knows a beam of sunshine or an hour of peace, tears would gush to our eyes in a torrent. We are not surprised nine-tenths of our prostitutes drink to drown the sense of their misery. Though we could forget they have souls—beating hearts never designed by their Creator to bow down before every brute that offers the wages of iniquity, their very bodily sufferings are more than a sufficient reason for our rigorous prevention of prostitution. He that made man for his own glory, has signified His abhorrence of the sin by attaching to it one of the most loathsome and terrible of all diseases. Add to this, the want of food and clothes, exposure to midnight inclemencies, brutal assaults from bullies, cowardly villains whom these wretched women have to support, and wounds from each other; and we have the *names* of a few of the ingredients in their cup of woe. Alas! that in a *Christian* nation mere children have to drain that bitter cup. Moving homewards, a citizen is accosted by a feeble whining voice from a close in Hutcheson Street. "I say, man, are ye gaun to gie us a bawbee?" He stops and sees three young girls. On inquiry, he finds their ages are 15, 14, and 10. There they stand, cowering close together, and shivering in the cold, for it is winter; the three unwashed, with matted locks, uncovered heads, and shoeless feet. Their whole clothing seems to be a dirty shift, petticoat, and shortgown. The two eldest girls are diseased, the fruit of their sin. "Will ye go with me to the Lock Hospital, asked the citizen?" "Oh, yes, sir, we'll gang." Thither he, with a bleeding heart and streaming eyes, conducts children of 15, 14, and 10, for they have no home. Again and again have we seen girls from 8 to 10 years of age, in company with others from 14 to 17, hanging on, while their elder acquaintances, in some instances their sisters, were following their evil course. What sort of training is this for children of such tender years; could we, *nominal* Christians, allow them to get a fairer start for perdition?

We wish we could bring together, so that the magistrates and citizens might behold them, the several hundreds of wretched prostitutes who, having no home, have slept on stairs during the nights of 1863. In some localities, and where the lobby is of wood, as many as three or four will be found lying close together, like so many beasts, in order to preserve their warmth. We would surely then be convinced that "the way of transgressors is hard," that verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth, and that the wretchedness, which is the *inevitable* result of prostitution, is His warning voice commanding us to abstain. Would that all the thousands of miserable outcasts in London, who sleep in parks and on stairs, were drawn up in line before our parliament. The sight would enact a law, under whose operation this curse of Britain would swiftly disappear; a law, the echo of that from the Eternal, Lev. xix. 29; Deut. xxiii. 17; because no other will avail, because prostitution in its very nature tends to extremest destitution. Of all means of living it is most precarious and short. It produces a reckless and immediate expenditure of all the wages of iniquity; while the stock in trade, youth and appearance, quickly fade, and then like fruit decayed, the bloated toy is cast away.

Spurious delicacy may demur, and the propriety of hypocrites forbid details, but where details burn in a new thought on the soul, they may, they should be given. Our prostitutes are more frequently pregnant than is supposed. This is especially the case with the occasional ones. Men when they have paid a price, pass away without a thought, they deem the transaction closed. But is it really closed? We know that thousands of men who never dreamt that they were fathers, shall meet their whorish offspring at the day of judgment. The transaction closed—wait till the settlement come to be made with God, and He shall show us our iniquity full grown, its issues stretching to eternity. Two of these pregnant harlots live in a sunk cellar, a single apartment, for which they pay a trifling rent. When asked, "Who will attend you, and how will you maintain the children when born?" one answers for herself and the other, "God only knows." Another lived not in a room of her own, but in a brothel. Obliged by her mistress to receive visitors to the most advanced stage, rupture ensues, and in intensest agony she died. When the father of that dead babe is, at the judgment, brought face to face with this murdered woman, how terrible the meeting! Sin is little here; how dreadful in that not distant eternity! Will she then be chained to him by justice—for ever to glare on him with the demon's glare—eternally to gnaw the vitals of his soul? The possibilities of the future one shudders to contemplate.

4th. Prostitution must be stopt to prevent those murderesses, styled bawds, annually entrapping hundreds of innocent girls.

We cannot plead ignorance of this most hellish cruelty, and yet we have for so many years allowed these monsters to prey upon the simple and the weak, without bringing them to punishment. A few days ago we stopt one of our city detectives we know, and while conversing on several points, he told us he had, on a feeing day in last month, been at the cattle market. A woman dressed like a lady, but whom he knew to be a brothel keeper in Trongate, accosted one of the country girls. The bawd seemingly was in search of a fresh stock, and wanted not one but several servants; for in a few minutes the girl she had first addressed stepped aside, and spoke to other three. They came forward to the lady, and the result was that the four country girls accompanied her into a public-house, to hear about the fine situation she had for them a few miles out of town. Of course, they would not need to go to it for a few days, but until then, they could stay with a friend in the city until one of the farm carts came in for them. But as she had little time, and some pressing business to transact just at that hour, her servant (one of her prostitutes she had brought with her as a decoy) would tell them all about the place. The bawd left, the four country girls being entrusted to the management of the prostitute, who was to represent to them what a fine situation she was in, and especially to treat them to drink, and then bring them straight to the brothel. The detective had followed them into the public-house, but had to leave before the game was played out. Would that he had burst at once into the apartment and told the country girls to flee, for they were in the snare of a hag of hell. Prostitution *must* be put down to prevent this murdering of innocent girls. There are 350 harlots that die out every year in Glasgow, and as many are brought forward to supply the place of the dead. When the traffic is abolished, the victims will not be in demand.

5th. Prostitution must cease for the sake of married women. A whore is a disgrace and a danger to all women, the single as well as the married, and the latter often suffer intensely for sins which are not their own. The greater number of our harlots are diseased, and nearly one-half of our diseased males are married men. It is easier for a man to be perfectly chaste, than to confine himself, as he should, to the bare necessities of nature in married life—or to be moderately wicked in single life—and thus it is that nearly one-half of syphilitic patients are married men. And even when men are faithful to their vows after marriage, the sins of the past too often descend as an inheritance and curse to the innocent. There is no more certain medical truth than this, that the poison may lodge in the system for many long years, before it develop itself into morbid permanent disease, or attack wife or child. Speaking lately to a physician, he told us of a remarkable case to the point which recently was

brought under his notice. Ten years after he had dismissed a patient cured, the young man married. He had not been a second time affected, and yet his first child was covered over with what the physician attending the family declared to be the hives, but which the better instructed physician at once knew on examination to be the virus of the olden time, which had at last awoke and seized upon the babe. For ten years the subtle poison had lain concealed in the seminal vessels without causing uneasiness or giving rise to suspicion, but at last it broke out and showed its potency. God, indeed, does abhor prostitution, for He has given to this, its punishment, a matchless power of evil over the human frame. No other substance in the universe has such a range of deleterious influence; its mission is to attack in its remote results any, and every organ of the body, even the brain, the heart, and lungs. It silently undermines and vitiates the constitution, so as to prepare the way for a host of diseases, which are supposed to spring from totally different causes. Many thousand cases of consumption arise from the general deterioration of the body caused by excess, and many thousands more from the *peculiar* power of the poison to produce tubercular disease.

The poison is wide spread—it permeates the life blood of the nation—no class nor rank but feels its fatal sway. There are no reliable statistics on the subject as regards Glasgow. London is better posted up on this point than we are. On one day, the 21st Sept., 1863, there were 799 males who availed themselves of the assistance of the London Hospitals, 94 were indoor, and 705 outdoor patients seeking medical advice. If we suppose two weeks as the average duration of asking advice, we have 799, multiplied by 26, the number of fortnights in the year, showing that in that city twenty thousand diseased men annually get gratuitous advice. And these twenty thousand *are a mere tithe of the whole*, the vast majority keeping the secret to themselves, or entrusting private physicians. There are many, many thousands of unhappy wives, who are martyrs to prostitution, and more than one-half of them suffer in silence, supposing their torment to be only one form of the many complaints to which their sex is liable. A woman stood before a doctor with her eyes fixed on the ground. Her tongue refused to tell the object of her visit. She was one mass of festering hideous disease. Suspecting nothing, she had bore until it was unbearable. He told her the complaint. Now her faithful heart found utterance; with eye that flashed on his, she said—"Sir, my husband is a decent man." He answered, "I'm not saying what your husband is, I'm telling you your trouble." For the sake of wives, for the sake of children, for the sake of husbands themselves, prostitution *must* cease. We ask the aid of every woman who has a husband she can trust, to join and make him join in this most holy work,

this heaven appointed crusade, this last attack upon the damning curse and shame of this a Christian land.

6th. Harlots *must* be prevented prowling about, to preserve our boys from certain destruction. How often in Glasgow, and more frequently of late, have we observed as many as four, or six mere lads, from 14 to 17 years of age, surrounding a prostitute and drinking in with loud laughter, and the kindled itching gusto of disastrously awakened lust, the frightfully obscene remarks which flowed so naturally from her putrid lips. No power on earth, no, not even the breath of Satan, can so violently set on fire of hell the blood of heedless youth, as the inflaming touch of a harlot's hand. In dragging men to evil and perdition, her influence is supreme; a righteous retribution on the sex that first lead her astray. We speak that which we do know, for we have seen it—when we affirm that nothing is more common than for prostitutes both with speech and act to initiate mere boys into a sin, which roused Jehovah's ire to strike the first recorded desecrator dead, Gen. xxxviii. 10. Our youth by thousands *are* taught by strumpets the art of self-pollution; the sin exists in families where the mother would as much expect the devil to take up his residence in person. Our children grow unwell, nervous, and weak; we know not why. Wait until they come under the hands of the physician superintendent of the madhouse, and he shall tell the cause. In the 48th Annual Report of the Glasgow Royal Asylum, being for the year 1861, Dr Mackintosh thus addresses the Directors—

"We have been so thoroughly impressed with the conviction that Masturbation is a more fruitful source of insanity than is generally supposed, that we resolved to investigate accurately the male cases admitted. We have assigned in 19 cases Masturbation as a cause of insanity. All those suspected were watched, and, when detected, were interrogated on the subject. When any reliable information could be got, due discrimination was used in ascribing Masturbation as a cause, or as an effect, of insanity; and we have done everything possible to arrive at a correct conclusion. The result is, that one-sixth of all the male admissions are cases of insanity, the physical cause of which is Masturbation. Intemperance and Masturbation form the cause of insanity in more than one-third of all the admissions into the male divisions of the house. Here, then, are two self-inflicted, and, what is more, voluntarily imposed curses on humanity. The loss of reason is the greatest of all calamities that can befall man, for without it he is but an automaton. Insanity caused by Masturbation is by no means hopeful as regards cure—the cure being often but a lucid interval of longer or shorter duration. There is surely need of a strong impression being made on the popular mind in regard to this subject."

The evil has now reached such a height that it is quite unbearable. The other day we stopt a boy on the street who had about 40 small hand bills of the "Cure in three days" class, and took them from him. He had got them from some person employed by the quack, and intended to distribute them among the boys in the school. These infernal quack physicians, for whom

the gallows is too mild a punishment—quacks who labour in their published filth to persuade young men that sin may escape its righteous reward, that skill can pluck the sting from vice and make the bitter sweet—quacks that are a disgrace to the land, the panderers to its iniquity, the fatteners on its misery, must be put down. There are stringent laws against offences infinitely less odious than theirs; as against bathing in the river, except at specified times and places; and there must be a law to prevent the circulation of quack literature. In contaminating power it ranks next to a harlot's tongue and touch.

7th. Prostitution must be suppressed for the sake of our young men. Everywhere they are exposed to the fascinating influence of the strange woman. Whether proceeding homewards from work, or a public or prayer meeting, they are subjected to solicitation, and thousands upon thousands of them stumble and fall by reason of that very temptation which society so shamefully permits to lie in every path. That first sin is the push down the steep hill of vice—many of them halt not, till they reach the gulph at the bottom, which is the grave and the mouth of hell. From intercourse with harlots they proceed to corrupt unfallen females, and swell our monstrous bastardy. Many of our middle aged men have reached a point that is terrible to contemplate; every feeling of manhood has perished beneath the burning hoof of lust. A pretty girl of only ten years of age is passing along the street some nine months ago. One dressed like a gentleman, smilingly asks her to be so kind as carry the parcel he holds in his hand to Mrs ———, No. — Brunswick Street, and gives her sixpence for her trouble. The child, glad enough of the money, and suspecting nothing, takes the parcel. He follows at a short distance, and as she is standing at the door waiting till it be opened, he comes up and kindly asks her in to take a piece of cake. The house is a brothel, and the mistress, with a heart more cruel than that of a tigress, allows the monster the use of a room. The shrieks of the child are dreadful, but are smothered, as the neighbours below are lifting their windows being alarmed at the screams. At last the tortured child is allowed to go. Next day, when the parents, accompanied by the police, enter the brothel, the mistress denies having ever seen the child, or her ever having been there.

There are hundreds of our young men, having been first hardened by communion with harlots, and now counting them stale, nightly promenade our streets to accost every girl they can find an opportunity to address. They commonly begin with, "Please tell me the way to such a street." If she answer, they attempt to detain her with another question, and many simple creatures are thus detained to their ruin. Oh! that mothers and fathers would try to make home so happy, their daughters would not

seek to scour the city for an evening recreation. What woe had been prevented had Dinah kept about her father's tent and never sought to stray, Gen. xxxiv. 1, 2. Blessed is the father who, every night, can keep both sons and daughters under the family roof, under the guardianship of his own kind watchful eye. This is one of the wants of the age, how to make home so attractive to our children that they will not desire to roam about at night. A very good-looking but soft girl of 16½ years of age is looking at the articles in a window. One of these prowling middle-aged men begins to converse with her in commonplace remarks. At last she accepts his so friendly invitation to a treat in a restaurant. Wine follows pastry—she is at last landed in a brothel, and four months after that we found her on the street. So degraded have many of these middle-aged, and even young men become, that they, with a morbid craving which has grown quite insatiable, will attack tradesmen's wives dressed only with a mutch, or even a barefooted strumpet in a shortgown and coat—a creature they would not, before they fell, have condescended even to touch with a stick. Men of this class are hastening to that climax, the most melancholy on earth, which under the next head we have to introduce.

We implore the rich for the sake of their own children to head our Volunteer Mission, and give influence and strength to our preventive force. Do they never reflect what may result from their permitting gaudily-dressed prostitutes to promenade Buchanan Street every afternoon in the open light of day? Have fathers never observed how many heads are turned to gaze on the painted carcasses that flout defiance in the face of married ladies; and smile so unambiguously, and dart the lecherous glance on every eye that rests inquiringly on theirs? Are not the sons of the wealthy constantly destroyed by moving putrid carrion arrayed in borrowed silks? But lately, a young man, connected with the most respectable and wealthy families in the city, was beguiled by one of these pestilential promenaders into a clandestine marriage in Manchester. Then came family shame and sorrow, and public scandal, as a divorce was petitioned for in the Court of Session. These bloated strumpets must and shall be banished from our streets. We wonder the ladies of Glasgow have tolerated this vile nuisance for so many years. Surely their husbands have the power to get our laws enforced; let them now raise their voice to move the strong arm of law to clear the city of this cursed pollution.

If some old lechers, great in vice and wealth, oppose our movement—let them now beware, we fear them not. Though all the wealth of earth twice told were theirs, we know well what they are—a handful of most loathsome dust. In a few years beneath the turf their guilty head shall lie; already by anticipation we trample on their vile dishonoured dust, and therefore fear them

not. The men are known; they trust the city cabmen and their servants with too many of their secrets, and the keepers blab them out. Truth is a libel, is it? Well we shall frame our libel wisely, then cast it at the lawyers and bid them do their most.

8th. Prostitution must be put down for the sake of our old men. We have seen many painful sights in our journey along the path of life. We have sat beside the couch of an infant expiring in convulsions, when the mother could not bear the sight, and entreated death to come. We have watched, day and night, over one reduced by long sore trouble to a shadow, when the fleshless bones protruded through the skin, and felt relieved when the weak flickering pulse beneath our touch foretold the heart's long rest, when with a faint, a weary childlike sigh, she gently fled away. We lived next door to a lone widow, driven mad by being overloaded with anxiety. In the midnight hours we heard her gibbering to the Deity on bended knees, then shrieking like a fiend. As in the day she passed us on the stair, and glared upon us with the eyeball of a demon, we quickly gave her passage way. They took her to the madhouse, where she soon raved her weary brain to rest. Often have we stood in a dissecting room, and gazed on the decaying cut up members of some poor wanderers of the streets. Would that their murderers had looked upon the victims of their lust. How would they then be made to feel that sin which seems at first mere sport, is in its certain end most terrible. There lie the putrid and disgusting members of the body, but where do the doomed spirits lie? In some dark gorge or dreary crevice of the pit, weeping away their eyes in unavailing sorrow; until Justice bring tempter and tempted, seducer and seduced, close to each other, then the weeping eye shall burst into the avenging flaming eye of fury—of eternal retribution.

Sadder than these, than even of an expiring bawd, starting in wildest terror from the hell that opened to receive her, was the sight of a hoary-headed man—a gentleman, whose feeble limbs could scarcely bear him from his carriage to his room, who gasped for breath, and heavily leant upon the railing of the stair as he ascended to his office. That silvery-headed man, approaching fourscore years, has stood upon the stair and gloated o'er a girl of 15 years, that lived above his office. Though within six months of the grave—though nature was incapable of sin in the deed, lust burned like a consuming fire within his worn-out frame. On that stair we have heard her order him off for an old villain; on that stair the maniac widow raved, but he was the maniac most to be pitied—both maniacs are dead, and she doubtless has the happiest eternity before her. He died; the newspapers took notice of the decease of one of our well-known and most respected citizens. How differently does man judge from the God that gazes on the heart!

Standing speaking to an acquaintance on the street, he interrupted the conversation by remarking, "Do you see that old villain behind you?" We turned, and saw a man well known, known beyond the boundaries of Scotland, a man now more than 70 years, who long has laboured with his intellect, but whose heart for many years has hugged the chains of slavery. We followed him, to note how he was recognised by others, for public scandal had been busy with his recent acts. Many heads were turned to take a backward glance. He was the scorned of all observers. That man had in his works acknowledged the great truth, that even in this life the moral Ruler of the universe makes vice bring on its punishment; alas! that he himself should be the proof. We wondered as we followed close behind him, if shame were quite extinguished; if the chains could not be broken; if all hope were gone; if, when in his chamber all alone at night, as memory brought before the mind the thoughts of public scorn, of thresholds closed against him for his sins, of reputation, peace, and family harmony now perished quite, there were no burning tears, no sighings for the freedom of his earlier days, no bursting out in agonising strains like these: "Who shall deliver me from this terrific thraldom? Oh! what, what do I get from vice that I so hug pollution; what in a harlot's arms to equal name dishonoured, public infamy, silent reproaches of a weeping wife, a soul that dare not look my fellows in the face, all manly independence fled, my poor withered heart, my reeling brain, my lost eternity. Ah! little did I dream when first I strayed, and counted stolen waters sweet, the fiends of lust would thus possess my soul; would drag me through the mire, as if in sport; would make me each cursed petty girl's slave. But why do I lament—my fate is sealed. Have I not resolved, and re-resolved; and straight from resolution went to revel in accursed filth? Ah me! I think I shall grow mad. Hell! is this not hell I feel? Am I not possessed before the time? Have they not bound me sure and fast already? Great God! thou dost pursue me with thy justice. Oh! what shall I do; who shall deliver me, who shall deliver me!"

Ah! poor maniac, more to be pitied than any in confinement, Jesus Christ *alone* is the caster out of devils—Mark v. 1-15. On your knees this moment. If you fail to supplicate His mercy and renewing grace, know that death shall not deliver thee. Thy ruling passion *shall* be strong in death. Thine shall be Apocalyptic doom—"*He that is filthy, let him be filthy still,*" Rev. xxii. 11. Thy present life is but the softened shadow of thy life to come. Through darkness edged with light from flame sulphureous, I plainly see thee hasting to the lake of fire, as to a harlot's breast; no sooner dipped beneath the scorching waves, than out I see thee rushing, tortured, panting, shrieking. Now on the beach thou rollest in thine agony, till pain begin to sleep,

but then the demon lust thou didst on earth so wildly cherish *driveth* thee again into the lake; and thus there is rush and retreat, rush and retreat, for ever and for ever. Thy doom shall be eternal madness and eternal woe. This is Heaven's decree—the demons whom we worship here, shall be our masters in eternity. Oh! now at last repent; Omnipotence can breathe upon thy withered heart, and make it fresher, greener, gladder than in childhood's happy days. Look up! He looks on thee, He pities thee, the God man stretches forth the hand to lift you from the mire. Refuse, and you are lost for ever.

Young men, beware! Touch not the fatal fruit—it *shall* turn scorching ashes on your lips. You shall not then know good and evil; evil shall be your good; your paradise shall be the piercing thorn, the worthless brier. Your first taste invokes a monster dark and loathsome from the pit to take possession of your soul, and he shall turn with petrifying breath your heart to stone. Then, O never more to you, no, never more to you may come again the freshness of the stripling's heart, like morning dew upon the opening flowers. He that watches over every thought and deed shall not be overcome by man. Firmer than earth's foundations does the sentence stand—"*He that destroyeth the temple of his body, him shall God destroy*," 1 Cor. vi. 13, 19.

The plague is general. The spots are on the conscience, though they be unseen. How sweet to the heart should be the blood of Jesus Christ, that cleanseth from all sin. Let each man, with his hand upon his mouth, and his eye imploringly resting on the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, go and sin no more. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; wherefore, let him turn from his evil ways, and live," Ezek. xviii. 23, 32. "If the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live: he shall not die. All his transgressions that he hath committed, *they shall not be mentioned unto him:* in his righteousness that he hath done he shall live," Ezek. xviii. 21, 22. "Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me," Ps. li. 9, 10.

We are glad that God in his providence has brought the evil to a crisis. We feel ashamed of the proceedings at the annual meeting of the London Lock Hospital, on 23d March, 1864, and yet rejoice that the meeting took place. Let us hear how the aristocracy of the nation feel upon the subject.

"The Duke of Somerset, in returning thanks for the navy, said there still remained one great source of disease which had not been successfully attacked. He held it to be a great error that Christianity was opposed to the alleviation of suffering; and speaking with the information which, in his official capacity, he was obliged to possess, he knew that there was nothing officers dreaded so

much as having their crews paid off in great towns like Plymouth or Portsmouth. We boasted of an advancing civilisation, but a system under which 300 or 400 men out of every 1000 were laid up with sickness in our home ports, while abroad the proportion would be only 70 or 80, must be based upon a false, a prudish, and prejudiced view of the circumstances. As to the loss sustained, he need only refer to the case of any young lad of sixteen entering. At eighteen or nineteen, say, after he had cost the country at least £65, he contracted this disease, during the continuance of which his services were altogether lost to the country, while not unfrequently he was totally incapacitated for future service."

"His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, in proposing the toast of the evening, 'Prosperity to the Lock Hospital and Asylum,' expressed his entire concurrence in the sentiments which had fallen from the noble Duke at the head of the Admiralty. The great difference between this and all other institutions was, that it could not be brought prominently before the public, or its claims openly discussed. Its object was to keep out of sight as much as possible, and on that account it was all the more necessary for those who knew its worth to testify their appreciation in a practical manner. If arrangements could be made upon a large scale for mitigating the dreadful calamities entailed by the diseases to which it addressed its operations, one-half the illness of the army would disappear. The evil was not one that could be ignored. It was rapidly on the increase, and much more serious now than at any former period. It was false prudery which kept us from following the lead of other nations; and he really felt at a loss to understand how a practical country like England, which did not shrink from addressing itself to other questions, however disagreeable, made an exception in this respect. Legislative interference with the liberty of the subject was tolerated in all other cases where the public health was endangered. Why should it be refused in a case which was aggravated from year to year? His Royal Highness, who was warmly cheered, concluded by appealing to the friends of the institution to clear off a debt of about £2500 incurred in connection with the new hospital."

"Earl De Grey and Ripon, adverting to the fact that the death-rate of the British army had been reduced one-half, asked why of the remaining diseases 50 cent. should be permitted to spring from one cause without any attempt to amelioration. Each year a number of men, equal to two whole regiments, were rendered permanently inefficient through the ravages of this disease; and the evils were by no means confined to those who brought them on themselves; they extended to generations yet unborn. The evil must be attacked on all sides; one of the best ways he believed being to put rational occupation and amusement within the reach of the soldiers. The whole question was one which the Government were bound seriously and carefully to consider, not merely for the sake of old and hardened profligates, but on account of the young who, for the purposes of the State, were crowded together and exposed to the temptations they would not otherwise be called on to encounter. The evil was one to be met in a manly and not in a mawkish way, not hastily or rashly, but still in a bold and determined spirit."

"Sir J. Pakington alluded to the success attendant upon legislative efforts in Malta for the repression of the disease in question; and though he was fully aware of the prejudices, religious and social, which would be excited by any similar attempt in this country, he believed that public opinion would ultimately sanction the necessary police powers. It was indispensable, however, that any measure brought forward on the subject should emanate from the responsible Ministers of the Crown, and that the names upon the back of the bill should not be limited to one side of the House."

"Lord C. Paget believed that a very general disposition existed in Parliament to entertain the question. A scheme had been submitted to the Government

which he was prepared to exhibit confidentially to gentlemen whose opinions were entitled to weight, and he did not despair that even in the present session some Parliamentary remedy might be devised for this great and growing misfortune."

On reading these and other speeches, we were intensely sorry to find that not one of the nation's assembled leaders had the virtue or manliness to propose the proper remedy, the *only* remedy for the nation's desperate sin. Let us make a running comment upon these speeches, beginning with the last. Lord C. Paget thinks that the punishment of vice is a great misfortune! So, possibly, a thief thinks, when he is caught. How strange that even learned Englishmen do not know the meaning of English words! Syphilitic poison is a misfortune, a mishap, an accident, a something that exists through ill luck, an epidemic which unfortunately has seized only some innocent members of the community, and over which society has no more control than over the falling of the rain! It is needless for us to call sin or sin's punishment a misfortune, for we thereby impose on neither God nor man. Why not say plainly, syphilis is the certain result and penalty of whoredom?

Sir J. Pakington believes that owing to the success which has attended legislative efforts in Malta to repress the disease, that we shall ultimately sanction the necessary police powers. Now what have careful police regulations in Malta proved, but this, that so long as whoredom exists, God shall infallibly impose even the physical judgment. The annual ratio of admissions into Malta hospital of syphilitic soldiers has been 102 per 1000—much less, certainly, than at home, but sufficient to show that in spite of all human efforts, "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished," Prov. xi. 21. It is well known that many harlots have been from four to six times in lock hospitals; that, indeed, it is as impossible to carry on that accursed commerce without disease being generated, as it is to put the hand into the fire and not be burned. But let our rulers beware of what they do; they may diminish the foul outward sores, but as God liveth, they shall thereby only drive the disease from the surface to the vitals, and then perdition to the nation. There is not one of the speakers at the meeting of the London Lock Hospital so ignorant of human nature as not to know, that supposed immunity from contagion will tempt the soldier and citizen to more frequent acts of vice, and that an increase of vice *shall* bring an increase of woe. This *shall* be the case so long as God exists. If we, then, are bent on leechery, before we cleanse the harlots, let us o'ermaster and annihilate Omnipotence, or He shall give us in exchange for physical disease something more terrible still.

Earl De Grey and Ripon is right in advising the putting of rational occupation and amusement within the reach of the

soldiers. There is nothing to prevent soldiers in great cities, or other quarters, being all collected within barracks at least one hour before sunset, and having on each evening either a concert, a lecture, a historical reading, or other innocent and elevating entertainment. We have not the slightest doubt but that our intelligent citizens, our ministers, our university professors, will haste to offer their services to contribute to the soldiers' enjoyment, and show they can feel for those deprived of the pleasures of a home. A barracks might be like a college. Some of the men would take naturally to arithmetic and algebra, others to music, or history, or poetry, to mechanics, geology, botany, physiology, chemistry, or other branches of science. Government should provide prizes for the most proficient in the different courses, and supply newspapers, serials, and a well-selected library. It will cost the nation less to entertain the mind, than to heal a diseased body. A distinction must now be made between virtue and vice. Let all the soldiers who never have been syphilitic patients, nor guilty of violating any of the rules of the service, be members of the legion of honour, and have a higher pay than the others; and let those who have been in hospital more than once receive not one farthing of pay for the time they have been invalids from their own sin.

The Earl loves speaking in a manly, bold, determined, not in a mawkish way. We are glad of it, and will take courage. Well, do the noblemen who figured at the Lock Hospital meeting *really* desire to benefit the soldier and sailor, and suppress the temptations before which they fall? Then, first, let them have clean hands themselves. They *do* know that intoxicating drinks and whoredom go together. If they have not read the affirmation of Solomon, that when wine has been drunk "thine eyes shall behold strange women," Prov. xxiii. 33; they are doubtless acquainted with the declaration of Bacon, "above all things known to mankind, wine is the most powerful and efficient agent in stirring up and inflaming passions of every kind, and is in a manner a common fuel to sensuous desires in general." Why then did these noblemen drink wine at the meeting, and thus uphold the ruinous drinking customs of the country by their example? They are perfectly aware that drunkenness is the cause of nine-tenths of all the irregularities and insubordination in both army and navy; and that if soldiers and sailors were not first pretty well drunk they would not associate with the unhappy bloated strumpets that infest garrisons and seaports. Since plain speaking is the Earl's order of the day, let us have a little of it. If the aristocracy and our military and naval officers give up their own drinking and whoring, we engage to get the privates and men before the mast to follow their example. If the legislature shut up public houses, and rigidly prevent prostitutes going about for hire, we engage that our hospitals shall

be emptied of syphilitic patients. And this it must do, or the evils will increase, and as the Earl says, "extend to generations yet unborn." Let there be no longer any ignoring of the question, or a reference to it in our shamefully ambiguous style, which cannot hide the festering sores. Let the chaplains of the service take each soldier by the hand, and with a soldier's frankness, say—"Brother, whoremongers God *will* judge," resolve from this moment to be pure in heart and in life; "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God" in peace.

The Duke of Cambridge informs us that the disease produced by harlotry "is rapidly on the increase, and much more serious now than at any former period." Why is this? Is the blood of this generation much more hot and wayward than that of the last? The real cause of the increase is, that there are greater facilities of committing the sin. We hold to our illustration that lust is not like a flowing river, but resembles water in a reservoir which can easily be confined by the embankment of moral and legal restraint. We will hold to the declaration of God—for God *is* true, though every man be a liar, "that a whore is a deep ditch," and that when "she lies in wait for prey, *she increaseth the transgressors among men*," Prov. xxiii. 27, 28. Drunkenness and whoredom rise and fall in the scale, in exact proportion to the encouragement they receive from few or abounding public houses and prostitutes. Our vast army of harlots has certainly overcome our army of soldiers, since the annual admissions into our home hospitals are 354 out of the 1000, and the average length of the cases 24 days. From direct and indirect disease, five per cent. of the strength of the army is constantly lost to the nation by our sinful toleration of prostitution. If we banish the harlots, 950, yea, 900 men will, at any moment, give a greater available force than 1000 at present.

His Royal Highness insults the nation with which he is connected, by affirming it is "false prudery which keeps us from following the lead of other nations." Now, what nation on the Continent does he think a model for Britain? Is any one of them more advanced in morals and religion? Do we hope to imitate any one of them in its regulation of stews, without also taking the attendant curse? Are we so destitute of common sense (of religion, it is quite plain we have none) as to imagine, that by getting rid of physical disease we shall deprive prostitution of its horrors? Will not cleansed harlots draw more customers; will these additional customers not cause a demand for a greater number of strumpets? If some are always to be in quarantine, the supply must be increased. Will not an augmentation of sin lead to more hardness of heart, and greater deprivation of moral principle? Will the decay of national virtue not soon tell upon national freedom and independence? God has wisely ordained that only a virtuous people can be free. If the

nations on the Continent were worthy of freedom she would set up her throne in their midst. Will increased communion with harlots not swell our already disgraceful bill of illegitimacy, till it be as great as in Paris or Vienna? Is it not a fact, that in the rural districts of the Continent where there are no stews or prostitutes, the illegitimacy is only from one-third to one-sixth part of what it is in the cities where the regulated brothels and harlots abound? Does his Royal Highness intend to follow the lead of the other nations in establishing Foundling Hospitals to receive our vast accession of bastards, or will cesspools be provided into which they can be thrown like dead dogs or cats? Are we prepared to follow the lead of other nations in their greater frequency of suicide, of horrible and gigantic crimes, the offspring of a vice-debased heart and soul? Cursed be the hour when Britain attempts to follow the lead of such other nations.

His Royal Highness has insulted the nation, but the Duke of Somerset has gone a step farther and insulted Christianity. Our holy religion has depths of compassion of which this Duke has not the slightest conception. It is true that Christianity is not opposed to alleviating suffering; but washing strumpets of material venom, and then allowing them to go out again and wallow in the mire, is not to alleviate suffering, but to augment it a million fold. It is the genius of Christianity to look both at the present moment and the future—at the soul as well as at the body; whereas, the whole of the speakers we have quoted, regard man as a mere animal, subject to a certain bodily disease; they, one and all, *purposely* keep out of view the ultimate consequences of prostitution, and these are infinitely worse than the plague spots upon the body. Even should we manage (which we never shall) to escape physical contagion, does prostitution not suppose family shame, broken hearts of the mothers and other relatives of harlots? Can a woman be a whore without ceasing to be a woman? Deprive her of delicacy, modesty, and purity; cover her moral nature over with the slime of hell, and she is a woman no longer. She feels herself that she is lost, and sinks year by year into profounder misery and want. Can prostitutes exist without their corrupting our boys, petrifying the hearts of middle-aged men, till they attain the hardness of the rock, and sending hundreds of them to the madhouse for life? And what is most frightful of all, conducting our old men to a slavery compared with which the negro's bloody yoke is Heaven itself. Is the Duke of Somerset ignorant of those revelations of brothel life in London in 1863, at which humanity shudders—of hoary-headed lechers in a state of nudity, surrounded with nude girls, attempting by every human artifice to rouse the enfeebled worn-out frame, to spur expiring energies into a last embrace? Does he, and the other Lords who swelled the chorus of his song, not

believe that cleansing harlots will multiply the number of these most miserable of maniacs? Maniacs possessed by fiends on earth, hurrying to be for ever possessed by fiends in hell; for as God liveth, this maddened desperate panting for putridity is but the emblem of their coming, their eternal doom. Think ye, my Lords, that ye can hold Omnipotence at bay? When ye have washed the body, will ye also wash the soul? Desist at once, your mad attempt will only make Jehovah drive the arrows of His vengeance deeper in. To cleanse the body of material filth, and thereby cause the soul to plunge more deeply into vice, and make *it* drink the wine cup of the Almighty's fury, is cruelty my Lords, damnation cruelty. The sentence which we now pronounce shall be confirmed when time shall be no more. The body's pain, most salutary pain, designed by God to scare us from our sin, is but His warning of the soul's dire agony when He shall pour on it the vials of His wrath.

Christianity alleviates suffering by drying up its sources. It takes diseased harlots, soldiers, sailors, and citizens by the hand; first heals the body, then seeks to heal the soul, always the *worst* diseased, for out of the heart come whoredom and all other sins—by pointing to the blood of Jesus Christ and the renewing influences of the Holy Ghost. And, lastly, she says to the sufferer—"Why will you be stricken again, go and sin no more, lest a worse thing befall you." Is not *this* Christianity a more holy, wise, compassionate, and lovely religion than that which these noblemen profess. Had they assembled to contribute funds to heal the outcasts, and then assist them to find an honest mode of subsistence, our praise would have been more strong than our condemnation is severe. We are glad that Glasgow is to some extent on the right track. In 1860, 71 patients of our Lock Hospital have been taken care of after leaving—14 of that number having been restored to their friends. Next year 15 were sent home, and other 50 provided for.

There is but one remedy; it is the certain remedy, for it is God's remedy. "Thou shalt not suffer a whore to be within thy borders, lest the land fall to whoredom, and the land become full of wickedness," Lev. xix. 29; Deut. xxiii. 17. Is it not true that in consequence of our tolerating whores in our midst, our land *has* fallen to whoredom and has become full of wickedness? Are we not ashamed of the statement made by the Duke of Somerset, that naval officers are afraid to enter our seaports, knowing how quickly their men will be destroyed? Whether do we or the heathen most require missionaries? What would the heathen think of us, were they told that the sailors of this land of Bibles and gospel light are safe only when they shun our fatal shores? The evil has reached such a height, that we will be forced to put God's remedy into operation. Midnight meetings

with harlots will avail nothing. The stream of evil will rush through our cities as strong as ever, even though we have meetings with them every night in the year. As soon as we reclaim some, bawds will entrap fresh victims. Unless we employ the very same common sense in moral matters, which carries us to success in our business affairs, *the world will never be reformed.* Did any mortal man ever see a farmer go into his fields and *entreat* weeds not to grow? Well, in the moral, exactly as in the material, weeds must be pulled up by force—whoredom must be plucked up by the roots. Human nature has such strong tendencies to evil, that it must be restrained by law. God and man both affirm this great truth. Every one who has had anything to do with the rearing of a family, knows that all that is needed to secure broken hearts to the parents, and a miserable life for the children, is to give the children liberty to act as they please. It is not necessary to encourage the growth of evil in a family, only keep restraint away, and there will be a luxuriant growth of self-will, disobedience, and folly. We have lived long enough in the world to know that men and women are only grown up children, with the childish folly of youth matured into the vice of more advanced years. If restraint be indispensable in the family circle where the hearts of children are not so depraved as in men and women, it is infinitely more requisite in the state. A house without parental authority enforced is accursed; and a kingdom without salutary *preventive* laws, shall for ever have its prisons full, and its well-behaved subjects burdened with the support of vice. Men in the mass will not do right, if they have liberty to do wrong. Thus, in the three years, 1861 to 1863, there were brought before the Magistrates 15,811 cases of contravention. No fewer than 1790 landlords and house factors were summoned for having their properties out of repair; and 1444 more for keeping them in a filthy state. In like manner, whoredom is not an evil which will subside of itself, it must be put down by the strong arm of the law.

The point then is settled, that whores are to be prevented going about to look for prey. Our New Police Act gives us the requisite powers.

"Section 158, Clause 30.—'Every Prostitute or night-walker loitering in any Road, Street, Court, or Common Stair, or importuning Passengers, for the Purpose of Prostitution,' shall be liable to a Penalty of Forty Shillings, or in Default of Payment to Imprisonment for Fourteen Days."

"Section 145, Clause 8.—'Every Person who occupies a Building, or part of a Building, and suffers any Breach of the Peace, or riotous or disorderly Conduct within the same, or who occupies a Building, or Part of a Building, or other Place of Public Resort, for the Sale or Consumption of Provisions, or Refreshments of any kind, and knowingly harbours Prostitutes or suffers Persons of notoriously bad Fame, or dissolute Boys or Girls to assemble therein,' shall be liable to a Penalty of Ten Pounds, or alternatively, without Penalty, to Imprisonment for Sixty Days."

Let these clauses be rigidly, most sternly enforced, for no other plan will save the city from the horrors of whoredom. Is it not mercy to prevent the evils we have enumerated? Is it not mercy to the harlots themselves to arrest them in their fatal course, as well as to our every class of citizens who suffer from our abounding prostitution? These clauses shall not be allowed to remain inoperative; law they are, and the law *shall* be put into execution. But who shall see it steadily and relentlessly carried out? *Not the punitive police certainly.* We question if there be a single man out of our 750 constables who believes it possible to banish strumpets from the streets. We have asked many of them of late, and they all declared it impossible; that is, impossible for them, because two witnesses are required, the oath of a single policeman not being sufficient evidence, because prostitutes do not solicit constables, and therefore they could not swear to solicitation; and because when they do take prostitutes to the office, they are generally let out next morning, without being brought before the court, and consequently are again on the streets on the evening of that very same day. We agree with the constables, that without help from volunteer preventive police, they themselves can never rid the city of strumpets. One of them said to us—"Private persons going in couples so as to prove the charge, might rid the streets, but we never could." The truth is, that to get any of our laws properly observed, the *preventive* must come to the aid of the punitive police. The punitives are far too slack, partly on account of the little moral support they get from our citizens. When we saw a victualler in Saltmarket selling meal to an intoxicated woman on Saturday night at half-past twelve o'clock, we went straight to three policemen we found at the corner of St Andrew's Street, and asked if the New Police Act did not require the shutting of the shops by twelve o'clock at latest. They said they believed it did. We further asked if the Magistrates did not sometimes take a walk through the city to see if the laws were kept. This question afforded rich amusement to the constables. One of them, turning up his lip in scorn, exclaimed—"*They* walk through the Saltmarket." We were simple enough to suppose it would be easier for the Magistrates to take an hour's walk once a month in order to prevent crime, than waste some hours every day sitting on the bench to punish it; that it would be more beneficial to walk through the Saltmarket to stay the progress of vice, than at the foot of the same street, assemble every quarter with the Judges to see wretched beings condemned. The Magistrates and the preventive force must strengthen the hands of our constables. We want 1400 volunteer police. We require that number so that they may be on duty but once a fortnight. One hundred of them, forming fifty couples, must patrol the city for several hours in the evening. Any prostitute who accosted

them could be at once handed over to a constable and conveyed to the office. The two would prove the charge on the morrow, and not a single harlot would be allowed to go free without being sentenced. Harlots must now learn that law is law, and shall be enforced. We pity them, but in the right way. To dismiss them next morning is not compassion, but cruelty. Even to take them next morning to a Magdalene Institution instead of to prison, is false compassion. We shall take them there as soon as they have become convinced that they shall not be permitted to continue to destroy our every class of citizens, and lure them to perdition.

We must begin now to imitate, in a small degree, the common sense of God. When Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses, justice smote her, so that she "became leprous, white as snow." Then Moses cried unto the Lord, "Heal her *now*, O God, I beseech thee." God pitied Miriam more than Moses could do, even though He had visited with quick punishment her sin, but He had too much common sense to heal her at once. His words are most remarkable—"If her father had but spit in her face, should she not be ashamed seven days? let her be shut out from the camp seven days, and after that let her be received in again," Num. xii. 14. In God wisdom and compassion always work together, *and at the same time*; Miriam must get a lesson, and through her the whole congregation. In Deut. xxiv. 9, we have these words, "Remember what the Lord thy God did unto Miriam by the way, after that ye were come forth out of Egypt." We wish this common sense of God to be imitated in our dealing with harlots. Every one of them shall be separated from decent women for at least 14 days in prison, and after that let ladies, Directors of the Magdalene Institution, and others, visit them, and assist them to find employment. All of them are fit for work, and very many of them have told us they wished they could find other employment.

Deputations of our preventive police will leave in every brothel a circular, informing the keeper that every prostitute found on the street shall be taken up, and that the sooner they abandon their wretched mode of subsistence the better. The occupants of dwelling houses in the neighbourhood of brothels shall be encouraged to make ceaseless complaints, so that if the circulars have not the proper effect, the fines undoubtedly will.

Some men there are, but they are not Christian men, neither are they well-informed men, who will declare that the suppression of prostitution will lead to greater evils. We will not shirk the question, we seek to escape no difficulty. Well then, say on, what are the greater evils? Will the health of mankind be injuriously affected by continence? God is not a blunderer. His workmanship is perfect. There are adaptations in the body by which excess of semen is carried off without an effort or a thought from

man. The most perfect health is compatible with the most perfect chastity. It will be long before the men of our age go through so much work as Paul after his conversion, and we know his perfect continence gave a vigour and abounding spirit to his constitution, which the demoralised effeminate victims of harlotry never know. What are the greater evils? Are they deeds which may not be named? These are the very deeds which our present prostitution creates. Sodom and Gomorrah were not worse than our brothels are. God in righteous retribution allows men to go from bad to worse. "Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse," 2 Tim. iii. 13. All the ways of torturing and debasing our bodies are exceedingly few in number. God has wisely put limits to the insanity of lust. If men will go to hell, let them go themselves, and not drag poor women with them. But this we know, it is communion with harlots that leads men on to greater crimes. Men are not notorious sinners at once, and very seldom indeed would they attempt rape, or to outrage nature, were they not first hardened by intercourse with prostitutes. What are the greater evils? We suppose they will be the very evils which the rural districts have to endure. Having no strumpets to corrupt them, the rural population have fewer bastards, fewer rapes, few cases of child murder, fewer suicides, and what is counted by the nation's leaders the greatest of all desiderata—freedom from syphilis. How dreadfully Nice has suffered from the total absence of prostitutes—not a single murder during a life time, and only three illegitimates in 41 years in one of its districts, having a population above 4000. The sooner we have such greater evils the better. Let us hear what Paley, one who had a cool and reflecting head if ever man had it, says in his Moral Philosophy upon the subject—

"Fornication supposes prostitution, and prostitution brings and leaves the victims of it to almost certain misery. It is no small quantity of misery in the aggregate, which, between want, disease, and insult, is suffered by those outcasts of human society, who infest populous cities; the whole of which is a *general consequence* of fornication, and to the increase and continuance of which, every act and instance of fornication contributes.

"Fornication produces habits of ungovernable lewdness, which introduce the more aggravated crimes of seduction, adultery, violation, &c. Likewise, however it be accounted for, the criminal commerce of the sexes corrupts and depraves the mind and moral character more than any single species of vice whatsoever. That ready perception of guilt, that prompt and decisive resolution against it, which constitutes a virtuous character, is seldom found in persons addicted to these indulgences. They prepare an easy admission for every sin that seeks it; are, in low life, usually the first stage in men's progress to the most desperate villanies; and, in high life, to that lamented dissoluteness of principle, which manifests itself in a profligacy of public conduct, and a contempt of the obligations of religion and of moral probity. Add to this, that habits of libertinism incapacitate and indispose the mind for all intellectual, moral, and religious pleasures, which is a great loss to any man's happiness.

"Fornication perpetuates a disease, which may be accounted one of the sorest maladies of human nature, and the effects of which are said to visit the constitution of even distant generations. . . . . .

"The avowed toleration, and in some countries the licensing, taxing, and regulating of public brothels, has appeared to the people an authorising of fornication, and has contributed, with other causes, so far to vitiate the public opinion, that there is no practice of which the immorality is so little thought of or acknowledged, although there are few in which it can more plainly be made out. The legislators who have patronised receptacles of prostitution, ought to have foreseen this effect, as well as considered, that whatever facilitates fornication, diminishes marriages. And, as to the usual apology for this relaxed discipline, the danger of greater enormities, if access to prostitutes were too strictly watched and prohibited, it will be time enough to look to that when the laws and the magistrates have done their utmost. The greatest vigilance of both will do no more, than oppose some bounds and some difficulties to this intercourse. And, after all, these pretended fears are without foundation in experience. The men are in all respects the most virtuous, in countries where the women are most chaste."

The cost of whoredom in Glasgow, between the wages of iniquity, the property stolen, and the expense of attempting to cure disease, is more than a million sterling a year. There are some other items which we need not mention, as the Christians of our day, and the leaders of the nation never take them into account, as hardened hearts, seared consciences, madness, suicides, and the everlasting ruin of thousands of immortal souls. Money is nothing, and the soul is nothing; the only thing that patriots and statesmen can look at, is the disease of the body.

We charge the Ruin Investment with three-fourths of the evils of whoredom in Britain. Drink is the instrument by which harlots are obtained, by which they are sustained, by which they plunder their visitors, by which they quench their conscience, drown their shame, deaden for a short season their suffering, by which they are rendered incorrigible, and hurried off to perdition. Brothel life would be unbearable without the *Satanic* alleviation of strong drink.

It is time for us now to tabulate the returns from the Ruin Investment. We have extended our remarks to double the length we intended, and find we have not yet taken notice of one-half of the returns. We have said nothing about the loss of ships and life at sea, through the drunkenness of our sailors; the saving which would be effected in every kind of insurance were we all abstainers; of the havoc strong drink creates in the church at home—of ministers deposed, of members by the thousand abandoning connection with the church; of the heathen slandering our holy religion, and our making the name of Jesus Christ to stink in their nostrils, when they regard him as the God of drunken worshippers; of the potency of alcohol in resisting and quenching the influences of the Holy Ghost; of its leading children to mock at inebriated parents, which it has done ever since Noah lay intoxicated within his tent; of its speedily extinguishing the light of genius, perverting reason, hardening the heart, searing the conscience, binding the will; of its myriad ramifications, which time would fail us to enumerate.

To cash annually invested by Glasgow to procure ruin, ... £870,481

Is there a man in Glasgow who can look upon the very inadequate and incomplete table of returns on the opposite page, and not declare it were better a million fold that the money were cast into the river, than purchase with it such a load of ruin—a load which, great as it seems, is only a grain compared with what is hid from the public eye? Who shall count the broken hearts that silently bear a load of sorrow that presses down to the rest of the grave? Who shall describe the loneliness produced by neglect and want—the hope of years of happiness exchanged for the misery of the inebriate's home? There are scenes yearly occurring in our midst, at sight of which the whole city would burst into tears. Who shall fathom the depths of degradation to which strong drink conducts its victims? Who shall estimate the extent to which the public mind has become deadened by constant familiarity with the spectacle of helpless drunkenness—so deadened, that troops of children, and even men and women, follow the tottering footsteps of the intoxicated, to sport with beclouded reason, and tempt to blasphemy, instead of feeling the burning blush mantle the cheek at the public exhibition of a brother's or a sister's shame—instead of lifting up the interceding eye for grace and mercy to the fallen—a throng, totally unconscious of the presence of One who was intently gazing on the scene, even that God with whom no evil shall dwell, and in whose sight fools shall not be permitted to stand? Who shall estimate ruin eternal? Would to God the whole city could stand for one half hour on the other side of the grave, and look upon the Ruin Investment in the light of eternity! Then each man and woman would at once banish strong drink, the destroyer—the chief agent of Hell—from their dwelling, and insist that the desolating traffic be stopped for ever.

Citizens of Glasgow, say if it be not *the* Ruin Investment, and if you will any longer be contributors. He who spends only one shilling a-year upon intoxicating drinks is a contributor to the Ruin Investment, and the contribution of his example is great and fatal in proportion to the smallness of his contribution in cash; and it is the moderate, respectable drinkers whom God holds responsible for the sin of upholding our ruinous drinking customs.

Page

26. By 500 lives, and £30,000, being one-half of loss from the slaughter pens.
49. By 1,500,000 pledges, and £24,000, being proportion of loss from pawns, loan societies, and credit clubs.
51. By 15,714 small debt actions, 37,500 arrestments, and £5000, being one-half of the actions and expense.
54. By £51,205, being half of poor rates for 30,000 paupers.
55. By poverty, starvation, and broken hearts.
58. By £8500, being half of benevolent subscriptions.
74. By 100 wives made widows, and 40 husbands made widowers.
80. By wife beating and child starving.
82. By 1000 infants indirectly murdered.
84. By 3000 children, above 10 years, growing up without education.
85. By heathen darkness under the sunshine of the gospel.
88. By loss of wages, £80,000.
90. By robbery and moral degradation through the treating system.
94. By say 1000 lives lost through alcohol, the germ of the proximate causes of disease.
98. By proportion of medical attendance, &c., £26,500.
99. By 30 persons drowned, 18 sudden deaths, 16 fatal accidents, 15 suicides, 10 dead bodies of infants found exposed, and 10 deaths in the Royal Infirmary.
107. By 2 murders, 40 serious assaults, 4850 robberies, 3300 assaults simple, 25,887 cases of drunk and incapable, and drunk and disorderly.
107. By £60,000, proportion expended in punishing crime.
108. By 162 lunatics, out of 931 at present in Glasgow.
125. By 1800 girls deprived of chastity, and 1000 bastards.
152 and 175. By 250 prostitutes hurried annually to the grave, and fresh girls entrapped through drink to supply their place; by disease, withered hearts, seared consciences, fiendish souls, and ruin eternal; the produce of whoredom supported by drink. By at least £400,000, the proportion of the expense of whoredom.
175. By ministers deposed, members forsaking the church, Christianity spurned by the heathen; by children corrupted, and parental authority despised; by soldiers and sailors plundered and destroyed; by ships lost at sea, by fires on land; by oaths and blasphemies, adulteries and fornications, without number, &c.

Those who have already become drunkards, are God's beacons set up in providence to warn us off the fatal track. The alluring influence of example comes from moderate drinkers, and from them alone. Will nothing shame the members of the church out of their contributing to the Ruin Investment, and thereby maintaining our national idolatry? Will we not blush to have it told that Glasgow requires seven barrows to convey its helplessly intoxicated citizens, chiefly women, to the police station? That amidst the laughter of hundreds of children, and of men and women, in this *professedly Christian* city, our demoralised fellow creatures are daily hurled through the streets? How dare we call ourselves Christians, when we are worse than murderers? Of late, the doctrine of infant salvation has pervaded the whole church, that infants of every description, whether dying of disease, or thrust out of the world by an inhuman hand, whether belonging to saint or sinner, immediately enter the regions of bliss. Barbarous parents guilty of infanticide, send their children straight to heaven; we, worse than they, send our grown-up children straight to hell, by the corrupting and blasting influences which every day proceed from our Ruin Investment. We never behold a mob of children surrounding a barrow on which lies a drunken woman, and shouting and yelling at the sickening sight, but the blood rushes in indignation through our brain, at the apathy of feeling which can permit generation after generation of young immortals, to become so hardened as to rejoice over what should bring bitterest tears to the eyes. And this in the city which is to flourish by the preaching of the word.

If any think we write in an improper strain, let them come with us on a Saturday evening at 11 o'clock, when our 1750 public houses vomit out their victims, and we shall show them what abundant cause we have to write in a far more intensely vehement style. On Saturday evening, 17th Oct., 1863, we left the house at a quarter before 11 o'clock, so as to be at the Cross at that hour. We moved down and up Saltmarket from 11 till 1, to take note of what we saw. A few of the horrid scenes then beheld, we give in the order they occurred. No. 1. At 10 minutes past 11, at the head of Saltmarket, in a line with London Street, a mother was entreating her son, a lad about 19 years of age, to come home. He was conversing with a companion who, like himself, was partially intoxicated. She continued entreating, though he savagely ordered her away. At last he attacked her, and gave her at least fifty blows in the face, while she kept crying out, "I'm his mother, I'm his mother," and a young prostitute at our side shrieked out, "O Jesus!" He felled her on the pavement, against which the back of her head struck with great force. A crowd immediately collected, the police rushed in, and took the inhuman wretch, *inhuman through drink*, to the office.

The drink gave the mother a face which would scarcely be heal in a month, the young man imprisonment, and made the public pay the cost of his maintenance there. No. 2. We proceeded down the street, and had advanced only 30 yards when a man, totally incapable of walking, tried to cross the street before us. He stumbled in the centre of the street, and came down as swiftly as if he had been dead matter, his head striking one of the whin stones with a noise which made us suppose he must be killed. In about a minute, some twenty men and three policemen were gathered around him. They tried to lift him and to get him to speak, but for five minutes he gave no sign of consciousness. Then he gave a low moan, and uttered some incoherent guttural expressions. We shuddered as we perceived the policemen and bystanders only laughing at this most miserable sight. One of the constables stood at the head waving a handkerchief to give the insensible victim of alcohol a little air. We waited a few minutes, but as there was no change, moved down the street. No. 3. A few closes below Princes Street, a long tall thin fellow, more than six feet high, who seemed to have got as much as a couple of glasses of whisky, offered some offensive remark to one of a cluster of girls, who were evidently of loose character, and were dressed in shortgowns and coats. She sprung at him like a tigress, and planted her fist in his face. He retreated to the middle of the street, but she followed close up, and sparred with all the art of a trained pugilist. She was a demon in human shape, and blind of one eye. "Come on, ye b——, and I'll do for you; I'll put your heart in your e'e; you low b——, you would gie me your blagyard talk." Her opponent offered no defence, being stupefied with the suddenness and fierceness of the attack. Not one in the demoralised crowd but enjoyed the scene, and encouraged the fight. No. 4. When we got to the foot of Salt-market, there were two drunk men standing at the door of a public house and quarrelling. One of them struck the other a blow on the cheek and ran off. The other pursued, crying, "Come here, and, by the Holy Christ, I'll bash yer head to pieces." The profane and odious language we quote is as painful to us as it must be to the reader. This language which is a disgrace to a Christian city, is one of the fruits of our Ruin Investment. It is when alcohol has dethroned reason, that the fiends of the pit use the human tongue to blaspheme the God of heaven and earth, to make light with the name that is above every name—at mention of which there should well up a stream of gratitude in every Christian's heart. We have resolved to give the language we heard, that we may ask ourselves this one question—"What effect can the pollution that flows from the mouth of the drunken have upon the thousands of children that listen to it daily?" God pity such children, we could almost wish they were reared among the heathen. Will the converted heathen

not pity us, and send some of their brethren over to our rescue?

No. 5. Coming up the street, we found two intoxicated lads about 17 years of age. One of them was dancing with passion and struggling to get free. "Come up the close till we kick the bloody whore." Oh, no, ye'll get the office, suggested his comrade. "What though we do, we'll hae the satisfaction o' kicking the bloody whore." Who the person so styled was we did not know, but we before and afterwards heard drunken men apply the same title to each other, so stupid and brutal do men become through drink. No. 6. On the opposite side, two doors above St Andrew's Street, a poor starved-looking woman, dressed in a tattered gown and mutch, with an infant in her arms, is following a dark visaged lounging fellow in moleskins, who has been drinking freely. She is beseeching him for a little money. They are man and wife, and instead of having gone home with his wages, it is evident he has gone to the public house with companions. The entreaty for money is answered by a heavy blow in the face which sends her reeling against the wall. Some women immediately shriek out for the police, but they are not at hand, and the cowardly villain escapes, while the wretched wife is left bruised and weeping. No. 7. Two men, heated with drink, in front of the Leviathan public house, corner of London Street, attack each other with the fury of wild beasts. We have often seen with what ferocity dogs spring at each other, but this matches any thing we have ever beheld. Not a moment is lost in sparring, the blows are like a shower of hail. In less than a minute they are four times down, they darting to close quarters the instant they rise. This was the first scene on Sabbath morning, and it the preparation Sabbath for the October communion. No. 8. At half-past 12 o'clock, there is a great uproar at the Cross. A decent Scotch lad, about 24 years, seemingly a mason to trade, has got his pocket picked of all his wages, except one shilling. He has been drinking heavily, but can stand and walk. Coming towards the Cross from the Gallowgate, some low class thieves have jostled him and emptied his pocket, leaving only a shilling. There are about 300 men and boys in front of him, and he is challenging them all to fight. "Come on, ye d—— low keelies; ye would pit yer han' into a decent man's pouch. I hae a shilling left yet, ye d—— prigs. Come on, and, by Christ, I'll fecht every prig in the town. Ye would pit your hand into a decent man's pouch, d—— yer souls. Will ony decent man haud my bundle, and I'll fecht every low keelie before me." Some of the low scoundrels thus challenged are approaching to try his mettle, when we succeeded in getting him to go home—without his wages however. Dearly do men pay for their whisky. At this time several of the shops in Saltmarket are open, the shutters are on, but the doors wide open

and customers within. We address three policemen standing together—"You have a horrid time of it in this locality." "No, no," said one of them laughing, "we have a merry time o't here; we never weary on this beat, we never get time to weary; and yet the public say we are gentlemen, and have nothing to do." We turned away from men who could make merry over human nature in its ruin. And yet, six months on that beat would, we believe, harden any man. No. 9. At five minutes to 1, a low-class bareheaded strumpet is passing the Tontine, when a boy of 14 years—how are such children allowed to be out at that hour? —out of mischief gives her petticoat a pull, and then runs off. She pursues him with limbs and tongue at the same moment—"Oh! ye bloody bastard o' d————, ye bastard o' hell," but here the language got so frightfully disgusting, we dare not quote. She made the air thick with curses, we wish no human ear had heard. The prostitutes in Glasgow are the most abandoned in Britain, if not in the world, partly owing, we believe, to the quantity of fiery demoniac liquor they consume. Last time we were in Manchester in 1863, we took a stroll at 9 p.m. along Lower Mosley Street; when at St Peter's Square, a girl accosted us with—"Do you wish a sweetheart, sir?" We stopt. She was my sister, the daughter of my mother Eve. Laying one hand on her shoulder, and pointing up with the other, we said, "May He that sees us, keep both you and me from sin. God pity you, poor girl, and help you to find some other way of living. Do try to get something else to do." Before we had time to offer her a trifle, for it is cruel to give a prostitute advice without alms, she having at the time no honest income, she, in a subdued tone, whispered, "Thank you, sir," and moved away like a stricken deer. We have spoken to girls in Glasgow in a similar strain, and either got the most revolting language, or been quickly ordered to the pit. There are perhaps as many as 300 of them, out of the 2500, so degraded, that we know we shall have very great difficulty with them. This is the reason we insist on taking them all up to prison at first, before we devise for them some mode of honest maintenance. They must become convinced, that almost incorrigible as they are, they shall be subdued, if not by kindness, then by law. They cannot and shall not be allowed any longer to be city pests. We blame the harlots for utterly deadening the feelings of our police. We do not know which to pity most, the prostitute driven and pushed by a policeman, or the policeman who unfeelingly swears at her. The common address is, "Away wi' you, off wi' you, you d—— bitch." No. 10. Hearing a great outcry opposite the Tron steeple, we hasten on to learn the cause, but find it is merely a lad of 17 years, lying flat on the middle of the street. He is pretty drunk, and is resisting the efforts of an elder brother to drag him home. At this time a man is hurled past us on a barrow,

but this is too common an occurrence to be mentioned. No. 11. Returning towards the Saltmarket, we meet two intoxicated bareheaded prostitutes coming down High Street, followed by 15 men. The one is a tall strong girl, who has her right arm round the waist of her companion, and with the left hand holds her head by the hair as tightly as if it were in a vice. The one thus held is about a foot less in height, and is greatly inferior in strength to her tormentor, who is dragging her along to some haunt in Saltmarket. She has with both hands seized the big one by the hair of the head, and is pulling at it with all her might. The pain makes her cry out, "Don't tear oot my hair, you wee b——, don't tear oot my hair." The tall one now more fiercely pulls down the head of the other, which causes her in turn to shriek out with pain. The brutal expression on the face of the strongest, and the weeping tortured countenance of the other, now and then hid by the dishevelled hair of both is frightful to look at. The men are following and regarding the struggle as if it were a fight between two dogs. Some are for separating them, others are shouting to leave them alone. Were these two girls at one time infants smiling on a mother's knee? Oh! young men, and old men, how complete is the ruin you bring upon those you were made to protect and cherish. Know that the girls you have seduced—girls transformed into fiends of the pit—girls whom you would *now* shudder to sit beside, *shall* be chained to you in the life to come. You sowed the seed of their degradation, and you *shall* reap the fruit of their seared soul, their withered, dried-up heart. And let patriotic statesmen learn in time, that the *spiritual* venom which results from vice, constitutes the real horrors of whoredom. What disease is there to be compared with a woman's heart despoiled of every virtue, a soul most cruel, vile, and desolate, hurrying on to everlasting ruin? We took a final walk down the Saltmarket at 1 a.m. At almost every close mouth, even at that hour, there were from two to four girls and women leaning against the wall, and chatting with each other. The dungeons they inhabit, no doubt, send them to the street for air, and having no books to read, nothing within the house to divert the mind, they naturally come out for some recreation. Alas! what recreation from beholding sights so melancholy as we have described. What training for the young! From these closes between 11 and 12 o'clock, we heard constant yells and shrieks from girls subjected to familiarities quite shocking. We too often gazed on drink awakened lust, with its gloating eye panting for opportunity, as dogs strain in the slips. We are not surprised at 1722 bastards being born in Glasgow in 1863, but we are astonished there were not 3000, and 3000 there will yet be, unless we speedily succeed in shutting up the lust enflaming, the demoralising, brutalising, whisky shops.

The scenes we have described, and many others, impressed us with the idea that hell had been specially let loose that night. We could not forbear muttering mechanically nearly all the time —"Oh, God! this is dreadful." We resolved to go again next Saturday to see if drink, the same cause, would produce the same effects. On the following Monday we took a forenoon's walk through this street, in which the late Pandemonic carnival had been held. Our indignation rose to the boiling pitch, when we discovered that there was not a single baker or flesher's shop in the whole street, while there were no fewer than seven and twenty crime and ruin manufactories. We went straight to the Town Clerk's office to consult the printed list of licensed public houses, and found the rental of the 27 whisky shops to be the enormous sum of £1578 15s per annum. No wonder that the Saltmarket is the suburbs of the pit. Do our Magistrates and Justices of the Peace not blush to have it told that there are five whisky shops adjoining each other, in a consecutive run, with nothing between them but a close; the first at No. 129, then 133 and 135, then 137, 141 and 143? Do they consider whisky to be the one essential element of existence for the poverty-stricken inhabitants of that most miserable street? Do they not know from their experience on the bench, that intoxicating drinks are the cause of our poverty and crime? We plainly tell them, that on their head the blood of innumerable thousands rests. If they, in ignorance, from year to year licensed these dens of infamy they would be excusable, but they do it in full knowledge of the certain results, and therefore on them the responsibility lies. They cannot say that the inhabitants of Saltmarket require 27 public houses for refreshments, for they must know there is not an atom of nourishment in a million gallons of whisky. They also know that the people are too poor to purchase both food and intoxicating drinks. The Saltmarket contains 1 cooking depot, 2 eating houses, and 18 milk, grocer, and provision shops, many of which are so small that the united rents of ten of them is not nearly so much as the rent of the largest public house. One of these small provision shops was closed; on inquiring next door, we were informed it was shut up for want of custom. The people are so poor, demoralised, and wretched, they can buy nothing but whisky. And the quantity of it they can purchase is indicated by the rental of £1578 15s a year. It takes many hundred pounds on a Saturday night to get up the scenes we have described.

On the following Saturday, the day before our Communion Sabbath, we again left the house, about 11 p.m., to observe if like cause would produce like effect. We were even more shocked than on the preceding Saturday, for we saw more mere children reeling on the street. Three boys, not older than 14, 12, and 11, arm in arm, are moving down the Saltmarket in a

peculiar zigzag manner, the one in the middle so helplessly drunk as to be swaying east, west, and south every moment. A girl, seemingly about 11 years, who has got her head quite dizzy with drink, instead of going home, as an elder female acquaintance desires her, is pushing and driving at a number of keelie lads from 14 to 17 years. If she be not a prostitute already, she will not escape uninjured out of such company. Two young barefooted, wild-looking girls, are asking two lads about 16 years, to come down to the foot of Saltmarket with them, for purposes of prostitution, we have good cause to suspect. A woman, dressed in a shawl and bonnet, is sitting on the street, her limbs refusing to carry her home. Her son, a lad of 15 years, is drawing at her as if she were a bag of coals. "Come home wi' you, you drunken beast; get up wi' you, and come home," the big tears streaming down his cheeks all the time. We order him to leave her alone, but he pulls the wilder, replying, "Well, she has no business to get drunk, the drunken beast." Further down the street, a tipsy Irishman, evidently an admirer of Donnybrook fair, is giving a general invitation to fight. Then an intoxicated man and woman are quarrelling up to striking pitch, and a number of brutes, in the shape of men, are backing the woman. Heart sick of these scenes, and finding that the same cause, *whisky*, had again produced the same effects, even on the Saturday before our communion; we, at a few minutes before twelve, took a stroll up the river side, a little above the Humane Society House. What a change. Silence reigns around. How delicious is the cool air fanning the cheek. We feel we are in a new world, for we are away from man—from man, under whose fallen nature this fair creation groans. The stillness brought the beautiful lines of Young to our recollection—

> "Creation sleeps; 'tis as the general pulse
> Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
> An awful pause, prophetic of its end."

How gentle and soothing, and yet impressive, are the voices of nature to the heart. The moon by dark clouds is obscured, yet now breaks forth in sweetest silvery rays, as if to cheer the downcast heart, as if to tell all darkness is from earth, all light and love from heaven. The rippling of the stream attracts the ear. Gently it whispers, "Life is moving on." These waters to the ocean glide, their race is only half a day; and ere to-morrow's sun shall set, some thirty souls, the city's daily loss, shall flee beyond the stars. But whither dost thou bear us, Time? If to yon radiant shore, "where tempests never beat nor billows roar," bear us on. For that bright home, without a sigh, we'll leave the childhood of our being; bear us on, bear us on. And yet, we would not go until we see the dawning of a better day. When we lie low, and this same bank by feet unborn is trod, shall

then the bosom of this stream be sought by ruined and by maddened ones, shall then the cup of poison slay as now, or shall these placid waters roll coequal with the stream of righteousness, and peace, and joy, that flows through every heart? Hark, the clocks strike twelve. The city bells announce another week has sped with its sad tales of guilt straight to the judgment books, there to record the deeds that make death frightful, and the future, woe. Let us arise and work. Before we pass away, let each man sow the seeds of times more blessed, adorn his native city with the plants that bloom fer ever.

Crossing the Green from the Dead House, in the direction of Charlotte Street, when near to Nelson's monument, we hear a woman's piteous voice entreating a man, whom she names, to desist. Before we approach, they rise and proceed towards the common foot path. The woman walks unsteadily; plainly she is on the verge of intoxication, while the man seems to have got very little liquor, as he can both walk steadily and support the girl. In an instant you see the cause of three-fourths of our bastardy. How often do moments like these end in the ruin of the one that, alas! is not to blame. At that late hour, we see several prostitutes proceeding with men to retired portions of the Green. At the judgment God will not require to speak. The books will need not to be opened. Before the eyes of wretched sinners, let that Green arise, its witness is enough; at sight of it the maddened slaves of lust and drink shall flee in horror to the shades of woe. Creation thou are groaning for the hour when from thy liquid centre shall burst forth the purifying flame, the lava flood, sublimer than the watery deluge of the distant past, the fiery ocean God the Holy placed within thy womb, ere time began, to cleanse thee from the foul putridity of man.

When we reached the Cross, the streets were not quite so noisy as on the preceding Sabbath morning, because the rain in the earlier part of the evening had prevented so many persons being abroad. As we passed along the Trongate, out from a close opposite the Tontine, came a girl weeping, and with dishevelled hair. She was followed by two men who were attempting to calm her. The whole three had been drinking heavily, and from her remarks, we gathered they had been guilty of the most damnable of all robberies, had tried to break a sister's heart, and plant a scorpion of remorse within their own. This is the conclusion to public dancing on a Saturday night. Many prostitutes, scarcely able to keep their feet, we found loitering in different parts of Trongate. Some of them were surrounded by young lads, who, by putting obscene questions, drew out replies which showed the speaker to have an idiotic as well as a degraded mind. Turning up Hutcheson Street, we found three women incapable of walking, leaning up against the wall. The one supported by Keppie's door could not utter a single word. We

asked her in every possible way where she lived, but could get nothing from her but a grunt, resembling that which proceeds from a sow. There were three night constables standing at the corner of Wilson Street, and we entreated them to see the woman taken in safety to the office; but they are so accustomed to such sights, they merely laughed at us, saying, we would see plenty of more fun on the road home. This is the most frightful return from the Ruin Investment, women made lower than beasts—women exposing themselves, utterly defenceless, to the brutalities of any passer by; for when they are in a condition in which they cannot offer the slightest resistance, the demon qualities of man's fallen heart too often arise into instantaneous action. We know that there are many hundreds of working men's wives who thus expose themselves; a just punishment on those who first lead them to a public house, and put within their hands the treacherous glass.

Why does Glasgow present such scenes on preparation and communion Sabbaths? Is she altogether a heathen city? Bitterly as we have written against our native city, we will let no other condemn her. With all her faults, we do not know her like. None more anxious than she to reclaim earth's moral wilderness. She freely gives her gold to send the gospel to the ends of earth. At home her deeds are great. She nobly led the van, when, in 1843, the children of the martyrs, as by enchantment reared 700 churches on their native soil, swift as if Aladdin's lamp were in their hands—a deed unmatched in ages that are past. And ever since, her generous heart has scattered schools and temples all around. To her the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the poor, the sick, stretch out the hands for aid, and not in vain. She tends the suffering from the cradle on to feeblest old age. She lifts the fallen with a gentle touch, and with her sympathising tears prepares the withered heart to hear again the voice of spring, the melody that ever sounds in virtue's holy path. Her merchant princes write their names on institutions which shall bless mankind, and be their monument when lettered stones above the grave have mouldered quite away. Yea, more, we know she has freely offered life upon the altar of humanity; how, in the dead of night, roused by the knocking of a ragged child, the heart of love has sped to point departing sinners to the Lamb of God, and soothe the trembling heart with balm of hope divine—and then to take that dying man's disease, and in a fortnight haste to seize its crown of life. Already in the front, she rushes forth with rapid strides to take the foremost place among the cities of the earth. Why is it, then, that this noble city, with its 172 churches, its 6000 Sabbath school teachers, its normal training schools, of which it is the founder, its ancient University, its innumerable institutions of beneficence and piety; whose commerce encircles the globe, whose beautiful specimens of

marine architecture are the admiration of the world; why does she present so much irreligion, wretchedness, and crime? Because there has not been wisdom in her philanthropy. Because she has, like the other cities of the empire, placed the moral in battle array against the physical, although the moral can no more contend with the physical, than the baying of a dog can arrest the setting of the sun.

As this is a truth of infinite importance, and as upon its entrance into the mind and conscience, the temporal salvation of this city and of the world depends, we will briefly illustrate it here, and fully develop it when we come to inquire, by direct experiment, into the physiological action of alcohol upon the human frame. We will confine our present remarks to the metaphysical aspect of the question. Whether the human soul be one simple atom of spirit, entirely of one form and nature like a drop of water, *the whole* of which is capable of every possible function of mind, as judgment, memory, will, &c., or a certain portion of spirit, containing several separate and distinct faculties or powers of thought, corresponding in their independency of each other, with the five senses of the body, we neither know nor seek to know. The mind may have several senses of thought, if we may so speak, or it may have only one, and that one able to judge, remember, conceive, decide, &c.; this is a point beyond our reach to ascertain. The one *fact* to which we call special attention is this—that some of these mental powers may be suspended, may be asleep, while others are awake and are in operation; and that it is the nobler powers as reason, conscience, and will, which are slumbering, while the inferior ones are in action. Every one acquainted with dreaming knows this to be the case. "I sleep, but my heart waketh," saith Solomon in his Song, v. 2. Young begins his Night Thoughts with the same truth—

> "I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
> Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought
> From wave to wave of fancied misery
> At random drove, *her helm of reason lost.*"

Shakespeare well knew this fact. In Othello he says—

> "There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
> That in their sleep will mutter their affairs;
> One of this kind is Cassio.
> In sleep I heard him say—'*Sweet Desdemona,*
> *Let us be wary, let us hide our loves.*'
> And then sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
> Cry, *O Sweet Creature!* and then kiss me hard
> As if he plucked up kisses by the roots
> That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
> Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd, and then
> Cried, *Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor.*"

This delineation of the heart and lust of Cassio being awake,

while his reason slept, for he never would have acted thus foolishly had it been awake, might be the invention of Iago, but is a true description of what happens every day. Many men must be conscious, that when in the state of light slumber, we call dozing, trains of thought, sometimes foolish, at other times vicious, pass through the mind *without interruption*, which would be instantly suppressed, cast out, were they awake. Those men especially will have taken notice of this to whom such trains were offensive and abhorrent. Well, it is the special aim and mission of alcohol to lull asleep the nobler powers, while, at the same time, it awakes to intense action all the inferior and hateful class. Millions of criminals have asserted, that but for the irresistible power of alcohol over them, they never would have committed the crimes for which they were tried, and doubtless they spoke the truth. Thousands even have been ignorant of their crimes until told of them, after they had become sober. It is a thing of daily and hourly occurrence for men to behave like fools when partially intoxicated, and then beg pardon when reason begins to awake. When Burns, under the influence of drink, had insulted a gentleman, his restored reason wrote—

"The friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send,
(Not moody madness more astray)
Who but deplores that hapless friend.

Mine was the insensate frenzied part,
Ah! why should I such scenes outlive—
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart,
'Tis thine to pity and forgive."

Moral agency, such as religious training, education, good advice, can never contend with a physical agent like alcohol, because—

1st. The moral may be and generally is resisted, while the physical acts with the certainty and omnipotence of a law of nature. On some Sabbaths there may be 90,000 persons in our churches. Many, very many of them are not affected by the gospel preaching. At the close of the services, give to each a couple of glasses of intoxicating drink, and there is not one of the 90,000 upon whom alcohol will not act. The issues of that material sermon God alone could estimate. At the very least, the ancient proverb would be verified, "*When wine is in, wisdom is out.*" There are 60,000 children who attend our Sabbath schools. Not a single teacher but has been almost wearied out with the frivolity and, in many cases, the wildness of his scholars, and downcast as he perceived from their conduct the little impression he was making. Give to each a glass of strong drink, and that lesson shall infallibly operate upon all; every teacher in the city would, from the consequent folly and helplessness of

his children, be for ever convinced that the moral cannot contend with the physical. Assemble 5000 of our working men in the City Hall, and let them be addressed by the best speakers in the empire, by the mind and eloquence of the Social Science Association, on the necessity of self-government in order to rise in the scale of being; at the close, give each two glasses of alcoholic liquor, and these shall so strike down the powers of self-control, that more liquor will be taken, and the numbers brought before our Magistrates on the morrow for disorderly conduct and assaults will proclaim the omnipotence of the physical.

2d. The moral cannot contend with the physical, because in the contest there is only one side. The guardian powers of the soul are captured by stratagem before the battle begins. That which enables a man to resist temptation to evil is his conscience, his reason, his will, his knowledge of his duty, of the penalty of transgression, of what he owes to God, &c.; but alcohol, before it drives a man to sin, takes care to bind reason, conscience, and will, and to make him forget all consequences. It is a dread mysterious power which alcohol has over the human mind. The soul can in this life think only in connection with the brain. Its mode of thought, when separate from the body, is, of course, beyond our ken. The effect of death may be to impair and diminish its power of perception, while leaving its faculty of conception in all its strength. The difference between a human spirit and an angel may be, that the soul of man can best *perceive* in connection with the body, while the angel can best perceive without being united to a material organization. The resurrection body is probably required to meet the wants of the soul in reference to its function of perception. But whatever may be the power of thought possessed by the soul when separate from the body, there is no more certain fact than this, that it can think in this life only by means of its organ the brain. And the atrocious nature of alcohol is to operate *first* on that portion of the brain which is the eye of the soul, on the higher and frontal region, upon whose regular healthy undisturbed action the exercise of reason entirely depends. A single glass of intoxicating liquor excites *that* region to some extent in every individual—that excitement is detrimental to the calm, clear, steady, penetrating glance of judgment—it is a shaking of the balance. Take some more liquor, and the excitement becomes greater, the head more giddy, the mind more confused. A little more, and the person is in a fit of temporary insanity. Intoxication, dreaming, and madness, are alike in their two great points. 1st. The trains of thought are not under the control of reason either in their origin or continuation. 2d. What is not true or right, is believed to be true or right, the mind being the dupe of a delusion, and action being based upon the false impression. Intoxicated men constantly take offence when no offence is intended, and thus continual

quarrels and assaults arise. Society daily acts under the conviction that drink in the head incapacitates a man for right thinking or acting; it never tenders advice to a man in that condition, its only object is to get him home, to allow him to sleep that his reason may recover.

When in this state of temporary insanity, it is plain the physical must conquer, for the moral is drugged, is lying prostrate and insensible. Reason is then of no more service to the soul to defend it from sin, than a helplessly intoxicated sentinel could be to a beleagured fortress. Shakespeare in Othello has described the working of alcohol upon the brain with an unrivalled hand—he could do so, for drink affected men then exactly as now.

Iago. "If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog." &c.

Iago was right; he succeeded in making Cassio play the fool to his heart's content.

Cassio.—"Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow!—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil! I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouth, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts! I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil."

3d. Not the most extensive religious knowledge, the most advanced Christian experience, nor even the grace of the Holy Ghost, can prevent alcohol affecting the brain, and thereby dethroning the reason. There are two classes of men, both equally ignorant, and both equally deserving of condemnation. The first is composed of abstainers who are not true Christians, and who regard teetotalism as the one grand necessary virtue among men, the cure for all the world's woes, the passport to heaven. These monomaniacs are ignorant of the truth, that he who would reform society must first reform himself in *all* points, that abstinence is only one branch of self-government, and that though every individual in the three kingdoms were an abstainer to-morrow, moral evil would still exist, though not to the same extent; that out of the fallen heart would still come what would defile and destroy society. A teetotaler may be covetous, a niggard, a cheat, a liar, a swearer, a fornicator, or adulterer. The other class is made up of well-meaning Christians, orthodox in theological creed, though sadly astray when they speak of temperance. Their favourite cry is, that "the gospel and not tee-

totalism is the remedy for the ills that afflict society." Now, will they tell us what they mean when they so speak? Do they mean to affirm the gospel is not already in Britain, that it is not preached in our Glasgow churches every Sabbath day? We have the gospel, and we have also the returns from the Ruin Investment. There are thousands upon thousands of our church members who are frequently intoxicated in the course of a month. Do they mean the gospel *savingly* applied to the heart for the reformation of the whole life? They surely know that the saving application is the work, not of man, but of the Holy Ghost. No one can, in our day, go forth and put his hand upon the head of a brother, and say, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." And though we had that power, we could not with it arrest the returns from the Ruin Investment, if we continued to use the liquor. The Holy Ghost would not work a miracle in order to prevent the alcohol acting on the brain in accordance with its nature. A sufficient quantity of intoxicating drink would have made all the Apostles drunk; and, we speak it with reverence, that had our Master been a wine-bibber, a drinker of alcoholic liquor, even His brain would have been injured exactly as our own. Do they reply that the grace of the Divine Spirit would lead men to partake moderately, and that thus the evils of excess would never occur? He that answers thus is a fool, *and contradicts God himself.* Had Noah not grace; did he not go to excess when he lay in his tent so helplessly drunk that Ham made sport over the unseemly sight? Had Lot not grace, and yet did he not go to excess; did he not, under the influence of wine, perform the most infamous deeds? Had the Jewish nation during the time that Isaiah prophesied no grace? and yet God himself informs to what excess the nation went.

"But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment," Isaiah xxviii. 7.

No doubt the persons we are condemning will be able to point to some Christians *who, as far as is known,* have not gone to what is called excess; but has this supposed moderation, (for it cannot be proved that the head was not sensibly giddy, and the powers of clear thought thereby diminished,) has it been owing to grace? It might be owing to particular temperament. There are many who have no grace, who also affirm they confine themselves to moderation. Let no one foolishly pitch upon this minister, or that member of the church, and say he is a good man, and his grace prevents him going to excess.

But suppose that the nature of grace were such that it arose in strength after a man had taken a glass, and resisted the desire which too many have to make a second follow the first; would

it be right to subject grace to this strain? Has grace not quite enough to do in watching our indwelling sin, and in contending with it? Is our native corruption so weak that it needs to be excited with intoxicating drinks? Does the Holy Ghost give us grace that we may put an antagonist to it, within our heart, to try its strength? If we dare do so, we obey the devil, and tempt the Lord our God. "Cast thyself down from the pinnacle of the temple," said Satan to Jesus, "expose thyself to the action of the law of gravitation, and no harm shall befall thee, for his angels shall bear thee up, that thou dash not thy foot against a stone." If even Jesus had rashly exposed his body to the operation of a material law, he would have suffered the penalty. "Take intoxicating wine," says the deceiver to the church, "expose yourself to the action of the law of alcohol, and the grace of the Holy Ghost shall prevent any evil consequences." But he is a liar and a murderer; evil consequences would ensue as sure as God exists. There is not a single true believer in the world at the present day, and there never was one during the ages that are past, who is not made bitterly to feel that if he will not beware of entering into temptation, God will allow him to fall and to mourn over his broken bones. No man is dragged to heaven against his will; the will comes from God, but man must use the grace when given, that is his part. The strength is first given, and then the command—"Take up thy bed and walk." There never was and never shall be a wholly passive believer, and the activity of the saint is seen in his avoiding the causes, the temptations, the excitements to sin. Grace that cometh from God, we may be sure, will agree with the commands that come from God; there cannot be a contrariety; their nature is exactly similar. Well, then, what is the command?

"Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober (literally, abstinent). For they that sleep sleep in the night; and they that be drunken are drunken in the night. But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for an helmet, the hope of salvation," 1 Thes. v. 6-8.

"Abstain from all appearance of evil," 1 Thes. v. 22.

There is the command, then, "Abstain from all appearance of evil." A giddy head, caused by a glass of strong drink, is more than an appearance of evil. The example set by the church produces the reality of evil; and it is the nature of grace—deny it not—for grace *does* agree with the commandment, both coming from the same God—it is the nature of grace to abstain. Grace is the spirit and the commandment the letter. The commandment is but the intimation of the tendency and disposition of grace. The gospel and the influences of the Holy Ghost *shall* yet reform society—shall yet prevent the evils of intemperance —shall yet overcome the physical, *but only by leading men to abstain from the physical.*

There are many interesting points of comparison between the moral and physical, which we have not space in this part to illustrate. Thus, 1st. Alcohol gives a pleasurable excitement, and so induces men to take it; moral advice gives no such pleasure to him who receives it; the advice is as unpleasant and repulsive as the liquor is attractive. 2nd. The love of liquor always grows stronger the longer it is taken; the love of reproof or good advice always gets weaker. 3rd. The physical so effects a change in the brain through continued use, as to make a man the slave of physical advice; the moral has no such power. The longer an unconverted man hears the gospel, the less can it impress him. The moral never, then, can contend with the physical.

When a man is sober he has only *one* will, that of his mind; but when he is intoxicated he has two wills. His own then lies prostrate under the feet of another, which is that of alcohol; and the will of alcohol always is more foolish, more brutal, more fiendish than that of his mind. Under the will of alcohol the man performs actions to which his own will never would have consented; secrets are blabbed out, quarrels arise, oaths find ready vent, tomfoolery abounds, lust is awakened, it may be murder is at hand; at the very least, there is a beastly sottishness. Alcohol, in *forcing* a man to do what his reason would not tolerate, resembles, in infernal cruelty, the ancient practice of binding captives, and then dragging them behind the victor's chariot wheels. No Assyrian, no Tartar, no Goth, no Hun, no Saracen ever ravaged a defenceless land, as alcohol does the soul when it has possession of the field. Of its deeds at that hour let Christopher North (Professor Wilson) speak.

North.—"How many hundreds of thousands of harsh husbands—nay, cruel, savage, fierce, drunken, furious, insane, murderous! What horrid oaths heard at the humble ingle—and, worse than oaths, blows and shrieks—and the pregnant mother of terrified children, all crouching in a corner, on her knees beseeching the demoniacal homicide not to kick to death the babe yet unborn—for its sake to remember the days of their courtship, and—"

Shepherd.—"Whisht—whisht—whisht."

North.—"Drunkenness is the cause of nine-tenths of the grief and guilt that aggravate the inevitable distresses of the poor. Dry up that horrid thirst, and the hearts of the wretched would sing aloud for joy. In their sober senses, it seldom happens that men, in a Christian country, are such savages. But all cursed passions latent in the heart, and, seemingly at least, dead or nonexistent, while that heart beats healthily in sober industry, leap up fierce and full-grown in the power of drunkenness, making the man at once a maniac, or, rather, at once converting him into a fiend."

The social fabric is unroofed; for ages the rain of alcohol has penetrated to every corner of the dwelling. Religion has sighed and wept over the consequent destruction of life and property, and her children have hasted to alleviate the distress. City missionaries, office-bearers, and members of the church, as if

bereft of their senses, are seen every day dealing only with the results of the desolating waters. But still, ceaseless as the flow of our river, is the flood of want, disease, and misery that rushes through our streets. *Why these never ending, unavailing labours?* —Put on the roof. Put on the roof by personal abstinence and the prohibition of the liquor traffic. So long as intoxicating drinks are used, the dread returns we have tabulated *shall* exist —Put on the roof.

Why cast away £100,000 a year in supporting paupers and punishing criminals, when this could be saved were we to put on the roof? Why will both Houses of Parliament be at their wits' end what to do with our criminals and convicts?—Put on the roof. Why will society be any longer tormented with innumerable thieves, who drink in order to steal, and steal in order to get drink?—Put on the roof. Why will we allow the gibbet to be erected so often?—Put on the roof. Why build mission churches for the poor, when drink will not allow them to enter—robbing them both of will and of clothes?—Put on the roof. Why spend upwards of £3000 a year on city missionaries, when they declare they are perfectly powerless before the omnipotence of the physical?—Put on the roof. Why permit ministers to be deposed year after year; are the office-bearers of the church utterly destitute of shame?—Put on the roof. Why do more than neutralize all the efforts of our foreign missions, by the pernicious influence of our drunken emigrant population, our soldiers and sailors?—Put on the roof. Do we wish to elevate the masses; do we desire the salvation of the world?—Put on the roof. Church of God, if not for the sake of humanity, then, O for Christ's sake, put on the roof. Will ye have no pity on the poor; will ye any longer allow girls by the thousand to be ruined by this destroyer, and Scotland pointed at with scorn by all the other nations of the world? Take away the physical, for all hell combined cannot match it in irresistibly swaying the souls and bodies of men. A Christian in his armour, with his eye on Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit in his heart, and his face to the foe, *can* resist the devil so that the enemy shall flee; but let alcohol enter a believer, and then Noah lies in shame before his children, then Lot pollutes the holy page with the foulest deeds in history. This was a triumph which only the material demon could achieve, a feat beyond the efforts of the potentate of hell. These two men stand out in all past time as the favourites of heaven. If God, that rescued Noah from the deluge of waters, and Lot from the consuming fire, would not interfere to deliver them from the power of alcohol, are we so presumptuous as to suppose He will stretch forth His arm to deliver us? Let us not deceive ourselves; as God liveth, what has been in the past, and is now, is that which shall be in the time to come. What we sow that shall we reap: if we continue to sow the wind, we

shall reap the whirlwind of ruin. Let us no longer provoke the Lord our God by praying "Thy kingdom come," and then deliberately placing in the path a *law of nature* to effectually prevent its coming. Take away the physical, and let moral good contend with moral evil, and then shall we see earth's long promised rest, the dawning of the day of bliss, that cometh to our weary, afflicted, tormented world. Oh, say not that it is only the poor and depraved that are ruined by drink. Are they not immortal? Vast as are these starry heavens, illimitable as is Jehovah's boundless empire, the soul of the meanest wretch within this city is more precious than the existing universe, or all that in the eternal future shall spring to being at His word. Fill infinite space with planets, glorious in beauty and dimension; not one could turn a living eye to God, and say, "My Father, I behold thy glory." With God there is no respect of persons, before Him the rich and the poor stand on the same level. There are no poor in heaven; Abraham and Lazarus, Paul and Onesimus sit together at their Father's table above.

This is, indeed, the most important question of the day—How to prevent all the myriad evils that spring from the use of alcohol? It is a question which *must* be settled now, and once for ever. So long as intemperance abounds, it is absolutely impossible to raise society to a higher platform of virtue and happiness. The doctrine which shall overcome our intemperance is this—"That God does not approve of even the most moderate use of intoxicating drinks while we are in health." We know as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow, that this shall be the doctrine of all coming ages. We purpose to establish it beyond the possibility of refutation. This, then, is our task, or rather it is God's; but as the proof is too abundant to be contained in this pamphlet, we propose, in Part II., "*The Voice of God in Nature*," to show that a single glass of alcoholic liquor injuriously effects the human frame while in health; that physiologically the use *is* the abuse. In Part III., "*The Voice of God in Providence*," to prove that in all past ages the use has led to excess; that *historically* the use has been the abuse. Part IV., "*The Voice of God in the Bible*," will show that the scriptures are in complete unison with nature and providence; that the three voices utter but one sound, that of condemnation. We shall rescue the scriptures from the misinterpretation of ministers of every denomination, and make them most heartily ashamed of their words; and, also, show how the delusion that at present prevails on the subject was brought on in the middle ages, by that enemy of all true knowledge, the bloody Church of Rome. Part V., "*The Millennium: What it is, and How to Hasten its Coming*," will be devoted to advocating practical measures.

But in the meantime, and before we establish the truth that God condemns the most moderate use of intoxicating drinks

while in health, we may proceed to show what we should do with our vast number of whisky shops. In the foregoing pages we have cried incessantly, "Shut the whisky shops;" now we must give some reasons for this demand. And, first, we say nothing for or against the publicans; we feel that they are men, that an immortality is before them, and that if their customers suffer so dreadfully, they themselves do not escape. It is not the publicans who make our population mad, but the drink. There is a tide of intense opposition to the publican setting in, almost in every church, with which we have not the slightest sympathy. Human nature is so dreadfully selfish and blinded that it can and will see nothing but the sins of its neighbour. It is true that a publican should not be a member of the church, because he daily ruins more than the minister can save; drink never bought a Bible, but it has sold thousands; never gave a man a character, but blasted thousands; never joined a man to the church, but dragged myriads out of it; never sent a soul to heaven, but it has peopled hell. Still, so long as the church holds that strong drink is a lawful and good thing, a good creature of God to be taken with thanksgiving, is it not the height of insanity and inconsistency to condemn the man that sells the good creature of God? Why should the church cast stones at him while it buys and uses the commodity he sells? If it be right to use, it is also right to sell. We will take the part of the publican against the hypocrisy of the church. Our duty is to judge as God judges, and to give justice to all. The church in Britain is like the church in America; there they love slavery, but hate the slave dealer and his cattle pen. We love the drink, and forbid church privileges to those who sell it. The inconsistency of our most public men on this point demands the severest condemnation. Dr Norman M'Leod, (though we have singled him out just now, every other minister shall follow and get equal justice,) in his place in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, said—

"If people wish to advance teetotalism, they generally begin by showing what a dreadful set of blackguards the working classes are. Some men say, when they want to make a man temperate, your are not to take a single drop. And people who have themselves their wines, may be heard talking wisely about the horror of the working man having his glass of ale or porter. I cannot talk in that way; I should feel it hypocritical. I would rather say to them, God has given it to you; don't take it from the devil, take it from God. Don't take it from the public houses. If you wish these things, take them in the presence of God at your fireside, before family worship, and if the minister comes in, offer him some, and don't be ashamed."

The Rev. Dr Robertson rose on hearing this most extraordinary passage, and said he concurred in the admirable remarks of Dr M'Leod.

Behold thy guides, O world! behold the liberality of the

church! Why not take drink from the public houses, since it is fit to be used before family worship, and to be offered to ministers? Surely the man who sells what can prepare for family worship, and is worthy to be offered to ministers, does not deserve this cruel treatment from the church. We confess we cannot comprehend this amazing utterance of folly—the people are to take drink from God, but not from the devil. Does God then keep one whisky shop in the city, and the devil another? Will Dr M'Leod be so kind as to tell us where God keeps his shop or wholesale cellar? since the people can get it from God, God must sell it somewhere. But who is the devil in the above extract? Perhaps the publican. If so, the devil has a great many members of the church for his customers, and they may find that after death they will be in his company. If the devil sells drink, we will not believe it can prepare for family worship, or is fit to be presented to ministers. Alcohol we know, from God's own declaration, to be anything but favourable to piety. God for ages has been thundering in the ears of mankind, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise," Prov. xx. 1. And so much does He abhor the excited, disturbed state of brain which even a moderate quantity produces, that He gave this ordinance to stand throughout every generation, "Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die: it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations," Lev. x. 9; and to show He was in earnest, struck two noted transgressors dead.

We will not look at a subject on one side; before we expel the publican from the communion of the church, let us expel drink the destroyer from our dwellings. Yet, again we say the publican should not be a member of the church. We think if he had grace, the oaths he hears, the misery he sees would make him quickly flee the trade, refuse the price of crime and woe. If he desire a certificate of character from us, we will refer him to Burns, who knew the publicans but too well. The epitaph he wrote on his friend John Dove, innkeeper at Mauchline, was—

"Here lies Johnny Pidgeon—
What was his religion?
Wha e'er desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane."

If the publican has no religion, we will not suppose that his customers, the members of the church, have any either. We positively will not condemn the one without the other. What a farce is it for some ministers to give a man a certificate to get a licence, and others to refuse him church membership!

Let us act like men. Go to the publican, fully show him what the drink invariably produces, help him to find other employment if necessary; if he refuse to leave it, then let him know that his traffic *shall* be put down.

Shut the whisky shops; yes, but to what extent? We seek not to advance towards the goal of legitimate prohibition faster than society can follow us. We cannot make a tree grow ten or twenty feet in a day; if we try to raise it suddenly, it must be by pulling it out of the ground. Society we know will rise, but the growth, though much faster than in the ages that are past, will still be gradual. Our present demand is, that the poor shall have the privileges and advantages of the rich; which are, buying the best liquor at the wholesale rate, and drinking it at home. That the working classes may purchase at the wholesale rate, the public houses must be prevented selling less than a bottle of wine or spirits, or a gallon of malt liquors, and all liquor must be carried out of the shop, not a drop of it to be consumed on the premises. The advantages of this proposal to the poor are very great. 1st. It will be a saving of at least £200,000 a year, even supposing the present consumption not to be diminished. Every citizen must have seen on the evening before New Year's day, some hundreds of the working classes mobbing one of our wholesale spirit cellars famed for keeping good drink. Some of these wholesale dealers sell more than 500 bottles of whisky in a few hours; so many families, indeed, can one of them accommodate that 50 spirit shops would be amply sufficient for the whole city. The working classes would thus save the enormous rents of 1700 public houses, and the enormous retail profits of 1700 publicans, which would, as we have said, be not less than £200,000 per annum. 2nd. They would thus obtain a superior article. Speaking to a publican on the different qualities of whisky, and the profit off each, he said that private families bought the best whisky at 16s 6d per gallon, while common working men paid 20s for the worst; he also added, that "the rich knew the flavour of good whisky too well to be gulled, that there was no cheating them." From the 50 wholesale stores, which we deem quite abundance for the city, the poor could buy their bottle of good drink at the cheap rate. We do not believe that any alcoholic drink is good, the chemical constituents of alcohol being the same in all, and all being the brain poison. We use the term "good" in its usual application, meaning unadulterated whisky made from malt, not from raw grain.

We know what a dreadful uproar the publicans will set up at this proposal; whenever their craft and their profit are in danger, their shout will equal that heard in Ephesus of old. Among the Babel of sounds will be heard, "Liberty of the subject," "Justice to the poor," "Intolerable oppression,"

"Tyranny," "Teetotal despotism," "Britons never shall be slaves," "Freedom and whisky gang thegither," &c., &c., &c. Of course every one will know that their professed sympathy for the poor, means sympathy for their own pocket. They will tell us that the poor have not fine houses in which to sit and drink like the rich, but they will not inform us why the poor have such miserable dwellings. We have shown that if the vast majority of working men keep out of the public house, they may soon occupy a more comfortable home. Injustice to the poor, indeed; pray is it the Government that provides the rich with their fine dwellings? If the Government, with equal handed justice, license no house in which either class may sit and drink, only a man speaking from self-interest will hint at injustice to the poor. The Government does not provide spacious mansions for the rich to sit in and drink, nor shall it provide gin or whisky palaces for the poor—let each class drink at home. But then the rich have clubs; yes, and the rich have also carriages, and coast villas, and libraries, &c., for "money answereth all things." Let the poor keep money in their purse then, and with it try to get what the rich have, but don't let them expect all from the Government. A few hotels and lodging houses might have a separate licence for drink, to be consumed on the premises only by travellers. Of course here again there would be even handed justice, rich and poor travellers alike would have access to the lodging houses.

There are many objections which will be started to this scheme, but as they will not stand a look, there is no need of taking any notice of them. One of them is, that if the poor when unwell cannot buy less than a bottle of spirits, they will be carried off by thousands for want of this sovereign medicine. When the poor take unwell at present during the night, after all the whisky shops are shut, pray what do they do, and how many deaths do we hear of in consequence of the remedy being out of reach? Let a neighbourhood contribute for a bottle, and give it in charge of some person in whose custody it will be safe, safe from personal use, and safe from the dry throats of the healthy who are only thirsty, and this so much desired medicine will thus at any moment be at hand for the really unwell. But, as we have said, it is not worth while to mention the hundred objections that will be raised by *self-interest*.

But is our proposal consistent with the principles of just legislation? Does it interfere with any right which the subjects of an enlightened Government should possess? First, let us inquire for what purpose man dwells in society, and what is the foundation principle upon which his every action in society can rest? Human beings dwell together in communities because it is the will of God, and accords with the nature of man—accords with his social instincts and his helplessness. If he were to live

alone, like a wild beast, or roving Arab of the desert, or like a hermit, he never could reach the same elevation of culture and enjoyment as in society. Life is too limited for one individual to master the 200 or more trades which are requisite in civilized life. This inability to do everything for himself—to be farmer, baker, shepherd, flesher, mason, plasterer, joiner, slater, glazier, plumber, moulder, blacksmith, spinner, weaver, dyer, tailor, tanner, shoemaker, and other 200 tradesmen besides, compels man to associate with his fellows for *mutual assistance and defence.* The bond of union between one member of the community and another is, to give some benefit in exchange for a benefit received. The intention of the connection is, that it shall be beneficial to all. But that it may be of advantage to all, it is expressly understood that every individual is to contribute good, and receive good in return. Not a single member can plead for a right to do evil, to make others suffer wrong. God, the ordainer of human society, has strictly forbidden such a right.

"Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the ruler: for he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil," Rom. xiii. 3, 4.

From this foundation principle of society we deduce these three inferences. 1st. That it is the duty of every member of an enlightened community to apply himself to some trade, business, or profession which conduces to the good of his fellowmen, which good is to be judged of by its *ultimate* consequences upon society. 2nd. That in none of his actions, pleasures, or recreations is he to interfere with public interests, is he in the slightest to injure or diminish the property, virtue, or happiness of others. The Christian standard is, that the whole life course, both in business and enjoyments, be conducive to the benefit of others as well as to personal advantage or gratification; but the selfishness of human nature forbids this ideal being obtained, and civil law must be content with the absence of evil inflicted. 3rd. That no member has a right to follow any course of conduct, or indulge in practices which tend to make him a burden upon society, or unfit him to perform at all times the duties of citizenship. If he assume such a right he violates the foundation principle, which is, *that he contribute good alone.*

We can now proceed to try whether our proposal be just or unjust. It is twofold; 1st. To close 1700 of the 1750 public houses in Glasgow. 2nd. To restrict rich and poor alike to drinking only at home, unless when on a journey, and not to permit intoxicating liquors to be sold in less than specified wholesale quantities. And, first, as regards the publican, is it unjust to him? He cannot affirm he has a civil right to sell intoxicating

liquors without the consent of Government, and a licence being had. He is only a public servant, appointed for a certain time (the duration of his licence) to serve the community. As soon as Government determines his services are no longer required, there is no injustice in his dismissal. No servant or contractor, when his engagement is at an end, complains if it be not renewed, why then should the publican? Every day contractors have to sell off their horses, waggons, engines, &c., &c., when their contract is at an end;—in like manner let the publican roup off his stock.

But is our proposal unjust to the citizens at large? To this question these two truths are a complete and final answer. 1st. No man has a civil right to get drunk. 2d. The public houses are the cause of very great evils to society, to those who never enter them, as well as to their customers—to the innocent, as well as to the guilty.

1st. *No man has a civil right to get drunk.* Drunkenness is a sin against God, against the sinner's own constitution, and *a crime against the state.* Why is it a crime against the state? Because every subject is expected, by all due care, to preserve himself in a fit condition to perform all the duties of citizenship. If one subject has a right to get drunk, all have the same right; and if all were to use the supposed right, *as too many do,* who in the community would be ready and able to defend the country from foreign invasion, from internal tumult, from daily emergencies as fires in great cities, from the very many duties which a state justly demands of its subjects? All the subjects in the empire have a right to be intoxicated if one has, but universal drunkenness is incompatible with the safety of the state, therefore no subject has a civil right to get drunk. We will immediately see that a wise and just government will prevent, as it were, the possibility of this danger to the state occurring by proper suppressive measures.

Still farther, a man when intoxicated does not contribute good to society, but he voluntarily has made himself a burden on society, it requiring to take care of him while in a drunken state. But no man has a right, by his own act, to be burdensome to society, for this is opposed to the contract which binds one member of the state to another. If a man lived alone in the back woods of America, he would be in a state of natural freedom. He could then do whatever he pleased, whether it was right or wrong; but *he alone* would then suffer all the evil consequences of his misconduct. If he got drunk, he could lie in the wilderness in all the delight of unfettered natural liberty. He could repose undisturbed in a pool of water, for there would be no policeman to annoy him with the shelter of a station; he could become the prey of wild beasts, for there would be no human law, nor subjects of the law, to interfere with their natural

liberty any more than with his; he could stumble and break a leg, but no one would curtail his freedom by placing him in an infirmary. His hut might be on fire, and it would have liberty to blaze away, &c. A man then, under natural liberty, bears all evil consequences *himself;* when under civil freedom he has no right to roll the consequences upon others; but evil consequences *affecting society do* follow drunkenness, therefore no man has a right to get drunk.

2d. *The public houses are the cause of great evils to society, to those who never enter them, as well as to their customers—to the innocent, as well as to the guilty.* The returns from the Ruin Investment prove this. How shall society defend itself from these evils? Only by preventive measures. We have seen that the foundation principle is, that all the members of the community contribute good, and refrain from inflicting evil. Men must sternly be kept to the contract. That legislature alone is worthy of the name of government, which sees that the contract is kept; which is a terror to evil-doers, which effectually restrains the natural lawlessness of man, by prohibiting *all* the means, occasions, or causes, of public calamity. The highest civil liberty to which man can attain in this world, is freedom from injury to his person, virtue, property, or happiness, arising from the unrestrained conduct of his fellowmen. Therefore, that government is the freest and best which has most restrictive laws, which gives full scope to the performance of all good, and pulls up all evil by the roots before it has time to grow. The tendency of all modern legislation is in this direction. We will take a few illustrations from our new Police Act—

(1st.) Section 158, Clause 4.—"Every Person who publicly offers for Sale or Distribution, or exhibits to public View any profane, indecent, or obscene Book, Paper, Print, Drawing, Painting, or Representation, or writes or draws any indecent or obscene Word, Figure, or Representation on any Wall, Fence, or Building, or sings or recites any profane or obscene Song or Ballad, or uses any profane, indecent, or obscene language, shall be liable to a Penalty of Five Pounds, or alternatively, without Penalty, to Imprisonment for Thirty Days."

(2d.) Section 158, Clause 19.—"Every Person who raises or lowers, or causes to be raised or lowered, any Article to or from any Building, by means of a Chain or Rope, and who does not sufficiently secure such Article, and provide and use Means for safely guiding the same, and for protecting the Public against the *Risk* of injury, shall be liable to a Penalty of Forty Shillings, or in Default of Payment, to Imprisonment for Fourteen Days."

This 158th Section also prohibits the *risk of injury* to the public from the negligence of carters or drivers of carriages; from allowing any vicious dog to be at large; from not having a sufficient fence to prevent persons falling into any Area, Pit, or Sewer; from recklessly driving cattle; from fixing a flower pot in an upper window without sufficiently guarding the same against being blown or thrown down; from slate, brick, wood,

rubbish, dung, ashes, water, or other thing thrown from a roof, &c., &c. Indeed, this Section contains no fewer than 49 precautionary measures. It is not serious accidents alone that are sought to be prevented, the comfort of the citizens is in every way cared for as it should be. Some of these Clauses are worth quoting.

(3d.) Clause 16.—"Every Person who conveys, or causes to be conveyed, any Fulzie, Dung, Refuse, or other offensive Matter or Thing in a Waggon or Cart which is not so constructed, or which is not in such Repair, or which is not so loaded as to prevent any Part thereof from falling out."

(4th.) Clause 23.—"Every Person who conveys, or causes to be conveyed, from the Slaughter houses to any other Building or Place for the Purpose of Sale, any Animal, or any Part of an Animal, unless in a covered Cart, or so covered with a clean Cloth, *as to be wholly concealed.*"

(5th.) Clause 24.—"Every Person who, in any Road, Street, or Court, kills any Animal, except in Cases specially provided for in this Act, or Scalds, Singes, Dresses, or cuts up any Animal or any Part thereof."

(6th.) Clause 29.—"Every Person who places any Line, Cord, or Pole, across or over any Road, Street, or Court, which is a Thoroughfare, or hangs or places any clothes thereon."

(7th.) Clause 33.—"Every Person who pulls or rings any Door Bell, or knocks at any Door for the purpose of begging, or on the Pretence of buying or selling old Clothes, or of hawking or collecting any Article, or who in any similar manner *disturbs any inhabitant* without reasonable excuse."

(8th.) Clause 34.—"Every Person who throws any Snowball, Stone, or other Missile, or flies any Kite, or makes or uses any Slide, or throws upon the Foot Pavement of any Road, Street, or Court, any Orange Skin or other Thing, *causing Danger to Passengers.*"

All Persons who violate these Clauses are liable to a Penalty of Forty Shillings, or in Default of Payment, to Imprisonment for Fourteen Days; but the next Clause quoted (No. 49), inflicts only half this penalty.

(9th.) Clause 49.—"Every Person who occasions any kind of Obstruction, Nuisance, or Annoyance in any Road, Street, Court, or Common Stair, or obstructs or incommodes, hinders or prevents the free Passage along or through the same, or prejudices or annoys in any Manner whatsoever any other Person using the same."

So anxious have our authorities been to prevent the very possibility of danger, that we have Clauses such as this—

(10th.) Section 214.—"It shall not be lawful for any Person to buy Fireworks or Gunpowder within the City by Gas or Candle or other artificial Light, and if any Person buys Fireworks or Gunpowder by Gas or Candle or other artificial Light, he shall be liable to a Penalty not exceeding Five Pounds."

Our Police Act abounds with the most stringent Clauses for the Prevention and Mitigation of Diseases, and Removal of Nuisances; one only of which we will quote—

(11th.) Section 253, Clause 3.—"Every Person who carries on any Trade or Business so as to occasion Annoyance to the Neighbourhood or Inhabitants,

unless he proves that he has used the best Means for preventing or counteracting such Annoyance, shall be liable to a Penalty not exceeding Forty Shillings," &c.

From these copious extracts it will be seen that the whole spirit, the aim of modern legislation is to *prevent all danger*—not to prevent injury, but the very *risk* of injury, by the strong arm of the law; and nothing else than law enforced, will make the majority of men do right. The thousands of contraventions that annually occur are proof of this. Our government has wisely sought to prevent evil, which is the end, *by prohibiting the means, causes, occasions, thereof.* Thus in Clause 4, Section 158, the end is the corruption of public morals—the means, obscene pictures, songs, or language; therefore, these, the means, are forbidden. In clause 34, the end is bodily hurt to passengers or to property—the means, snowballs, stones, slides, or orange skins; therefore, these, the means, are forbidden. On the very same principle, (no man in the empire can say the reasoning is false,) the end is bodily injury received from persons made intoxicated in public houses; the loss of property by taxes to support police, and jails, and poor houses, reformatories, and lunatic asylums, occasioned by men drinking in public houses—the means, causes, and occasions of these evils *are* the public-houses; therefore, they *shall* be prohibited. It may be said, if men had not a liking for the whisky shops they would not be hurt by them; and we retort, if men had not a liking for obscene pictures, books, and songs, they would not be hurt by them, and yet these are forbidden. Human legislation does not seek to regulate the heart, but to remove stumbling blocks; to take care that nothing which can be taken out of the way, shall be allowed to remain an occasion or *opportunity* of evil. No man has a civil right to get drunk—drunkenness is a crime against the state; the means of drunkenness are the public houses, therefore law *shall* remove the means. The law already has laid down the principle, that no man shall, by his property, or business, or conduct, subject the public to *risk of injury* (Clauses, 19 and 34) *to any loss, prejudice, or annoyance whatsoever* (Clause 49); but publicans by their business subject the public to daily risk of injury, to loss, to annoyance; and, therefore, the business of the publican *shall* cease. If he can carry on his business without injuring society, without involving the innocent as well as the guilty, we will not complain; but it is subversive of the whole foundation of modern legislation, to permit him to be a firebrand in the community, a daily cause of incalculable crime, misery, and woe. If it was not unjust for Prince Albert, the Duke of Argyll, and other noblemen to close the public houses on their estates, it will not be unjust in Glasgow. What is justice in the country, is justice in the city.

There is another line of reasoning which conducts us to the

same prohibitive conclusion. It is universally admitted that the liquor traffic must be regulated, must be restricted. No one will plead for the spirit trade to be thrown open without a licence to all who choose to enter it, and for leave to sell night and day; to sell without restraint of any description. Even the publicans declare this would be to open the flood gates of vice and misery. Government has for ages settled the point, that the traffic in intoxicating liquors is so dangerous, that it must be confined; that no subject shall have liberty to sell without a licence, and except under specified conditions as to time, place, and manner. Well, once admit that the principle of restriction is just, and there is an end of all reasoning against restriction. Selling night and day produced great public evils, therefore the hours were gradually diminished, and with a decrease in the evils. But the remainder of the evils called for an additional diminution in the time of sale, therefore it was curtailed to 16 hours a day. But the tether of the monster required still further to be shortened, therefore all sale on Sabbath was prohibited in Scotland, and with the happiest results; for in spite of the assertions of the publicans, that as much drink was consumed at home, *the public were not thereby annoyed*, and that is the point to be looked at. The streets were not on Sabbath filled with reeling, swearing, drunkards, nor the public purse plundered by conveying crowds of incapable inebriates to the police station. But the remainder of the evils again demanded increased restriction, so the Magistrates of Glasgow have changed the hour of opening in the morning from 7 to 8 o'clock. The returns from the Ruin Investment show that the tether must be greatly shortened yet. And now we propose to bring the monster up at once to the post, instead of advancing inch by inch as we hitherto have done; to close 1700 of the 1750 whisky shops, and let the remainder sell only on six days, and that for twelve hours a day, say from 7 to 7, and in wholesale quantities of not less than a bottle of wine or spirits, and a gallon of malt liquors, all to be consumed at home.

The argument is irresistible—once admit restriction to be just and necessary, and the only question is, "*To what extent is it to be carried?*" We cannot reason against further restriction, if it appear to be indispensable to diminish or remove great existing public evils. But government has already declared restriction to be just and necessary, so any debate on the point is needless. All the traders, as bakers, fleshers, grocers, tailors, &c., &c., who have no share in creating the returns from the Ruin Investment, have a right to say they shall not pay one farthing of the taxes caused by the public houses. They do not, by their shops, increase the taxes, why should the publican alone have the imperial privilege of saddling his fellowmen with an enormous crime and pauperism taxation? The whisky shops must, in common jus-

tice, be shut. If a publican were to conduct his business so as not to occasion public calamities, he would be starved. If all men were moderate, how could 1750 publicans in Glasgow get a living? They live only on excess—moderation is their ruin—but excess is the ruin of the public and of the innocent. Since then, the interest of the publican is incompatible with the interest of the community, he must succumb; his occupation's gone, and the sooner we give him notice that his engagement will not be renewed the better.

The outward evils occasioned by drinking in public houses will be nearly all removed by drinking at home. When a person comes out intoxicated from a whisky shop, or with sufficient liquor to produce intoxication before he reach his dwelling, the one thing that society desires on his behalf, *is to get him home*, for there he is safe from all the manifold accidents and risks to which he is exposed on the street. The prevention of these risks and accidents may be looked at either, 1st, as advantages to the customers of the public houses, or, 2d, as evils warded off society. Thus—

Drinkers are saved from—	*Society is protected from—*
1st. Falling on the street, falling down stairs, knocked down and ridden over by vehicles, falling into ponds, canals, or the river.	1st. Conveying tens of thousands of intoxicated persons to the different police stations for shelter, and many who are wounded and disabled to the Infirmary, all of which assistance costs the public, money.
2d. From being involved in quarrels with irascible persons on the street, or being tormented with provoking urchins, who count intoxicated persons fair game for their most mischievous attacks.	2d. Taking up some thousands who are drunk and disorderly or guilty of assaults, and maintaining them in prison for several weeks at the cost of 7s 6d each per week.
3d. From getting their pockets picked. The least expert thief in the city can easily pick the pockets of the drunk.	3d. From maintaining detectives to look after the stolen property. In 1861, there were reported to the police 291 cases of theft from intoxicated persons—in 1862, 284 cases, and in 1863, 330 cases, so the stealing is becoming more common.
4th. From much swearing excited by provocation from children and others.	4th. From having the rising generation quite corrupted with the blasphemous and bestial language which proceeds in a torrent from the drunken, from many who, when sober, do not swear at all. Children of from eight to ten years can now curse like grown up men.
5th. From losing their situation. Many tradesmen who are sent out to job, first find their way to some of the public houses which are found in every street. Then their work is either deserted, or they attend to it in an	5th. Employers would be secure from being thus robbed by dissipated servants. If the work be by estimate, the employer suffers; if charged by material and time, then the public bear the cost, for working men never

unfit state, and dismissal is the consequence.

6th. Hundreds, yea thousands of girls who go out for a walk with their sweethearts, would not, if the whisky shops were shut, be first intoxicated, and then debauched. Dancing clubs would be powerless and stingless without the drink.

7th. Wives would have some chance of getting their husbands' wages if the public houses were not between the workshop and the home, and there would not be so many widows and orphans in the city.

8th. Serious crimes and murders would not be so frequent. We challenge the three kingdoms to show, that out of one hundred consecutive murders, 15 of them happened without drink having been taken shortly before by either the slayer or the slain, or by both. If Mrs Laffy had not been in several public houses during the day on which she was murdered, John Riley might not have been hanged in Glasgow on 16th May. An intoxicated woman, as we have said before, positively tempts a man.

enter in their time bill, thus—"One hour drinking in the public house."

6th. From having living and dead infants exposed on stairs and closes; from punishing mothers guilty of infanticide; from the cost of maintaining bastards in poor houses, reformatories, and houses of refuge. This one cause is sufficient to rouse society, as if it were one man, to close these crime-producing, poison shops; and roused it will be, if it has a heart at all. No man's daughter is safe while this liquor that unhinges reason, and o'erpowers the soul, is plenteous as cold water, is nightly offered in 1750 shops.

7th. The poor rates would not be so high. We know one family which cost the city more than one hundred pounds, the father having killed himself with drink and left his children paupers on the city.

8th. The expense and pain of trying and sentencing to death, or penal servitude, hundreds who committed atrocious deeds, not through their own will, but the will of alcohol. Is society in earnest for the abolition of capital punishments? Then let it shut up the public houses, the cause of nine-tenths of all our murders.

Now let it be distinctly understood and remembered, that we advocate the closing of the public houses, not because of the advantages thereby accruing to drinkers, but *solely* on account of the evils thereby prevented to society. *The one and only office of a government is protection.* Shut the whisky shops, we say, to protect us from those public evils which they produce, and which it is unjust to make us bear. We do not thereby aim at the reformation of society. When a muzzle is put upon a vicious horse or dog, it is not with the intention of curing its vicious disposition, but to prevent it biting the passengers. So when we seek to deprive a public house of the power of biting society, we do not aim at the reformation of drunkards. Our single object is protection to the community. Reformation may follow as a consequence, but law has to do only with the foundation principle of society, which is, "that no man has the right, and shall not have the power, to hurt his fellowman in his person, his property, his virtue, or his comfort."

Some literary men and newspaper editors who, if called ignorant,

would become outrageous, who pretend to great learning and wisdom, ask—"Why should *all* drinkers be deprived of their freedom because some, a few at the most, abuse it to the hurt of the community?" We do not need to call them ignorant, for their question proclaims ignorance of the first principles of legislation. All laws are made for men in the mass. Legislators do not know from whom danger will arise, and therefore decree that danger shall arise from none. No one believes that risk of injury can arise to passengers from *every* orange skin thrown on the pavement or street, but danger may arise from *some one*, and therefore the law wisely prohibits the placing of any in the way. We do not affirm that danger *will* spring from this, or that, well conducted public house, but that danger *will, to a certainty*, arise from public houses—and, therefore, public houses shall be closed. Cannot we adopt the beautiful reasoning of these men to other matters, thus—"My son is too cautious to break panes of glass, or hurt anybody by his ball; why should he be prevented from playing in the city, because some trifling damage will be caused by other boys not so careful?" or, "Why is my liberty to be so curtailed that I cannot make this necessary alteration upon my own building, without first applying by petition for leave from the Dean of Guild Court? Has the master of works had anything like the experience of the architect I have engaged? Because some landlords are so slack, and some builders so fond of erecting houses of the same strength as match boxes, are those who know better, and care as much for public safety as the Dean of Guild Court, to have their hands tied till they have satisfied the court in every particular?" Yes, *do* let us carry out this reasoning, and see where it will land us. A *sensible* man will never complain of his liberty being infringed by the shutting up of whisky shops. He will reason thus—"I give up the privilege of drinking in a public house, to obtain a greater in return. *I* might never go to excess, and so injure society, but *some* certainly will do so, and these will injure me, for I must bear my share of the public burdens. Therefore, by relinquishing the so called privilege or freedom of frequenting a public house, is secured that I shall hurt no one; and, also, this great civil right and blessing, *that no one shall hurt me.*" Not a sensible man in the three kingdoms will open his mouth in defence of the public houses.

At the remaining one thousand and one sapient observations and ojections which will be made by publicans, newspaper editors, and those who have a money interest in the liquor traffic, we do not require to do anything but laugh, for they contain nothing which could be made the subject of debate. We will be told that the poor have, at present, the privilege of buying wholesale, and drinking at home if they please; yes, but we want to be told of the public having the privilege of being free from annoyance, injury, and loss, from whisky shops. We shall also be told that

if 1700 public houses be shut, 10,000 shebeens will be opened. We always like to hear a man on the wrong side speak, every sentence he utters is sure to suggest to us a closing reply. The word "shebeen" brings to our recollection two facts. 1st. That publicans constantly contravene the terms of their licence, and are thus in reality shebeen keepers. In 1861, there were 75 publicans convicted and fined for contravention—in 1862, the number of convictions rose to 82, and in 1863, to 99. In the three years, 1861 to 1863, no fewer than 256 publicans have been fined, and in that time, the keen search of the police could find only 294 persons who sold without a licence. It will be said that 294 represents only the number who were detected; but, whisht, do not suggest to us the bitter reply, that 256 represents only the number of detected publicans. The less that publicans say about shebeens the better for themselves. Now, what does Captain Smart say about them? In his Report for 1862, he says—

"The traffic in spirits in Shebeens, or unlicensed premises, was nearly put an end to by the vigorous application of Forbes M'Kenzie's Act. This satisfactory result was brought about by the Magistrates, under the advice of the Town Clerk, having convicted on circumstantial evidence, instead of, as formerly, making it imperative on the prosecutor to prove a sale in each case. Little now remains to be done in this matter, under either the new Public House Act, or new Police Act; either of which is sufficiently stringent to crush any attempts to re-open these dens."

Shut the 1700 public houses, and the preventive, in conjunction with the punitive police, will take care of shebeens. The other fact which the term "shebeen" brings to our remembrance is, that those who by raging thirst are driven to shebeens, were made the slaves of drink in public houses. No man who had not become quite demoralised by frequenting licensed shops, would ever think of entering such a low filthy den as a shebeen, for such a lair of vice is as repulsive, as a gilded whisky shop is attractive. Made attractive by being painted and decked out like a harlot, and like her, plundering the simple, and leading them to ruin. The public houses undeniably prepare men for being customers of shebeens, and they supply these infamous dens with the liquor; so, again we affirm, the less that publicans say about shebeens the better for themselves. And the less that newspaper editors write in defence of whisky shops, the better for their own reputation as thinkers. It is impossible here to refer to all the nonsense that proceeds from the ignorance, prejudice, party spirit, and money interest of the press. Sometimes the ablest journals appear to be the most deranged. For instance, what is the use of the *Scotsman* again and again asserting, and quoting as authority Adam Smith, that "*it is not drinking houses that make drinkers, but drinkers that make drinking houses.*" If the editor had taken but five minutes calmly to think over the matter, he never could have assented to this proposition. While the last clause—"that drinkers support

public houses" seems to be true, the first contradicts all known facts. When, and in what country, was it ever found that drinking houses did not lead men to become drinkers? Man has not a natural, an instinctive appetite, for alcoholic liquors; we shall prove that. By what process, then, was the appetite formed in those who have become drunkards, if not by the use of the drink? Have the 1750 publicans in Glasgow no interest in pushing their business, and will their efforts not result in making some persons drinkers, who, without such inducement, would never have become the slaves of drink? Often have we known instances of working men giving up their handicraft trade, and starting as publicans. Their first trick to get a run, was to invite their old shopmates to the premises, and give them a treat for nothing. Thereafter, their old fellow-workers might be seen night after night drinking till 10 or 11 o'clock, for the benefit of the public house, and the ruin of themselves. It has too often been a black day for the men employed in a large work, when one of their number, grown too lazy for working at his trade, took to standing behind a whisky shop counter. Suppose that in one of the parishes in Scotland in which public houses have been suppressed by the proprietor as a nuisance, and where there are not twenty drunkards—two shops are opened, and at the end of a year, there are sixty drunkards; would the *Scotsman* tell us the two shops had made no drunkards? Or, to come to historical facts, did the European traders with the brandy not make the Indians drunkards? No doubt, after the appetite had been created, the Indians supported the traffic, but the real question is, "*Who made the Indians drunkards?*" There is a mournful soul-touching interest in the words addressed by an Indian Chief in Canada to a gentleman who made offer of sending a missionary to the Mohawk camp. The old Chief, remembering what devastation those servants of Christ, the traders, had produced, scorned the offer of any other of His servants. "Once we were powerful; we were a great nation; our young men were many; our lodges were full of children; our enemies feared us; but *Christ came, and brought the firewater!* Now we are very few; we are weak; nobody fears us; our lodges are empty; our hunting grounds are deserted; our council fires are gone out. *We don't want Christ. Go.*"

In Adam Smith's time there were fewer drunkards in Scotland than there are now. And he probably was ignorant of the physiological fact, that the use of the strong liquors we now consume, quickly tends to produce an artificial appetite, much more quickly than could the weak ale which was then the drink of the majority. If so, there was some excuse for him writing the sentence we have quoted, but there is none for us repeating it. Some of the leaders in the *Scotsman* and other newspapers, leave us in doubt as to the mental condition of the writers when the articles were penned. Thus, in a recent number of the *Scots-*

man we have a new explanation of how whisky is the national beverage of Scotland.

"This may be as good a place as any other for mentioning that the Excise Returns, just issued, for the first quarter of the year, show that the consumption of whisky in Scotland is still increasing; that we consume more than the Irish, who are nearly double our number; and that we are drinking a good deal more than a third of what is drunk by the English, who are nearly seven times more numerous. *In other words, Scotchmen, being under police restrictions and magisterial intermeddlings unknown in other countries,* drink, per head, double the quantity of whisky drunk by Englishmen and Irishmen, have less than either Englishmen or Irishmen reduced their potations on account of the increased taxation, and are now in the gross paying a great many hundreds of thousands of pounds a-year more for 'the national beverage' than we ever paid before."

That a Scotchman in the capital of Scotland should assign "police restrictions and magisterial intermeddlings" as the reason why the Scotch prefer whisky to ale or porter, would astonish us if the writer were not a newspaper editor. But from the press we do not expect either correct information or truth; simply because it is utterly impossible for any single mind to be thoroughly posted up on all the subjects on which an editor imagines he is competent to write. To write a sensible article requires thought and time, and an editor has neither time to think nor time to write. Of all men in the empire they are the most ill-used; and in just recompense, they, by crude, undigested leaders, the produce of imperfect information and rapid composition, do more than any other class of men to lead society astray. We have not space here for any more of their lucubrations; indeed, the paper gods are not worth our notice, and though we say this, we feel for the hardness of their lot. To write well on every passing subject, would require universal knowledge; such an amount of *thoroughly sifted* information, such a looking at a subject on *every* side, such a careful balancing of *every* reason for and against; in short, such an amount of excessive mental labour that even the myriad mind of Shakespeare would fall prostrate under it in a month. Since the *Scotsman* has discovered why the Scotch consume whisky in preference to ale or porter, we suppose he will also have discovered that the English delight more in fermented than distilled liquors, and drink four times more ale than the Scotch, and spend about 15s a-year more per head for liquor, simply because they are free of "police restrictions and magisterial intermeddlings."

One of our city members of Parliament, Mr Dalglish, while addressing his constituents in the Trades' Hall on 1st February, 1864, unwittingly gave the spirit of our argument for the closing of the whisky shops, in as fair a form as we could wish.

"I have done things in my private capacity as a proprietor of a large work, which, although they had for their object the promotion of temperance, I thought perhaps rather despotic, yet I have never gone further than this; I have said to my workmen, 'Let there be a bargain between us, that you come

always sober to your employment, *that you are able to fulfil your duties when you are in my establishment;* when you are out of it, you are your own masters, and I will not interfere with you."

Why did Mr Dalglish as an employer prohibit his workmen coming under the influence of liquor to their work? Was it that he wished to promote temperance, that he sought to make the men moral by his law? *It was entirely to protect his own interests.* The substance of the above quotation is—"Drink if you please, but not at my expense; do not make me to be a loser in any shape by your drinking." This is precisely the argument of abstainers to the publicans and their customers. They say—"Sell as much as you please, if you do not make society thereby suffer in pocket, and in morals. Sell in such a manner that your customers when on the streets will always be able to fulfil their duties as citizens; but if you cannot so sell, you shall shut up, society shall do with you exactly as Mr Dalglish did with the workers who annoyed him—finally dismiss you." *Protection for society, justice to the poor,* that is our demand. Give us in the poorer quarters of the city, no more public houses than there are in the aristocratic districts, and we will be content. On the south side of Sauchiehall Street, from Renfield Street west to Sandyford Place, there is only one whisky shop. In the neighbourhood of the crescents, out of 100 shops adjoining each other, there is not a single whisky shop to be found. Thus the rich are protected from the annoyance which unavoidably proceeds from intoxicated persons coming out of public houses. Now, let us see if our Magistrates care as much for the comfort of the poor. On the east side of Saltmarket there are only 44 shops from top to bottom, and of these no fewer than 15 are public houses. What do our Magistrates mean by refusing licences—yes, they do refuse them—in the better parts of the town, and granting them by the hundred in the poorer localities? Is it to accommodate the poor? If so, why not license a dozen public houses near the West End park, that the citizens in general when they go to take a stroll there, may have the means of getting refreshments? Let them try to do that, and the wealthy will soon turn the city upside down. *They* will not bear the pain of beholding ragged tottering drunkards, and debased women reeling with an infant in their arms; they will not suffer their wives or daughters to be jostled by excited inebriates, nor subject them to hear the filthy flow of a drunken tongue. Only the poor are to be thus punished and contaminated. What the poor endure from the customers of the whisky shops may be learned from one illustration. Two girls, after shutting up the fruit shop which they attend, are proceeding home at night with the keys. On the stair leading to their master's dwelling they stumble over a drunken man, lying there in the dark. They scream out in terror, and rush into the street. A night constable is found who orders the intoxicated man to go home. He refuses, and a scuffle ensues, in which the police-

man is tumbled down the stair, and receives such injuries that in a few hours he is dead. That fatal fall made his wife a widow, and his children orphans. The drunken maniac is apprehended and tried for murder, and as the editor of the *Herald* says (page 105), escaped the gallows, because doctors doctored the evidence. He is sentenced to penal servitude in which the public will have to maintain him. The police committee meet in council, and grant the widow an allowance of ten shillings a week for two years—a poor compensation for the life that was lost. This money also comes out of the public purse. Now, what we affirm is, that if there were no more whisky shops in the poorer districts of the city, than are in the aristocratic portions; if the poor had to drink at home, the same as the rich, that policeman might have still been alive—his wife not a widow, nor his children orphans; that old soldier, Alexander Graham, would not have been in penal servitude, nor the city plundered of about £300 of expenses. If the prisoner had *at home* consumed the same amount of liquor which he drank in the public house, and lain down on his bed instead of on a stair, all this series of evils would have been prevented. As we have before said, all that society desires on behalf of an intoxicated man, is *to have him home*, for there he will not endanger either himself or the public. Well, then, the working classes shall no longer torment society by drinking in public houses. Let them, equally with the wealthy, drink in their own dwellings. Again we say—"*Protection for society, justice to the poor;*" that is our demand. Magistrates of Glasgow, do you call planting these public nuisances around every poor man's dwelling, while you carefully prevent their being set up near the mansions of the rich—do you call that justice? What, are the poor alone to be subjected to all the demoralising influences which issue every day from our 1750 whisky shops? Has the poor man no soul? Is the virtue of his children nothing to him? Are they alone every hour to listen to all the obscenity and blasphemy that stream from the lips of the drunken? Can a poor widow or single woman not enter the close that leads to her humble dwelling, without being jostled by troops of inebriates blocking up the way? By the God of Hosts, *such* justice shall not much longer rule the land. If the electors of Glasgow be Scotchmen, if there be a drop of Scottish blood in their veins, if they be townsmen of him our gallant chief, who, as he rushed to victory with the first of Britain's troops—the terror of the world—exclaimed, "We'll hae nane but Hielan' bonnets here," of him from whose lightning glance sedition fled dismayed on India's plains, they will speedily obtain justice to the poor. Let it not be said we seek to make men moral by the force of law. The charge is false as hell, and that our foes know well. *Protection, protection, protection* alone is the province of the civil magistrate—alone is our battle cry. Protect the poor man's children from that education for perdition, which from their earliest years they receive from

our accursed spirit shops; protect his daughters from the tempter's cup, with which lust slays its thousands every year; close up these gilded palaces of vice which are the vestibule of hell, to save poor women from their brutal husbands' cruelty; protect our substance from the drunken pauper's cry of want, our ears from the drunkard's blasphemy, our lives from maddened men's assaults. Give us protection merely, and we shall use another means than law to elevate our fellowmen. Virtue must rest on a sound heart's consent, not on the fear of punishment. Still, such is man; society *must* ward off danger and innumerable woes, by salutary laws. Is this tyranny? Liberty to annoy, corrupt, torment, to curse themselves and others, is the liberty of hell; and this, the liberty that sin in fallen hearts hath ever sought. Liberty to bless themselves and others is the liberty of heaven, and this alone the liberty that human laws should grant. The peace of Jerusalem the happy, the city of everlasting rest, is guarded well by prohibitions thickly set as stars in yon celestial milky way. On each stone of its jasper wall shines out in characters of fire—"There shall in no wise enter here anything that defileth or worketh abomination," Rev. xxi. 27. But it is not that prohibition which makes its inhabitants holy and pure, it merely is their everlasting protection. The prohibition of the entrance of moral evil is the security of heaven; the prohibition of the entrance of *public* evil shall be the security of earth.

This, then, is a settled point—the public houses, which retail liquors to be consumed on the premises, shall be closed. But how is this to be accomplished? The evil is a public, a political one, and shall have a political remedy. This is the work of the preventive division of the Missionary Volunteer force. When the spirit shops are shut, the teaching division will not then labour in vain. The plan of operation is very simple. The total number of electors in the year 1862-63, was 16,568. We purpose to place on the roll of each volunteer the names of some 25 electors. A tract specially addressed to electors on their responsibility to society, and to God, and giving in a condensed form the returns from the Ruin Investment, will be handed by the volunteers to each elector. His vote will be asked for such men of principle as will care for the welfare of the city. We do not propose to make teetotalism the test of a candidate's qualifications. He may be an abstainer or not, just as he pleases. But he must at least know so much of the city, as to be aware that from the public houses our greatest public troubles arise; and that to save society from these troubles, from unnecessary poor rates and prison rates, from corruption of morals and danger to life, the just and the only plan is to refuse licences in the poorer districts of the town, even as at present they are refused when applied for in the wealthy localities. If the volunteer preventives be at all active, they can very soon get the majority of the electors on the side of justice. Of course, they will be opposed

by 1750 publicans, by their landlords, by all the venal tribe that fatten on the city's misery. But these worms that feed on corruption do not amount to 5000, while the number of electors is 16,568. The Magistrates have the power to refuse as many licences as they please, and we *will* have Magistrates who, from conscientious convictions, will refuse them altogether.

The work is before us—let us begin at once. But do not let us suppose it will be accomplished by a spasmodic effort. We must become reconciled to patient *continuous* labour in putting and preserving the social machine in order, even as we have with a hearty good-will to attend to our daily toil. From day to day and year to year we keep at our business employment, for this is indispensable. There is a ceaseless exertion required to keep our dwellings tidy and clean, and yet we do not grumble at the labour. We must in the same spirit begin our missionary volunteer operations. Inch by inch—calmly and determinedly we will advance, till justice is obtained. But the army of volunteers must be adequate in *numbers* to the work. For want of influence and numbers all the former efforts of abstainers have had little effect. The huge map of the city dotted over with the whisky shops was a fine thing to look at, but the publicans found it to be very harmless. The published list of the landlords of the whisky shops, the publicans also found to be a squib. In 1858 there were 1622 public houses in Glasgow, and to-day there are 1750. Nothing less than the organization we propose, will gain the end contemplated; which is, that the poor, equally with the rich, will consume their liquors at home. We already hear the cry, that if the poor drink at home, greater evils will arise. Bah; has a man's wife as great interest in getting him to drink as a publican has? Are there not many working men too sensible to drink before their children, though they are easily drawn by acquaintances and shopmates into a whisky shop? Does the family at home *now* escape all evil when the husband comes intoxicated from the public house? Would women stand on stairs and strip the shift off their back to pawn or sell it to raise the price of a glass if they could not buy less than a bottle? Greater evils—just the same evils as the rich create by drinking at home. The present plan of drinking in the public house is found not to work to the advantage of society; it is time we were trying another plan, and that other plan we shall try.

We want 6000 unpaid missionary volunteers to visit the homes of the poor; to let them know that there are hearts in the higher strata of society that really care for them, and seek their elevation. But where are these 6000 Christian men to be got? Can our churches furnish us with such a number of experienced, prudent, educated, sympathising men? We question very much if they can. We have no doubt 6000 Sabbath School teachers, male and female, but many of them are too young and inexperienced for this work. Indeed, not one member of the church out of every twenty,

is *thoroughly* qualified for this, the most important of all our religious agencies. The two great qualifications required are common sense and gracious sense. The church of the present day is most lamentably destitute of this last named and essential quality. However, the army of volunteers must be raised, and then we will see to their training. The church has hitherto been under a singular delusion. She has imagined that if she laid hold of the young and rising generation, and instructed it in the principles of religion, such instruction would ultimately leaven the whole mass of society. She has been blind to the truth, that it is not by teaching, but by training a child in the way in which he should go, that his moral nature will be so strengthened that he probably will not depart from it when he is old. The children in our Sabbath schools are *taught religion for an hour* in the week, but they are trained for 100 hours in the week to vice at home. The teaching can no more contend with the training, than the moral can with the physical. Hence it is that the majority of our scholars fall away, that the majority of our criminals have confessed to having attended Sabbath schools in their youth. If society is ever to be elevated, no portion of it must be overlooked by the church; because, when one member of the body politic is diseased, all the rest will suffer. We remember listening to an address by Mr William Keddie, to the Sabbath School teachers of the North Eastern District, on "The Chasm between the Sabbath School and the Church." The object of the address was to point out the necessity of adult classes, especially of Young Men's Institutions, such as that in the Spoutmouth, and of such noble institutions there cannot be too many in the city. In it Mr Keddie expressed the feeling of the Church in general with respect to our neglected grown up men and women.

"Looking to the state of the lower classes of society in this country, or confining our regards to the condition of multitudes in our own city, who are sunk in ignorance and irreligion, it is one of the most disheartening experiences of Christian philanthropy to observe how inappreciable are the results of the means—all too inadequate, it must with sorrow be confessed—which are employed for their social and moral elevation. In contemplating the mournful spectacle of a sinking population, notwithstanding all the efforts put forth to recover them, we are tempted almost to entertain the desponding conviction, *that we must let the dark and turbid stream of the present generation flow hopelessly past,* and ascend with the healing and purifying influence of the gospel to the sources of the next generation. Begin with the current of life when it is flowing young and fresh from the fountain, and you may be the instrument of arresting its devious career, and directing it into a salutary course, where it will purify and bless the church and the world as it flows on to the ocean of a peaceful eternity."

This extract may seem beautiful, but it has not the beauty of wisdom. Two remarks upon it—1st. It is utterly unsound, the contemplated result being quite unattainable by the means suggested. The life of childhood is compared to a flowing stream—

the teacher's aim is to direct it into a proper channel. *What* is it that is thus to direct it? *One hour's teaching in the week!* most marvellous—one hour's teaching in the week! Professing Christians are exceedingly hazy in their conception of the power of religious instruction. When you give Bible information to a child, you do not communicate to him the grace of the Holy Ghost, spiritual life, a new nature, a regenerated heart. You merely give him knowlege; and his mind may, or may not act upon it; in fact, parents and teachers generally find that the children prefer to follow their own will, instead of the instruction given. The religious advice which you give him in the Sabbath school may be counteracted by contrary advice received elsewhere. And the *advice of example* which is given by the irreligious parents and companions throughout the whole week, *does* counteract and completely nullify the one hour's verbal advice in the school. The agency for evil has three sources of power over the other. 1st. It is employed for one hundred hours instead of one. 2d. It is employed by those who have far more influence over the heart than the Sabbath school teacher—by parents, brothers, sisters, and playmates. 3d. It is more agreeable to the fallen heart. It is a fine thing to dream about a teacher directing the life current of childhood into the proper channel; but truth alone is beautiful. No thought is beautiful which is not true—and the truth is that the channel is dug at home, and among companions at play, while the Sabbath school teacher, in the vast majority of instances, resembles a man standing by the river side, and saying to the stream—"Do, I entreat you, flow in this other channel." The church may be angry at us for our plain speaking, but that will not deter us from saying that it is an insane idea, to attempt the regeneration of the world by means of the Sabbath school alone. The Great Head of the church knew what He was about, when He *twice* gave the command, "Feed my sheep," and only *once* the command, "Feed my lambs." Divine wisdom knew that if the parent be influenced for good, the children would then be *trained* to virtuous and religious habits, as well as be merely taught; that *then* the channel would be dug in the right direction in which the life current might flow. 2d. It is inhuman to "let the dark and turbid stream of the present generation flow hopelessly past." Why allow men and women to pass "hopelessly" on to perdition? Is it because of the difficulty of conversion in the case of those advanced to the years of maturity? Here, again, the church is under a goss delusion. When we use the term "church," we mean her members taken as a body; indeed, we rather refer to those without Christian experience, for those who have been renewed are not under this delusion. She imagines it is easier to convert a child than a man—that he has a worse nature than the child. There is not the slightest difference between them as

to nature, though there be as to degree. In both there is the same fallen heart, though in the child not as yet developed. We bless God for children, for without them this world would more resemble the pit than it does. They do help to keep the hearts of men and women from growing prematurely old, from being hardened like the rock. Still we know that folly is bound up in the heart of every child, that opportunity will bring it out, that years will ripen it into the moral madness of the man, Prov. xxii. 15; Ecc. ix. 3. It is just as difficult for us to renew the heart of an infant as an aged withered soul, and quite as easy for Omnipotence to regenerate the sinner of a hundred years old as the babe of yesterday. In both alike it is divine power that is required, and we are glad the human soul is so precious that God will let none touch it but Himself. Let us no longer then allow the "dark and turbid stream to flow hopelessly past," on account of the seeming impossibility of purifying the waters. We say "purifying the waters," instead of "turning them into another channel," because the illustration employed by Mr Keddie is extremely delusive. A dark and turbid stream would still be dark and turbid in whatever channel it ran, whether north, south, east, or west. Again he says, "begin with the current of life when it is flowing fresh and young from the fountain." What fountain? No other than the heart. What sort of fountain is it? Unless renewed, it is only a fountain of evil, and the stream will be no better than it source. The current of childhood needs the purification of the Holy Ghost. Still further, his idea seems to be that the dark and turbid stream of the parents can flow in a channel of its own, *apart* from that in which the current of their children run, when the truth is, that the parents, by the evil communication of their example, daily mingle their contaminating waters with those not so turbid, which issue from their offspring's heart. It is thirteen years since Mr Keddie delivered that address. Tens of thousands who were then in the Sabbath schools, have grown up to be men and women. Is there now a mighty stream of righteousness "flowing on to the ocean of a peaceful eternity?" Glasgow is worse *now* than then. Many hundreds of our female scholars have been debauched, hundreds of them become the mothers of illegitimate children, and not a few of both sexes have passed through our prisons. If society then is ever to be reformed, the church must listen to the voice of Jesus Christ. She must obey the *reiterated* command—"Feed my sheep." Her evangelistic machinery on behalf of the home heathen must comprise these three branches—1st. Sabbath schools for the young. 2d. Advanced classes for adults from 16 to 24 years. 3d. Volunteer missionaries for the parents. The men of matured experience must be enlisted in this last. The organization for these volunteer missionaries will be exactly similar to our present one for

Sabbath school teachers. Each congregation will have its own society, and there will be a general Union with the necessary number of branches.

Dr Chalmers, when in Glasgow, had these three branches of home mission work, and though his missionary volunteers were but his elders, he succeeded in accomplishing untold good, but the greater part of that good was swallowed up by the public houses. He was quite aware of this himself, of how his every effort to raise the working classes was counteracted by the publicans. His own testimony is—"The public house is the most deleterious, and by far the most abundant source of pauperism." Society, since the days of his labours in St John's Parish, has happily seen the evil in its magnitude, and the appropriate remedy. These whisky shops shall be shut in spite of all the yells about tyranny, which interested men may raise. Which is the best for the city—tyranny *with* pauperism, crime, and general demoralization, such as we have at present under the reign of the publicans; or tyranny *without* annoyance, *without* unnecessary taxes, *without* corruption of public morals, which is the tyranny we now propose to establish, by letting the poor, equally with the rich, drink nowhere but at home? The liquor traffic alone is tyranny, it dooms the innocent with the guilty, it loads the deserving with taxation to feed the pauper and the criminal, it contaminates the public morality, it poisons and hardens the soul of childhood, it endangers the life and property of the citizens; therefore, it shall be suppressed.

We want 6000 missionary volunteers, but where are we to get them? The greater part of those in the church willing to work are already engaged in some scheme or other; very often their labour being bucket in hand, carrying out the desolating waters that flood the unroofed social edifice. Very wise work indeed, and likely in that way to have a speedy termination! We know it will be very easy to get 1400 preventive police, and as easy to get a large number of light troops to leave tracts, and invite the people to district meetings; but where to get two or three thousand men possessing common sense, and gracious sense, we really do not know. The whole difficulty will be in filling up the training division. It must be composed of men who have themselves been trained by the Holy Ghost, who, having long and deeply felt and groaned over the perversity of their own heart, can patiently bear with the weakness and waywardness of others; who, knowing that away from God, the fountain of living waters, there is no peace nor joy on earth, can gently, lovingly, entreat their fellowmen to become reconciled to God. Men who can sit down by the fireside of the poor, and converse with the freedom of an old acquaintance; who, while not prying into the social condition of the families under their charge, will offer such advice and aid as prudent observation may suggest; and above all, men who so frequently breathe heavenwards in prayer, and smile

in the face of a God of love who smiles back to them in return, that there will not be the slightest stiffness nor constraint in their religious advice, that when they pray in starting family worship in the homes of the poor, the auditors will be convinced the suppliant has the spirit of adoption, is a son rejoicing in the presence of a father beloved. When was it that much people were added to the Lord in the primitive church? When they were spoken to by men *full* of faith, and of the Holy Ghost, Acts xi. 24. Full of the Holy Ghost, means full of joy, Acts xiii. 52. This fulness of joy will be the strength of the training division, Neh. viii. 10, and it will convince our home heathen that there is a mysterious something in true religion, that is noble, holy, sublime; that there is a joy that is not of earth, a peace that is from heaven above.

Where are we to get a sufficient number of men of matured Christian experience for the training division? We say it in sadness, yet not without hope for the future, that the majority of the members, and even of the office-bearers of the church, are as yet not converted. There has been for many years past such an indiscriminate admission into the church—ministers have been so anxious to have well-filled churches, and men so desirous of the badge of respectability which church membership affords, that Zion is crowded with those who have a name to live, while they are dead. The contributions for missionary and other objects, is no proof of spiritual life. A few give out of love to God; a second class, from intellectual conviction that gospel ordinances must be supported; a third class, merely because others give; and a fourth to be seen and known of men. As a gentleman said once to us when giving his subscription—"Now, see that it be well advertised."

In judging of the members of the church, and of the Christianity of our day, we never look for perfection; for this is not to be found on earth. Every true believer has two natures—his own, which Paul most truly describes as being a law, Rom. vii. 21, it having the uniform tendency and strength of a material law; and its opponent, which is that of grace. Having thus two active natures, we never expect perfect consistency or harmony in a Christian's life. We always look for the double utterance—the voice of his own indwelling, inherent corruption, and the voice of grace. But when from close examination of a man or woman's life for *several* years, we observe nothing but the motions of the flesh, we are inclined to doubt the presence of the spirit. We say *several* years, because the person may be a backslider, and so scarcely to be distinguished from one that is spiritually dead. And we are certain that backsliding is of much more frequent occurrence, than ministers are apt to suppose. Even in the case of a backslider, a minute inspection would enable us to discover his state. He feels he is away from home, he knows it is not now with him as once it

was, and while he cannot look God in the face, he sighs for liberty from the thraldom of his wayward heart. In looking for the workings of grace we watch only its distinctive, its peculiar manifestations, not those appearances which unrenewed human nature can easily put on. Thus, we would place far more confidence on observing a man a few times casting his eye upwards with a subdued holy smile of love, and whispering to one that was near, than to hear him praying a hundred times in an assembly. We attach more weight to prayer in private than in public; to battling with indwelling corruption, than merely sighing over it; to love of the brethren, than flaming zeal against vice; to a humble spirit, than a great profession of unworthiness. Watching for utterances that can come only from spiritual life, we say in sorrow, yet we cannot but say it, for it is the truth, that the majority of the members of the church are destitute of a regenerated heart. Some men spoken of as saints in the "Life of Dr Chalmers," we found, from many years' close observation, to have only the single nature; there were no actions, no expressions, no looks, no tones, that indicated they had ever been born again.

Let us apply a single test to the Christianity of the present day. A true believer, when in a healthy condition, when the attraction of grace is strong from above, keeps the Sabbath day holy in the strictest sense of the word; holy, not in actions only, but in words and thoughts. He strenuously casts out every thought referring to his worldly business, or the passing news of the day. As we before remarked, the commands of God are but the indication of the disposition and tendency of grace, and grace finds its sweetest joy in obeying this command—"Not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words on my holy day," Isa. lviii. 13. A spiritually-minded Christian does not keep the Sabbath holy from the conviction that this is his duty. If Jesus bound us to himself by convictions merely, not one in a million of us would follow him. It is because grace is uneasy, is restless, dissatisfied, pained, when the Sabbath is not hallowed; and swims in holy serenity, when it rejoices before its Father in heaven—comes near to his very side, and takes hold of his hand—that a believer strives to hallow the sacred day. David beautifully describes the working of a gracious heart, when he says, "Come ye before Him and *rejoice*," Ps. c. 2. Feeling the warm sunshine of the Father's love, the heart endeavours to cast out the world on the Sabbath day, for thoughts of the world are an interruption of its joy. Often with great difficulty can it manage to escape and be at rest, but it is always pained when the fallen nature, the law in the members, struggles after vanity and folly, and brings the poor heart down again to the dust. Now, what we maintain is, that this longing to escape from earth on the Sabbath, if we may judge from the incessant worldly spirit and conversation of the members, and

even office-bearers of the church, is a branch of Christian experience to which the majority of them are utter strangers. When listening to a sermon, it is nourishment for his soul the true Christian desires; whatever is nutriment to grace is seized upon with avidity by the spiritual appetite. Merely rhetorical or logical beauty he passes over, even though he be a man of capacious intellect and refined taste; for it is fruit, not leaves, he is in search of. The weakest messenger can carry to him the bread and water of life, as well as the strongest; he has not itching ears, nor deserts his own church when his favourite minister is absent. He has no faith in the power of a popular preacher over his heart, but looks only to Jesus for more and more grace, and to the Holy Spirit to blow with the warm south wind of his joy, that the garden of his heart may send forth the sweet fragrance of gratitude and love, Cant. iv. 16. If a believer in this health condition were to give expression to his feelings in the company of many other members of the church, who can criticise the sermon down to syllables, and make every possible use of it but personal application; were he to say, "Jesus has given us manna to-day," every eye would be turned on him with surprise, the majority would regard him as an oddity, a singular or half-cracked person, or a red hot hypocrite. Since this is the condition of the church, where are we to get two or three thousand matured Christians for our home mission work? We have purposely placed the standard of qualification at its proper height, only that we may keep the mark in view. None of us are perfect, none of us are duly qualified, but our Master sendeth no one a warfare on his own charges, 1 Cor. ix. 7; he giveth liberally and upbraideth not, Jam. i. 5. When Dr Chalmers commenced his evangelistic labours in the Parish of St John's, he did not find tools prepared to his hand, any more than we will find them now. He was determined, however, that all his session would take part in the work. One of the elders begged to decline on the score of inability, he thought he was quite unfit to be a missionary to the poor, he had not speech nor courage to lead devotion in their homes. But the doctor would take no denial. "Can you read your Bible, Mr ———?" said he to the elder. The reply was "Yes." "Well, then, go through all the houses in your district, sit down and read the Bible to the people, and by and bye you will find you can pray too." Thus driven into the vineyard, he regularly visited all the families in his district once in every month for many years, and much oftener when sickness required his presence. As the doctor had predicted, he speedily found the ability to pray as well as to read. We do not then expect picked men; we will most thankfully receive all who volunteer. There is not one in the city so qualified as he will be after he has for sometime been engaged in the work. Our most able ministers, even Dr Chalmers himself, were but feeble in

their first attempts. Even for the sake of their own growth in grace, Christians should become volunteer missionaries. Exercise is as essential to the heart as it is to the body. It is when we are striving to lift up others, that the Invisible Gazer on our every deed, breathes strength into our own soul.

While we thus go forth to our neglected population, are we to leave the members of the church in their present condition? That would be cruel indeed. But how is a reformation in the church to be effected? The plan is two-fold. An agency must be employed to start family worship in every household, and to get the majority of the congregation regularly to attend the weekly meeting, which is to be conducted by the laymen. 1st. Family worship must be set up in every household. We know there are thousands will cry us down as an uncharitable self-conceited wretch, because we give the deliberate opinions we have formed from very extensive observation of the life course of the church, but that will not prevent us stating the conclusions we have come to from the very best of evidence. While not wishing to irritate any, we fortunately have a natural defect, which is, that we care exceedingly little for the ungrounded opinions of others. Charity, no doubt, thinketh no evil, hastes to throw a mantle over a brother's faults, and weeps over his falls; but, at the same time, she *rejoiceth in the truth*, 1 Cor. xiii. 6. It *is* the truth, that not one half of the members of the church have regular family worship. It was not always so in Scotland, and it must not be so much longer.

We propose that the elders of each congregation, assisted by such of the deacons and private members as are willing, visit one or more houses on an evening. Without inquiring whether the family altar has been erected or not, they will in *every* instance desire permission to lead the worship for that evening, and leave in each dwelling a tract on "The Duty and Method of Family Worship." When it is intimated from the pulpit that the congregational visiting agent will, as a matter of course, *in every family* lead the devotions on the occasion of the visit, even those who have hitherto neglected their duty will not regard this as a reflection or reprimand. By thus treating *all* the members of the church alike, offence will be given to none.

It is absolutely necessary that every such agent have a frank, kindly, humble manner. It is also requisite that the language of the prayer should be very simple. Free from vulgarities, and grammatical errors it should always be, but the nearer it approaches the conversational style of the inmates the better. It is surprising how many members of the church think they cannot find proper words for prayer. They are never at a loss while speaking to their fellowmen; why then should they stammer and hesitate before Him who knows

our weakness as no other can know it, and who looks not at our language, but at the longings of our heart? When visiting a young man who was a member of our adult Sabbath class, and who was dying of consumption, he said, as we were leaving, "Will you, Mr ———, the next time you come, bring with you a little prayer?" We felt as if a dagger had been plunged in our breast. Sad was it to see a departing soul unable to look up imploringly in the face of its God, and whisper in His ear all its wishes and its wants. No lengthened remarks should be made on the passage read. Far better to condense instruction into a single sentence, which may stick to the memory like a proverb. Thus, if the passage read be Mark 3rd chap. 1 and 12 verses, it would be sufficient to turn to the children and say—"Look at the second verse and tell me what made them watch Jesus; what did they wish to see?" Answer—"If he would heal the man on the Sabbath day." "Well, will you always remember this—'*Jesus is the healer, and the Sabbath is the healing day*;' let me hear you say that." They would then repeat it, and it may be would warble it for many days after. Gently, thus, their little voices would be whispering spirits to the parents' heart. From many passages in the gospels, it is evident that the Sabbath was indeed the healing day.

We have said that the agent should have a kindly manner, he should also have an air of cheerfulness; all the exercises should be gone through as if it were joy that made him speak. There should be no sighing, nor groaning, nor affecting of the holy tone. God knows, each of us has sufficient cause for weeping and sighing over our perverse heart, but the Saviour's command is, that penitential tears and tones be reserved for our closet, Matt. vi. 16; and a joyous countenance presented to our fellow-men, Matt. vi. 18. There should be nothing sombre in our aspect when we approach the mercy-seat, for God is a Father more compassionate, more forbearing, more forgiving, than any earthly parent; and it would be a pity of us were He not. Instead of then repelling by a heavy manner, the visitor should, with a smiling face, wean parents from a *slavish* fear of God, and encourage the little ones to throw their arms around His neck in prayer. He that stands trembling before his Maker, as the Israelites did at the base of Mount Sinai, does not yet know God. Grace, if present, will prevent the opposite evil of flippant familiarity.

When there is sickness in a family, do not let any agent ask if he will put up a prayer. Again, we say we want common sense in religion. Let him take it for granted that it is his duty *then* to pray. We do condemn the practice of some ministers asking on such an occasion whether they will pray or not. If prayer be the "Christian's vital breath, the Christian's native air," why are we so unwilling to breathe? Is it because there

is no life that demands the air? Some of our ministers, in the ordinary visitation of their hearers, never attempt to pray unless when specially asked. A jocular manner is good enough in its place, but there is that which is more becoming and more fruitful of blessing. When the people find their pastors so backward in lifting their eyes to Him from whom cometh our help, it is no wonder that they have ceased also to pray. At committee meetings, it is no unusual thing for a minister when asked to engage in prayer, to turn to another and beg him to do it. Strange that any one should be unwilling to come near Him who smilingly welcomes our every sincere approach—who, as a father, rejoices to meet the eye of his child.

The tract on "The Duty and Method of Family Worship" will not recommend anything either impracticable or very difficult. It is almost impossible for a working man, who has to leave his house at half-past 5 o'clock in the morning, in order to be at his work at six, and who has only three-quarters of an hour in which to go to breakfast and return to his place of employment, to attend to family worship in the morning. No one should commence what he is sure to break down under. It will be sufficient for such to have worship on the evenings of the six working days, and on morning and evening of the Sabbath. Our God is not a hard taskmaster. He "accepteth according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not," 2 Cor. viii. 12.

The congregational visiting agent will invite and entreat the members of the church to attend the weekly prayer meeting, which is to be conducted by the laymen. If ever the church or the world is to be reformed, the laity must take their proper share of the work. God never intended that the pastors should undertake all the praying and teaching. That is a task beyond their power. When the twelve said, "We will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word," Acts vi. 4, they did not expect that they alone should be preachers and suppliants in public. The men who took charge of the tables of bodily provision, also fed the multitude with the bread of life. Stephen, *the deacon*, the man "full of faith and power," was a *public* preacher of righteousness, perhaps as eminent as Peter the apostle, Acts vi. 8, &c. Philip, *the deacon*, went down to the city of Samaria, and *preached* Christ unto the inhabitants; indeed, he planted the Christian church in that city, Acts viii. 5. Who sent the deacon on this work? None other than the Holy Ghost, for He gave him power to work numerous miracles, Acts viii. 6, 7. The same deacon was the divinely appointed agent to preach Jesus to the Ethiopian eunuch, Acts viii. 29 and 35. Were they not private Christians who travelled as far as Phenice, Cyprus, and Antioch, and preached the gospel? God designed them also for teachers of others, for "the hand of the Lord was

with them, and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord," Acts xi. 21. Who instructed Apollos the eloquent preacher, but Aquila and Priscilla, the *private members* of the church? Acts xviii. 26. The primitive church prospered, because every member, whether apostle, or deacon, or private individual, both taught and prayed; and never until we follow that example, shall the church of our day have any effect upon the world. The obligation of *every* member, whether office-bearer or not, to employ his knowledge and experience "to the edifying of the church," 1 Cor. xiv. 12, can easily be deduced from the 12th and 14th chapters of the first Epistle to the Corinthians.

We know we are treading on dangerous ground; we know the professional jealousy of lawyers, physicians, and clergymen; yet, we will fearlessly place the laity and the clergy in their proper position. There is not a converted minister in Scotland but will welcome the assistance of the laity, and as for the unconverted ones, we are happily free of veneration for them. When God bestowed the Spirit upon the seventy elders, and they prophesied in the camp, Joshua, then without grace, or having but very little of it, burst out with—"My Lord Moses, forbid them." What was the noble answer of him who had most of gracious sense? "Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his Spirit upon them," Num. xi. 29. We wish the weekly prayer meeting to be conducted by laymen for these among many other reasons—

1st. To give the minister time to prepare lectures and sermons worth listening to. Paul, the master builder of the church, desired to see every pastor "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," 2 Tim. ii. 15. And that he might command and sustain attention, he is recommended to give "attendance to reading," and especially to meditation—"Meditate upon these things, give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting, (or attainments,) may appear to all," 1 Tim. iv. 15. There is a common impression among laymen that the clergy are lazy, that they either cannot or will not think; and that it is the easiest thing in the world to prepare to speak for an hour or two on Sabbath. But there never was a greater mistake. The sweat of the brain is more exhausting than that of the brow. A labouring man's hands may be always ready for his toil, but the mind is not always in a mood to think. A minister's mind is not like a power loom which can uniformly produce a given number of yards of sermon in a week. If a clergyman weave only plain grey calico that will attract no one's notice, he may manufacture a sermon in a couple of hours; but we will never grudge one who has a city charge, fifteen hours at his desk to produce what is substantial, and impressed with his own design. It is not an easy thing to prepare two discourses composed of finely balanced

thoughts, of material which, instead of having been judiciously stolen from the library shelves, has been most carefully separated by a patient judgment from the mass of thoughts that arise, when the attention is fixed upon the subject, and has been pointed with skill and love to meet the wants, not of any, but of a special congregation. To correct the erroneous impression which the laymen have of the ease of composing a religious address, as well as to give greater time to the minister for reading and reflection, we mean to give them a trial at the weekly prayer meeting.

2nd. Laymen must conduct the weekly prayer meeting, for they know the world better than the ministers. The first qualification for knowing the world or the church, is to know one's own heart. Not until a man has, through grace, seen within, can he properly see without. Even a Shakespeare could be a painter of only the single nature; it required a Bunyan to portray both the opposing forces in the soul—both nature and grace. When Massilon was asked how he, that mingled so little with the world, could draw such pictures of human life, he replied—"I have learned to draw them by studying myself." A converted minister, in *this* sense, knows the world well enough. But the knowledge of the world to which we refer, is an acquaintance with its feelings, its maxims, its practices, its temptations, its sins, during business hours, together with its longings, its indulgences during recreation and pleasure; and these to a very great extent are hidden from the eyes of clergymen. Just as boys do not play all their tricks when a policeman is at their side, so do men cover up when the minister is near. For instance, a sensible clergyman when asked to remain for an hour or two after the marriage ceremony is over, generally prefers to retire, knowing his presence is not really desired, that it would be an extinguisher of the company's mirth. Before his ordination, a pastor had some chance of seeing human nature as it is, but when he assumes the professional garb, even the members of his church hastily throw on the cloak the moment he appears. Not that the really pious are guilty of this weakness, for he that daily opens his bosom to the inspection of his God, has no occasion to feel uneasy at the approach of man; but we have already said, that those who live by faith are the minority in the church. The Rev. Dr ——— called on a forenoon to see one of his devoted elders. The clerk showed the doctor into the elder's counting room, and then went through the premises in search of his employer. "Dr ——— wants to see you, and is waiting in your room." "Botheration, what brings him here to pester me at this time of the day." But the instant he reached the room, the frown was changed for a smile, and "Oh, dear doctor, *how* glad am I to see you." Ministers are ignorant of the thousand irritating circumstances, the strains of temptation that daily occur in

business life. A Free Church minister calls upon one of his deacons, and while waiting for him in the passage, hears him swearing at his workmen like a trooper. "Oh, Mr ———, how can you swear so." "Well, Sir, I'm sorry for it, but if you were tormented as I am, you would swear too." And very possibly he was right. We know the brothers of ministers who are in business in Glasgow who can drink and swear like home heathens. Sometimes, humanly speaking, it is well for ministers they do not know all that occurs in daily business life. A clergyman, located not many miles from Glasgow, had a son in a commercial situation in the city. He left it to begin on his own account as a commission agent, hoping thereby to be of service to the younger members of the family. Well we recollect of his dreaming of being a prosperous merchant, and having connections with different parts of the world; dreams like that of Alnaschar, in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," over his basket of crystal wares; dreams never to be realized. The world took such hold of him, that if the mail from Australia were due on the Sabbath, he would then himself hurry for the letters. Ten days sickness struck him down, and the weeping father lately laid his head in the grave, without ever knowing how far his son beloved had strayed.

Even if it be said that from extensive observation and visitation the minister knows the world as well as any *one* of his members, he will not have the presumption to affirm he knows it as well as twenty of them put together. We do not intend that the same individual layman, nor even a dozen of them, shall constantly conduct the prayer meeting; the work must be divided—we must have the collective knowledge and experience of many to bear upon the church and the world. We must now apply Christianity to the daily life of men in *every* sphere, to their recreations as well as to their business. Some may say the less we know of this bad world the better. True, if we were out of it, if it had no influence over us, if it would not contaminate our children, if we could let it perish. No one will say the less the physician knows of his patient's disease the better. The church is God's appointed means for the salvation of the world, for the onbringing of the Millennium of peace and blessedness, and therefore must know the disease, in order skilfully to apply the remedy. Young was right when he penned these lines—

> "Happy! of this bad world who little know!
> And, yet, we *much* must know her to be safe.
> To know the world, not love her, is thy point."

3rd. The intellect and heart of the laity must no longer be lost to the church and the world. In a congregation containing 500 men, there surely must in the aggregate be a great mass of mind which could be available for the edification of the church. There

is within that number, no doubt, a great variety of experience, which should no longer be locked up. Certain of the laymen may have passed through peculiar phases of experience to which the pastor is a stranger, and so could in some points be a better spiritual consulting friend than he. The minister is only one flower, one tree in the garden; the fragrance, the fruit of many private members may be as pleasant to the smell, as sweet to the taste, and as nourishing as his. "Ye are the light of the world," said Jesus Christ to his *disciples*. Glasgow would be a dismal place if there were gas lamps only in the streets in which the clergy lived; unless all the members of the church shine, each in his own sphere and locality, the darkness of the world will never be dispelled—earth shall look in vain for the light of the latter day glory.

4th. Advice from a pious layman may find a readier reception, and be productive of more good than if it came from a minister. Some clergymen, especially those not converted, are exceedingly apt to overrate the value and effect of their labours; they think that men must highly estimate what proceeds from the pulpit, since the ministry is a divinely appointed institution. We wish these preachers had a little common sense. A sermon is not a communication of grace, it is only a certain amount of religious knowledge. Whether does its power for good arise from its having issued from the pulpit, or from its intrinsic merits? A renewed Christian in a healthy spiritual condition may, and really does pay peculiar regard to it, as coming to him through the messenger of his Father, but very few in the church have this peculiar regard, and perhaps none in the world. Men, in the mass, judge of a minister's discourse solely on the ground of its merits; and a man of reflection would not only attach the same importance to the ideas had they come from a layman, but would also welcome them more gladly, since they came from an unpaid agent, and were not clothed in a professional garb. Ministers know themselves, that volumes of sermons are the books which even the members of the church are least inclined to read. Advice from the laity has many sources of power over that which comes from the clergy—three of which we will mention. 1st. The world is more disposed to believe in the sincerity of the layman. We all know what sort of youths medical and even theological students are. No one is ready to give the majority of divinity students credit for much wisdom or piety. Up to the hour of their trial discourses, many of them are no better than they should be. The suspicious world asks, when did the candidate for the church become changed? did the metamorphosis take place during the act of putting on a black coat and white neckcloth? And the world positively refuses to regard the ministerial garb as a substitute for either grace or common sense. Hence the contempt with which clergymen are daily treated by

the public press. The world knows that a fee will make a lawyer speak in any style, logical, grave, or pathetic, even on the wrong side; and it is wicked enough to believe that a minister will manufacture and retail good advice solely for the stipend. Paul knew what a hold it gave him upon his audience, when he gratuitously preached the gospel. We can imagine how powerful was the impression which the generous soul who had sought not their's, but them, made upon the elders of Ephesus, when holding up his hands, he exclaimed, "Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me. When they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him," Acts xx. 34, 37. Let ministers not be startled or offended at our plain speaking; we do tell them that the unpaid, unprofessional, loving, evangelistic work of the laity, will more powerfully impress the heart of a suspicious world, than their own performances in the pulpit. Even in particular congregations we could show that some of the elders who visit more frequently than the minister does, who possess a certain fitness for visitation—a want of clerical starch, and a Christian joy and cheerfulness which bring sunshine into the dwelling—whose hand is as ready to help the needy, as their tongue is to pour in consolation and advice—that these men *living*, not written nor spoken epistles of the gospel, are the true pillars of the church, and have the warmest place in the affection of its members. The minister is paid for visiting, while the elders are not.

The second source of power arises from the tendency in human nature to be most strongly influenced by companions, and those in the same sphere of life. Every one must have noticed how children imitate those of the same age, how the young man cannot sympathize with the old, the unlearned with the learned, the poor with the rich; how society is divided as it were into several distinct circles, each almost insulated from the other. The clergy stand in the innermost ring by themselves, and address those beyond, but at a very great disadvantage. When a boy is sent to learn a trade, he is not taught by descriptions in a book, or by listening to verbal explanation, *but by looking at how tradesmen perform the work.* The world is the boy, and we wish to train it to virtue—will it ever be by harangues from the pulpit? No, never. Christian laymen, working alongside their fellows in the same place of employment, must, in the life, show to the onlooking world how the thing is to be done; how temptation is to be resisted; how a peaceful mind is to be preserved amidst a thousand irritations; how honesty is to be maintained in buying and selling; how business is to be conducted so as employers shall have sufficient profit, and their workmen better wages; how our daily toil can be so performed as to strengthen virtue instead of encouraging vice; how "godliness is profitable

for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come." Ministers do not on the six working days prove by their own example, in our workshops, warehouses, counting rooms, law courts, market places, that the duties which they inculcate from the pulpit on the Sabbath are really practicable in daily life. And even if they did, their example would not tell so much on the world as that of the laymen; because it would always be supposed, the clergy having peculiarly strong motives to strict obedience, they being the ordained servants of heaven, should be better than other men. The city ministers, remembering this, will see the reasonableness of our affirmation in page 2, that 6000 consistent Sabbath school teachers, or volunteer missionaries, may be of more service to the city than they, and that it is the daily life of believers, touching humanity at every point, which is the efficient means for elevating mankind. Let each class of men be acted upon every day of the week by men in that class, for they possess most influence over it.

The third source of the superior power of the laity is found in their ability to act upon their fellows at the critical moment. It is not when men are sitting listening to a discourse in the church that they are exposed to the strain of temptation. Suppose two members, who work in the same employment, have on the Sabbath heard a sermon on "Patience." "In your patience possess ye your souls," Luke xxi. 19. On the following Monday one of them receives some rough abuse from his master. Anger is kindled, and throwing down his tools, he is proceeding to put on his coat and give up his employment. His brother comes and softly says—"John, in patience possess your soul; you know not how long you may go idle, and you cannot afford to do that—conquer by bearing." "A word in *due season*, how good is it," Prov. xv. 23. The man who had forgotten the advice of the minister, is brought to reason by the *timely* pleading of his lay brother, and thereby, perhaps, a wife is kept from tears, and children from want. So in every other circumstance of life—*at the very time* temptation assails a brother, let us lay hold of him that he may stand.

5th. The weekly prayer meeting should be conducted by the laity, for the sake of the advantages thereby to be derived to themselves. It is when a man has to speak in public that he is forced to think. We are willing to allow that in too many instances the religious knowledge of the laity is very superficial, but the preparation which would be absolutely necessary to address *such* prayer meetings as we have in view, would be the remedy for this evil. Obliged to gather a stock of sound information, the members would listen with greater attention in the church, as well as read more and think more at home. That discipline would be of very great advantage. And after a man had in public admonished his brethren, his conscience would

probably be strengthened to take a stricter account of his own conduct in daily life. Nothing but grace will uphold us; still God employs many means to wean us from our weaknesses and sins; and the conviction that our brothers would expect us to practise what we had taught, would to some extent be an inducement to progress, and a power to keep us from falling.

To meet the intellectual tendencies of the age, but especially to show *how* gospel principles should govern every action, word, and thought of men in daily life, in its every phase, whether of business or pleasure, toil or recreation, sickness or health, youth or age, poverty or wealth—the weekly meeting to be conducted by the laymen must be different from that at present held by the clergy. The laity must not so much expound the doctrines of the gospel, as illustrate their tendency and operation in a renewed heart. Not that doctrines are to be cast aside, for sound doctrine is the only foundation of sound practice, but the defining and proving of the doctrines should not be the peculiar province of the laymen. While the minister on the Sabbath shows the necessity of faith, let the laity on the week day meeting show the necessity of works. Faith and works are the two wheels of the chariot of salvation, and unless both move, *and move together at the same time*, progress towards heaven is quite impossible. Yet, so blind is unregenerate man, that he will depend on one of them alone to carry him to safety—generally on works, because trusting to our self-righteousness is so agreeable to our fallen nature. And even when a man is renewed, it is the most difficult of all attainments daily in his intellect and heart to keep faith and works in their proper position. He then leans on faith in such a manner as almost to forget that works is the other wheel. Not that works is in the slightest degree the ground of acceptance, but it is the condition of receiving salvation. He that would obtain the free gift of heaven and eternal life, must *travel* to heaven; therefore, works is one of the wheels. Now, while out of ten thousand true Christians there will not be found one so mad as to believe that a harvest of grain can be had without the cultivation of the soil, there are some who are not *as strongly* convinced, that there cannot be ripe fruits of grace without the most careful attention being daily paid to the vineyard of the soul. They always look (and quite properly) to the blood of Jesus to cover every sin, to His sufficiency to make up every want, and thus solace themselves amidst all their shortcomings and defects. But conscience should call these Christians thus to account—"Am I always to be a babe, so as to need being carried in his arms? would it not be better for myself were I to take his hand and walk by his side? Would my daily growth in strength not give him satisfaction, and bring a sweeter, fuller joy to myself? If a tree that has life grows, why do I not grow?" He alone is the healthy Christian whose faith has such a pro-

found conviction, that without Christ, without the grace of the Holy Ghost he can do nothing—as will lead him every morning on arising to draw down from above a whole soulful of strength; and, on the other hand, such an equally strong conviction that he must work out his own salvation with fear and trembling, as will cause him to lay out all that heavenly strength in his daily life, as will lead him to shun temptation from without, and overcome temptation from within, by being *systematically busy* in doing good.

We think that doctrines in some pulpits occupy more than their due share of attention, while morality is almost kept out of sight. Doctrines are roots, and roots are where they should be—in the ground. Let the laymen point to the fruits. Hitherto we have, to a great extent, kept doctrines like the disjointed model of a steam engine in a mechanic's institution. Ministers, like the lecturer, have explained all the different parts—their connection and office, and with this head knowledge we have been satisfied. We want the laity to start the steam engine during the six working days of the week for the benefit of the world. In their address, let them take a wide range of subjects and illustrations, since a picturing of human life in its every condition is more allowable on a week day than on the Sabbath. The minister says such and such good works ought to be done—the laymen will paint the manner of performance, will pointedly expose existing evils, since they know the world better than the clergy, and fearlessly propose the remedy. A list of subjects, either for three or six months at a time will be prepared, printed, and a copy handed to every seatholder. The members and adherents of the church will propose the subjects, and a committee will judiciously make a selection from the lists handed in, and add others which may not have been mentioned. We have tried this plan with our adult Sabbath class, and found it to work admirably. The young men had an interest in the subjects discussed since they were their own choice, and had in many cases a bearing on their condition in life; and the consequence was, that even on the fine summer nights, which youth usually devotes to pleasure walking, the attendance was undiminished. We are convinced that there are many within the church who are in a particular phase of experience, as for instance, backsliding, who wish exceedingly for information and direction on the point which troubles them, but who are so diffident as to open their mind to no one. It would be of benefit to such to hand in their subject anonymously on a slip, to be treated either in the pulpit or at the weekly prayer meeting. Indeed, we would like to see a six months' list of pulpit subjects regularly drawn out and printed, and a copy in the possession of every hearer. It may be sometimes as difficult for a minister to pitch upon a theme as to prepare the sermon; and this we know, that very many

ministers confine themselves to a very limited range of subjects, which fetters their own mind, which starves the hearers, and makes them believe that the well of their pastor's power of thought has become completely dry. Something like the following might be the form of the list for the laymen's weekly prayer meeting—

SERIES OF SUBJECTS

FOR

FREE ST ——— CONGREGATIONAL WEEKLY PRAYER MEETING.

1864	Conducted by	SUBJECTS.	
July 6,	J. Scott,	Business Morality (The Accommodation Bill),	Rom. xii. 17.
		Psalm xvii. 4, 5—Newington. Psalm xxiv. 3, 4—St Alban's.	
" 13,	W. Brown,	On the Variableness of Religious Emotion,	Ps. cxix. 25.
		Psalm lxxviii. 37-39—Glasgow. Paraphrase lx. 3, 4—Orlington.	
" 20,	A Smith,	Business Morality (Buying and Selling),	Prov. xx. 14.
		Psalm xv. 1, 2—Martyrdom. Psalm iv. 6-8—Pembroke.	
" 27,	P. Watson,	On the Connection between Doing and Knowing,	John vii. 17.
		Psalm cxii. 4-6—French. Paraphrase xxx. 4-6—Saxony.	
Aug. 3,	J. Black,	On Backsliding—Its Causes,	Matt. xxiv. 12.
		Psalm ii. 4, 5—Kilmarnock. Psalm lxxxv. 6-8—Balerma.	
" 10,	C. Reid,	On Backsliding—Its Cure,	Hos. xiv. 4.
		Psalm ciii. 2-4—Jackson's. Psalm xliii. 3-6—Invocation.	
" 17,	H. Paterson,	On Business Morality (Prompt Payments),	Rom. xiii. 8.
		Psalm xv. 4, 5—Eastgate. Paraphrase xxi. 1, 2, and 4—Effingham.	
" 24,	R. Graham,	On Lukewarmness in Religion,	Rev. iii. 16.
		Psalm lxxviii. 36, 37—Devizes. Psalm lxxx. 17-19—Arnold's.	
" 31,	G. Fleming,	On Home Entertainments for the Young,	Ps. cxliv. 12.
		Psalm cxlvii. 11-13—Irish. Psalm cxlv. 19, 20—Duke Street.	
Sep. 7,	J. Anderson,	On Justice to the Poor,	Col. iv. 1.
		Psalm cii. 16-20—Tranquillity. Paraphrase xxviii. 3-6—St Alban's.	
" 14,	D. Boyd,	On the Christian Armour,	Eph. vi. 13-15.
		Psalm xviii. 28-30—Sheffield. Psalm cxxv. 1, 2—Gainsborough.	
" 21,	A. Campbell,	The Analogy between the Diseases of the Body and those of the Soul,	Is. i. 5-6.
		Psalm xxxviii. 1-3—Caroline. Psalm xii. 3, 4—St Neot's.	
" 28,	G. Muir,	On the Christian Armour,	Eph. vi. 16-18.
		Paraphrase liv. 1-3—Bedford. Paraphrase lviii. 5, 6—Darnley.	
Oct. 5,	W. Shaw,	Life and Character of St Paul,	2 Cor. xi. 23-33.
		Paraphrase xlix. 5-8—St Asaph's. Paraphrase lv. 1-3—Newington.	
" 12,	J. M'Lean,	Watchfulness the Sequel to Prayer,	Matt. xxvi. 41.
		Psalm cxliii. 6-10—Martyrdom. Psalm v. 1, 2—York.	
" 19,	W. Lindsay,	On Vain Thoughts—Their Classes, and Means of Suppression,	Jer. iv. 14.
		Psalm lxxxvi. 11, 12—Huddersfield. Paraphrase lxiii. 3-5—Moravia.	
" 26,	R. Hutcheson,	Primitive Christianity — Its Characteristics and Power,	Acts ii. 46-47.
		Psalm xxvii. 4, 5—New St Ann's. Paraphrase xlviii. 6-8—Pembroke.	
Nov. 2,	J. Bell,	The Relation between Sound Knowledge and True Piety,	2 Pet. iii. 18.
		Psalm cxix. 17-19—Jackson's. Psalm cxix. 97-100—French.	
" 9,	D. Inglis,	On the Amusements Proper for a Christian,	1 Cor. x. 31.
		Psalm iv. 6-8—Howard. Paraphrase xiv. 4, 5—Peckham.	
" 16,	A. Hunter,	On Realizing the Assurance of Sonship,	Rom. viii. 15.
		Psalm lxiii. 6-8—Saxony. Hymn, "Forever with the Lord," 1-3.	
" 23,	C. Johnston,	Self-examination—Its Method & Importance,	2 Cor. xiii. 5.
		Psalm lxii. 8, 9—St Lawrence. Psalm cxiv. 8-12—New Portugal.	
" 30,	D. M'Intyre,	On God as a Father,	Ps. ciii. 13.
		Psalm ciii. 11-13—Caroline. Hymn, "Rock of Ages."	

1864	Conducted by	SUBJECTS.	
Dec. 7,	...P. Miller,	.....On the Value of a Spiritual Imagination,	- Ps. civ. 34.
	Psalm lxiii. 6-8—Arnold's.	Paraphrase lxi. 3, 4—Saxony.	
" 14,	...H. M'Farlane,	..On the Analogy between Natural and Spiritual Life, - - - - -	- Ps. xcii. 12.
	Psalm i. 1-3—York.	Paraphrase xxx. 4, 5—Newington.	
" 21,	...W. Young,	.....On the Connection between Cleanliness and Godliness, - - - - -	- Lev. vii. 21.
	Psalm ci. 1-3—St Stephen's.	Psalm xviii. 23-26—St Paul's.	
" 28,	...R. Henderson,	.On Self-denial — Its Sphere, Power, and Blessedness, - - - - -	- Matt. xix. 29.
	Psalm xl. 7, 8—Devizes.	Paraphrase lix. 1-4—Hamilton.	

The Meeting is held in the Church every Wednesday from 7·45 *till* 9 P.M.

The laymen's prayer meeting may occupy either one hour or an hour and a quarter. The address should in no instance exceed half an hour—indeed, twenty minutes will, in most cases, be quite sufficient. Either one or two persons will conduct the exercises on each evening. Let us have a few thoughts on the address, the prayers, and the praise.

1st. *The Address.* As our intention is to make the meeting so interesting, as well as instructive and beneficial, that it will draw out the majority of the hearers, it is plain there must be proper preparation. As the speakers will have plenty of time to think over their subject, the address *should* be worth listening to. And yet it will not, unless the speaker possess common sense and a general fund of solid information. Good sense is the foundation of good speaking. Discretion and decorum should preside over all the proceedings. The thoughts in the address must be—1st, To the point, surrounding the subject with light. 2d, Weighty—not trivial, fantastic, gaudy, nor ridiculous. 3d, True to nature and fact—neither unreal nor overstrained. 4th, Made attractive and easy to be remembered by *apt* illustration. Man, since the fall, has become almost incapable of bare, dry, abstract contemplation on divine things. He who knows our frame, who spake as never man spake, adapted his speaking to our natural weakness—hence His parables and stories. Since we can best see the divine through the human, the spiritual through the natural, the things of heaven through those of earth, we must begin to lay all nature, science, and art, under contribution to illustrate Bible doctrines and precepts. 5th, Pressed home by the fervour of the heart. 6th, Fresh from the speaker's own mind. The thoughts of others should be used merely as suggestions to our own invention. A man who has a mind of his own, may, like a brassfounder, take in material from any quarter, but he will always melt and cast it in the moulds of his own faculties. In short, we want the thoughts to come gushing out artlessly, freely, from a clear intellect, a solid judgment, a luminous imagination, a noble, generous, fervent heart. Yes, this is what we want, but we know it will not be got all at once. Again we raise the mark only to show how far we have to climb.

The least that we expect, however, is good sense, truth, simplicity, earnestness. All the qualities mentioned will not perhaps be found in any one lay speaker, but we expect they will be found in a congregation. There are "diversities of gifts" from that Spirit who "divideth to each man severally as He will," 1 Cor. xii. 11, and we seek to derive benefit from all. The lay speakers will first collect the matter, the substance of the address, then arrange it; and, lastly, write out, *so as to answer the natural speed and manner of delivery.* Each man has a style of thinking and speaking peculiar to himself. And, again, while a man has only one natural style of speaking, he may have two styles of writing, both closely resembling each other; and, yet, the one more pompous, stiff, and elaborate than the other. The style which one falls into when writing for the press, wants that freedom, ease, variety, naturalness, which is used in conversation. Now, above all things, at the weekly prayer meeting, let us have ease—nature speaking out artlessly and freely. If the laymen are in a stiff and monotonous manner to read or recite their composition like a school-boy, the people will fall asleep, and the meetings go down. To attain this conversational style of writing, after the heads of the discourse have been fixed on and arranged, and sufficient illustrations have been gathered, let the writer imagine he is addressing the audience, and as the words come from the lips let the pen trace them down. As to delivery, there is but one rule; feel truly, and you will speak truly—nature, when roused, is always impressive. Imitate no one's manner of speaking—a leading minister in a denomination has spoiled a hundred students. Who could bear to hear all the singing birds imitating even the lark? who would care to go into a garden if there was only one form of flowers? If a man has not power in his own individuality, he never will have it in that of another. The perfection of speaking at the weekly meeting, will be for each man to pronounce as he would if in conversation with his friend. He would not then attempt a sing-song, drawling, mock-solemn, affected, formal, stiff, hypocritical, or vociferous tone. If we would throw pathos or tenderness into our speech, let it be the gentle, subdued, kindly manner we would unconsciously assume if visiting a friend who was seriously indisposed.

2nd. *The Prayers.* Men treat God as they never treat one another. It is in religion that men are most irrational. We never go to a friend to ask a favour without having fixed on what we will ask; yet men stand up to pray without the slightest previous thought of what they intend to seek. A beggar never speaks until he sees a person before him; men open their mouth and pray while utterly unconscious that God is before them—the eye of faith does not then rest upon the Invisible. There are many ministers who believe they must think over the sermon,

but as for the prayer, merely set the tongue agoing, and words of some description will come. To address men they are convinced some preparation is required; to address God, none whatever. Truly the patience of God is infinite. Oh! for common sense in religion. This, our shameful treatment of a long-suffering God, must be given up. Let us resolve we will ask only what we really want; what, from a calm consideration of our own and the necessities of others, seems indispensable; what at the time appears to be *the* needed blessing, what we will strive by personal and continued exertions to obtain; for prayer is only taking food that we may be able to work, putting on the armour that we may fight. Prayer is the expression of our intention. In it we state to God what we purpose to do in His strength. "Enlarge my heart"—the prayer; "and I *will* run the way of thy commandments"—the purpose, Psalm cxix. 32. "Forsake me not"—the petition; "I *will* keep thy statutes"—the resolution, Psalm cxix. 8. We pray for the double object of moving God to bestow more grace, and moving ourselves to strive after a purer and better life.

Let each layman who intends to lead the public prayer gather the material by meditation, by asking these four questions—1st. Wherein have we individually, and as a congregation, acted inconsistently or done amiss? 2nd. What blessings do we *now* specially require? 3rd. What mercies have we received? 4th. What evangelistic work should we ask God to prepare us for? Thus the thoughts will be obtained, and let them be clothed in the simple language of the heart. Laboured phrases and sentences in supplication are odious. What father could endure his child to come before him with set pedantic phrase to tell its little wants? How beautiful is the natural flow of the heart—"God be merciful to me *the* sinner," Luke xviii. 13;—"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdon," Luke xxiii. 42;—or Richard Cameron's, "Lord, take the ripe, and spare the green." When the thoughts are collected, the eye must imploringly rest on the Holy Spirit to breathe on the heart, and supply the proper feelings. These are the soul of prayer, and without them it is as valueless as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." They are—1st. A conviction that we are in the immediate presence of God. 2nd. The feeling of adoption, which is a combination of reverence, love, and undoubting childlike confidence. 3rd. Contrition, humility. 4th. Gratitude. 5th. Intense feeling of want. 6th. Appreciation of blessing. 7th. Dependence on the merits of Jesus Christ. 8th. Submission to the will of God—leaving Him to judge what should be granted, and when, and how. All these feelings will not be present at the same time. Which ever happens to be strongest, will as it were, swallow up the rest. The predominant feeling will determine whether confession, thanksgiving, or petition, come first. As a child lets

out what is uppermost in its mind, so let the heart do in prayer.

3rd. *The Praise.* In the foregoing list of subjects we have given the Psalms, &c., to be sung, also the names of the tunes, in order that the congregation may learn the music at home, and give up the shameful custom of bringing music books with them to the church. A church is not the place to learn either to read or to sing. In praise, equally as in prayer, there should be a profound feeling that God is near us, so near that we could touch him by stretching out the hand. We seek not to guide or control any believer's imagination. Some may direct the eye of the soul to Him that sitteth upon the throne above, others may vibrate as it were under the joyous conviction that their reconciled Father is hovering immediately overhead and smiling on the heart. But this we do insist upon, that in praise, as in prayer, there be an outgoing of the soul to God, a conscious offering of thanks; and, yet, not necessarily of thanks alone, for the breathings, the whisperings of the heart may then also assume the form of supplication. While the voice is singing the verses, the heart may cause a running comment upon the thoughts to ascend into the ear of God. Thus, if the portion sung were Psalm xxiii. 3, 4—

3. "My soul he doth restore again,	Comment—How often hast thou lifted me up, my Father, and healed my backslidings.
Within the paths of righteousness,	Keep me from henceforth in the way of peace.
Even for His own name's sake.	—Yes, for thy Son's sake; not mine.
4. "Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,	—My God, prepare me for that hour.
Yet will I fear none ill,	—Let it be so, my Saviour.
For thou art with me, and thy rod	—Yes, I *will* trust thine everlasting love.
And staff me comfort still."	—Comfort me all life's journey through.

But whether there be such a comment or not, we insist on common sense in religion. If attention to the notes of the tune in the music book prevent, as it really does, the *sensible* impression of God's gazing on the heart; if it prevent, as it really does, the mind from being fixed on the sentiments contained in the verses, so that the soul does not consciously acquiesce in them; then common sense will decide it is proper that the tunes be learned either at home or a congregational practice, and the music books be kept out of the church altogether. Paul says—"I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also; I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also," 1 Cor. xiv. 15. David says—"Sing ye praises with understanding." Psalm xlvii. 7. We are not uncharitable when we affirm, that the understanding is not directed to the meaning of the verses while the eye is running over the notes of the tune. A *latent* feeling of God's presence there may be, but that is not what he desires, nor is that which grace seeks

to offer. How beautiful are these words—"My hands to Thee I stretch; my soul thirsts as dry land for Thee," Psalm cxliii. 6. Every one will admit how infinitely better it would be for a congregation, while singing, Par. lxv., verse 6—

> "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
> To be exalted thus;
> Worthy the Lamb, let us reply,
> For He was slain for us,"

were each worshipper so well acquainted with the words and the tune, that the whole attention could for the time be fixed entirely on Jesus Christ, that the imagination could gaze on Him sitting on the throne, that the soul could be persuaded it was sounding in unison with the whole assembled family in heaven, that the heart, under the conviction that He more regards the feeble cry of the weak ones on earth than the joyous shout of the strong ones made perfect, could feel itself lying at His feet in intensest love and gratitude, than for the mind to be prevented thus entering into the spirit of adoration, by close attention to the pitch and length of musical notes. Reading music, and, at the same time, reading the lines of the Psalms, is a double mental effort; we would like to see the mind that could add to these a *concentrated* outgoing of the soul to God. David says—"My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise," Psalm lvii. 7. We are persuaded it was not fixed upon a musical manuscript. We do wish, for very many reasons, that music was more cultivated among the Scotch than it is. We long for the time when in every working man's house will be found a good keyed instrument to lead his children in part singing, and when the tonic-sol-fa system will be taught in every school as a necessary branch of elementary education.

With regard to hymns, the Free Church might adopt a few, but only a very few of the thousand which are constantly used elsewhere. A selection of those which have a peculiar hold upon the heart might be introduced; but O, preserve us from all which have been got up entirely by a rhyming dictionary and a foot rule. The Reformed Presbyterian Church might now cease to confine her members to the psalms alone. She is quite right in her preference of the psalms over all other songs of praise. As a photograph of true Christian experience, they will for ever remain unequalled. As a delineation of the heavenward breathings of grace, and the rebellious longings of the law in the members; of the greatness, long-suffering, mercy, and love of God, and the weakness, corruption, and instability of man, they will be unmatched to the end of time. They far excel all other compositions in their power over a renewed heart; though often the secret of this is the frequent use of the personal pronoun, which leads the believer to feel as if the experience described were his

own. He unconsciously becomes the speaker, the thoughts and words are such a faithful representation of his own inner life. Even those passages over which the unregenerate, and even Christians with little gracious sense stumble, as David's invectives against his enemies, are no stumbling block to him. The heart in a moment uses these verses against its inward foes—the comment which it spontaneously makes in singing is—"Father, destroy my lusts, slay these enemies of my peace." While thus freely admitting the superiority of the psalms, we would allow other spiritual songs which had a more direct reference to the New Testament dispensation. The arguments used by the Reformed Presbyterian Church are only small dust, which can be blown away with the wind of the mouth. We have seen such an able man as the late Professor Wm. Symington, brought to a stand by the smell of heresy in the second line of verse 3rd, Paraphrase 35th—"For you, for *all;* take, eat, and live;" quite forgetting that the word "all" no more announced universal salvation than does Rom. v. 18. The explanation which is applicable to the word in prose, is just as applicable to it in verse.

With respect to the use of an organ in church, we are decidedly opposed to its employment. We admit the *noise* it makes encourages the people to let out their voice, but singing loudly is not singing in the spirit. On the ground of mere utility—utility in its tendencies and ultimate results, we unhesitatingly say instrumental music in a congregation is detrimental. Many will suppose the soothing emotions they possess when their natural love of the beautiful in sound is gratified, is spiritual feeling. A believer of a few years' experience knows in a moment the difference between these, and also knows that no agency but that of the Holy Ghost can stir up his heart. Instead of an organ in the church, give us in each house a harmonium or concertina, of full scale, with all the semitones, and tuned on the principle of equal harmony, which gives the truest melody and sweetest harmony. Our people will thus be more efficiently trained to sing than with the aid of an organ in church. The price of a huge machine for making noise in the church would procure many small instruments for giving music in our homes. Those churches which have an organ should import a German with a soul, for we have never heard the instrument properly handled in Scotland. And as to tunes, let us have only those which will bear full part harmony, and are symetrical in design. A number of precentors, and would-be composers, who delight in a bed mat of a hundred patches of printed calico, all of different patterns, have commenced to stitch together a number of injudiciously stolen phrases from several melodies, and then they call the patch work a tune. From such abominations preserve the church.

At the laymen's weekly prayer meeting there must be no attempts made to get up a scene. However anxious we may be for revivals, let us beware of merely exciting human emotion. While we seek not to limit the working of the Holy Ghost, we seek to limit nervous excitement. When the Spirit operates, He brings moral madmen to the feet of Jesus in their right mind; when man operates, sometimes he sends not a few to the lunatic asylum. The wind bloweth where (and how) it listeth, saith Jesus Christ, John iii. 8. We will hail it, whether it comes to fan the soul with the balmy zephyrs of summer, or prostrate it with the sudden force of the hurricane blast. The Holy Spirit alone knows which degree of strength is best for each individual, and each age of the church. In awakening men out of natural sleep, we daily employ every gradation between the soft whisper of love, and the wild cry of alarm when danger is imminent; and we know the natural is only an emblem of the spiritual, that the Holy Ghost likewise employs all possible degrees of strength in arousing slumbering sinners. Even so, Holy Spirit, for thus it seems good in Thy sight. But while we bow in heartfelt acquiescence in the varied working of the Holy Ghost, we insist on common sense in religion. About three years ago, when the revival meetings in Glasgow were at their height, we went one night to the church in which the greatest number of persons were said to be "struck," to use the technical term of the day. Every pew was filled, and every passage crowded. Believing in the necessity of fresh air, even in a church, we allowed the anxious (the curious who had come to see the stricken) to push forward, and become dissolved in perspiration, while we stood at the outer door of one of the gallery passages. We had not waited above ten minutes when a woman immediately before us gave a faint cry, and dropped at our side. This was the first that had been stricken that night. We lifted her in our arms, and with the assistance of another person carried her down to the session house. A drink of water and a few kindly words soon brought her to her senses. We sat beside her some ten minutes, conversing in sympathetic common places; because, close searching personal inquiries that seek to sound the heart so as to know what cure to prescribe, we deem out of place before a multitude. A person who had been haranguing those outside the church who could not find admittance, now came in and offered a prayer. At its close, which might be twenty minutes from the time we entered the session house, there was a commotion at the door, and six persons forced their way carrying in the second struck patient. She was a girl about 17 years of age, seemingly a factory worker, dressed, however, in her Sabbath clothes. Her nervous system had received a severe shock, for the poor girl lay at first quite unconscious in the arms of her female companion. After a little she moaned and sobbed out—

"O, murder, murder; O murder!" Will it be believed, that the office-bearer left in charge of the session house, to attend to such cases, instead of giving her a drink, or sprinkling cold water on her brow, and gently, kindly encouraging her to be calm, as any man with a particle of common sense would have done, as any Christian man would instinctively do to a daughter, strutted before her like a bantam cock, giving her this advice—"Lift up your voice like a trumpet, cry aloud, and spare not." If Sir Walter Scott had beheld such a scene it would have had a prominent place in "Old Mortality." Not that we approve of that book, for in it the Covenanters are most unjustly treated, and a hell-hound represented as noble, generous, and just; not that we can bear any one to laugh at the follies of his brother man in religion, for folly here is damnation, and that is not a thing to laugh at; but the scene was such the novelist would not have allowed it to escape his pen. What the office-bearer meant by quoting the command of God to Isaiah, Is. lviii. 1, we cannot conceive, unless he supposed the insensible girl could be made the instrument of striking down a multitude. If she had lifted up her voice like a trumpet, and increased her cry of "Murder, O murder!" no doubt a sensation deep as even he may have desired might have been produced. But, happily, through the kind attention of her female friend, her agitation subsided. In about ten minutes after she was brought in, the minister made his appearance. She still lay in a half unconscious state, with her head on the bosom of her comrade. Instead of perceiving that she was in a condition quite unfit for conversation, instead of recommending her friends to take her home, and promising to call on her to-morrow when she was better, the minister drew in a chair and planted himself before her. "Do you love Jesus?" was the first question. After a little shaking from her friend, she managed to sob out, "O yes." "But are you sure you really love Jesus?" again demanded her tormentor. Once more the same reply, "O yes." Only think of this, asking a girl in that state if she was sure she really loved Jesus, when the test of sincere affection is not a transient emotion, but a life-long obedience to His commandments. John xiv. 15. We could stand it no longer; so asking the woman we had carried down to the session house to come away, and we would accompany her home, we left the place, most sad at heart to see such blindness even in the house of God.

On the way home we gently drew out of our companion the cause of her being struck. She was a carter's wife, living at Tollcross. For some years before her marriage she had been a member of the church, but like a great many girls of the working class, ceased to be a member, and even to attend the church, shortly after her marriage. Would that marriage were always a union of principle, instead of a connection effected by animal

love. Some of her neighbours had informed her of the numbers who were being converted in the church referred to, and an anxious desire arose in her mind to be present. For several days she had been thinking that possibly a visit would do her good, and so at last she determined to attend. Her feeling shortly before she fainted was similar to that of passengers on the deck of a sinking ship. The boats have taken some to the shore, but what if they be too late in returning, or if there be not room for all. Her apprehension, assisted by the suffocating heat of the place, was the sole cause of her dropping at our side. It is not *such* conversions we hope to see at the laymen's weekly prayer meeting. In a week, nay, in a day, the impression would be gone, and the struck ones be found still wallowing in the mire of their accustomed sins. We place not the slightest reliance on a revival got up by man. Though we saw a whole congregation melted into tears under a powerful appeal, we know they would be perhaps even more strongly affected on witnessing a pathetic play, as "Venice Preserved," in the theatre. It is an easy thing to stir the waters of human feeling to their depths, and it is also a very useless thing, as the abundant tears shed over sensational novels quite fully prove. We attach importance to nothing but the seed of grace, that liveth and abideth for ever, being dropped into the heart by the Holy Ghost. There is but one influence that is mighty, yea, that is omnipotent in starting a true revival, and that is *secret* prayer. We are persuaded that none of our great popular preachers have been the means of converting so many, as some unknown humble pastors, whose great strength lay in their wrestling with God, when no human being beheld their streaming eyes, when no ear but His listened to their fervent breathings, their groanings of intercession on behalf of their flock. Let us prefer the excitement of the closet, to excitement in public, if we would be successful in evangelistic work. The laymen's motto must be—"Pray, work, and pray." The rule to be observed is, that we pray twice as much in secret as we speak in public—we shall not then labour in vain. First, prayer for direction in gathering the substance of the address; then after it is spoken, prayer for the blessing—"And looking up, an answer will expect," Psalm v. 3.

We have several times gone to the revival meetings regularly held in different parts of the city, and conducted by raw, inexperienced young men. While approving of the object, we could not approve of the means. All the speakers were direct from Mount Sinai; they had the look of men just escaped from an earthquake. There was a sad poverty and sameness of thought; indeed, the speakers could do nothing but hold up a fire, a skull, and cross bones—death and hell were in their eyes the sum and substance of religious discourse. If the audience did not hang down the head like a bulrush, if there was no prospect of a great

number of anxious inquirers, the speaker would become more violent, and inform them they were not like the jailer of Philippi. We protest against our holy religion being thus caricatured. While the law and the speedy termination of life must not be forgotten, we insist that in religious address the free infinite love of God to man in Christ Jesus hold the most prominent place. It is not terror in our breast that God can endure to look on; it is our bounding to His bosom with a joyous holy love. Terror will never secure *filial* obedience, and God despises the homage of a slave. There is but one picture will draw the heart of an alienated world to its Creator; it is of the Father of our life on the outlook for the return of His prodigal children, of that Being whose nature and essence is love, 1 John iv. 16, with outstretched arms welcoming us to His embrace. Would that this picture, like the rainbow, spanned the sky. Jesus Christ, we adore Thee for the parable of the prodigal son. We further protest against these young men, many of them, according to their own confession, but a few weeks on the way to Zion, setting themselves up as spiritual physicians. Is the soul less precious than the body? are its maladies so simple that a believer two weeks old may prescribe? If men, for the diseases of the body, seek the advice of aged, skilful, experienced physicians, why not for those of the heart? Who would place dependence on the direction of a medical student only a fortnight at college? Do let us have common sense in religion. There is the greatest possible difference between the knowledge of a young and an aged believer, and also a very great difference in their inner life. Thus, when the aged disciple, who has long proved the fatherliness of God, is surprised into a sin, perhaps there is not a single tear in his repentance, but were we gazing on his heart we would see that the blood of Jesus had become dearer to him, and his humility had assumed a deeper tone. His feeling would not be so much sorrow as gratitude, and gratitude alone is the foundation and moving spring of true obedience. His sin would not drive him away from God, but bring him nearer. He could, with a mixture of intense love and humility, look in the face of God and say—"Thou wilt not give me up, my Father, thou wilt not give me up." The case is often quite the reverse with the young Christian. His sin makes him so sad, he cannot lift his eyes; he weeps bitterly, and it may be goes away from, instead of coming to the side of his offended God—to a God offended, and yet a Father more ready to place His forgiving hand upon our head, than we are to ask His pardon. The old Christian has strength and joy because he looks to Christ; the young one weakness and grief because he looks mostly at himself. The old one knows, from many a sore fall, how to overcome temptation; the other is as yet a stranger to such knowledge. Why, then, should he set himself up as a spiritual physician? Why should

he placard the city walls, intimating he will give an address on—"Is perfection possible in this life?" While we thus condemn a zeal that does not rest on wisdom, a zeal that does not, in many instances, spring even from true conversion, we confess that often as we have listened for a moment to a street exhorter, and witnessed how earnestly even the unlearned and simple can recommend Jesus Christ to the neglected multitude, the words passed through our brain like a lightning flash—"I tell you, that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out," Luke xix. 40. The intelligence and piety of the church must no longer keep silent. We must openly, and without diffidence, confess our Saviour before our fellowmen, and use the gifts that God has given to gather in the lost.

Let us have the laymen's weekly prayer meetings, and above all things, let us have peace. We must speak the truth in love, but let us beware of bitterly assailing each other's sins. Let us resolve neither to give nor take offence. In an assembly of erring and imperfect men, some little differences will now and then arise, but let the heart at once be calmed by a look at Jesus Christ. The laymen will not seek to usurp the minister's place, nor he to hold them less than equals and brethren. Let grace melt all the hearts into one. Sweet is the harmony which it, and it alone, produces in the aims, deliberations, and efforts of all true fellow-workers with the God of peace. Let whisperings and backbitings in congregations cease on both sides—for these secret whisperings against the minister which *are* so common in congregations—many painful particulars of which we could give, and his tendency to treat his hearers and office-bearers with professional independence and dignity, eat out the very soul of religion, and stay the showers of grace from above, which are so much needed for the church and the world alike. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," Psalm cxxxiii. 1. "Peace be within thy walls, O Zion, and prosperity within thy palaces," Psalm cxxii. 7.

We want 6000 missionary volunteers. At the laymen's weekly prayer meetings we hope to enlist many, and to animate Christian zeal and beneficence by the tales of our success amongst the outcasts. As in our present city mission, volunteers will be received from all our evangelical denominations. The doctrines professed must be those taught by Christ and His apostles, as they alone are effectual for the quickening of the church or the restoration of the world: as the fall of man, his blighted nature, polluted life, and moral inability to save himself; *free* justification from the Father, drawn by the sinner's heart through faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ, the eternal Son and coequal of the Father, which faith itself is the product of grace, and the free gift of God; the partial renovation in this life of all the blighted powers of the soul, by the healing influences of the Holy

Ghost, and the believer's consequent striving after holiness in thought, word, and deed; the Bible as God's infallible declaration of truth to man, and the sufficient and only guide of our fallen race to happiness and life everlasting; the moral government of God even in this world, and the final triumph of justice at the judgment. Strange that these doctrines, which have been the light and solace of the world for eighteen centuries, should be doubted now; and, yet, not strange, when we reflect what a being is man, and how the rebel nature thirsts to show its independence of God and its hatred of His truth. A few thoughts upon some of these doctrines.

1st. *The fall of man.* The infinite mind of the self-existent, independent, and eternal "I AM," possesses the three powers of knowing, acting, and enjoying; and man, created in the image of God, has the same three-fold capacity. Let us look at Adam before his fall. The sources of his knowledge were, as with us, sensation, perception, reflection, which supplied all his ideas, except the few foundation truths (as the idea of a God and responsibility to Him) which sprung from the very constitution of his mind without the aid of reasoning. On every subject brought before the mind for consideration, two lights shone. The first was that of judgment; the second, that of the heart. The first was like the flame of the assaying furnace, which melts the materials exposed to its operation, and separates the pure from the impure, the precious metal from the ore. The second was subtle, penetrating, and swift in movement as the lightning. Judgment reached its conclusions by a calm process of careful discrimination and balancing—it investigated into the fitness, the propriety of things; the heart darted to its conclusion by a glance. Judgment was guided in its decisions by an inherent tendency to fix upon that which was becoming the creature in its relation to God; the heart, instead of judging what was good or evil, right or wrong, had only a constitutional love of the beauty of holiness, and threw the light of this love upon the subject under consideration. In this respect, the soul of Adam was the mind of his Creator in miniature. God judges of the fitness of things; but in addition to this, has an infinite eternal love of the beautiful in holiness, and it is this love working with more than the strength and uniformity of what we call material laws, which gave birth to the moral laws which regulate His intelligent creatures. It is not law that binds God to holiness, it is His love of the harmonious—the beautiful. So, while the judgment of Adam sought to decide in accordance with the commands promulgated by His Creator, and perceived the fitness of the commands to his creature nature, his heart had an innate love of the beautiful which did not rest on law. It would, like God, have loved the beautiful in holiness, even though there had been no law.

Gazing on the subject under consideration in the blended and harmonious light of his Reason and Heart, Adam soon saw what was proper, and the mind at once gave its decision. What metaphysicians call the faculty of the Will, was not in Adam a power of volition acting independently of the *united* conclusion of the head and heart; it was only the executor, the servant of their choice. Neither was conscience a separate independent power. God had placed in the very being of the soul an inclination to be satisfied when the joint conclusion of the intellect and heart was obeyed, and to be self-condemned when it was disregarded. This indestructible tendency to approve or disapprove according to its convictions of right or wrong, was not a faculty or power of mind *possessing of itself* a knowledge of all man's moral duty. The moral law was not thus separately written on the conscience. The combined conviction of the enlightened reason, and longing of the holy spiritual heart, was the law according to which the conscience approved or condemned. In Adam's first transgression he followed neither the one light nor the other. Eve, deceived by a great apparent good (deceived in a manner which we would not have the presumption to attempt to fathom), fell; and Adam, not deceived, but driven by a gust of feeling, followed. The clear reason and holy heart in both supplied motives to obedience only of a certain definite strength, a delusive motive of greater strength was urged, and the blast of the greater carried away the soul captive.

Some metaphysicians have attempted to give a list of the natural and primary desires of the human mind. One such list contains—1st. Desire of knowledge. 2nd. Of society. 3rd. Of esteem. 4th. Of power. 5th. Of superiority. Adam possessed all these before his fall, except the last—the desire of superiority, which is an off-shoot from pride, the characteristic of a fallen being. It has been said that though envy is hateful, emulation is proper, for it brings the competitor up to the level of the rival or even above it, while envy seeks to bring him down from his superior to our own lower station. But amongst unfallen beings no one strives to excel another; the desire of excellence takes the shape of seeking to glorify God to the full extent of the individual's own powers, not to the extent of another's capacity. The aim is not, "Let me be like *him*," but "Let me be fully myself." The four first named original, constitutional desires, Adam had before his fall, but their objects were very different from those on which the heart of fallen humanity is set. He desired knowledge, that of God and of himself. He loved society, but especially of the highest and best; of Him, who though Creator, often came to paradise with more than angel's condescension to smile upon His youngest son, and draw from his enraptured heart the only fragrance which gives God delight. He sought esteem, but wisely thought one smile from the Omni-

potent outweighed the loving, fond regard of all the hosts of heaven. He valued power, but knew the creature could be great only when encircled with the might of Deity, when armed with his Creator's strength. God was in all his thoughts; enthroned in every act and feeling of his soul. Every object in nature had a voice, and spoke of his Father's greatness, wisdom, goodness, and love. The three chambers of delight within his soul were full to overflowing; from them celestial harmony continually arose. While his body had all the instincts and appetites as now, these last attempted no tyrannic sway. Reason, their master, heard their gentle call, and then dispensed in wisdom to the body's need. Great, glorious he was; yet less, far less, than Adam the restored. In the nobler Eden above, no temptations will make his security doubtful—will try his more capacious mind, his far more grateful heart. That *new* feeling, *gratitude for redemption*, is the river of life for ever flowing through his heart. Fill a soul with gratitude, and you fill it with a calm, sweet, holy joy. And, lastly, the resurrection body as much excels the present, as this does the dust of the ground. It will be far more ethereal, and so allow a clearness and *rapidity* of thought to which we now are strangers. If it were possible for even our present constitution to have the heart beating at the rate of 120 pulsations per minute *without feverishness and consequent weakness*, our thoughts would dart through our mind with more than twice their accustomed speed, and a consciousness of power akin to what a daring locomotive driver has, as he rushes along at seventy miles an hour. But the present body could not bear such high pressure working, and so we must be content to creep like a worm, until we get the power to fly.

What a change has the fall produced! Look on Adam hiding among the trees of the garden, and say if he be the same being. The judgment and the heart are now at variance—the love of the beautiful in holiness has vanished as completely as if one of the senses of the soul had been annihilated. From henceforth reason shall not be assisted, but be thwarted and deceived by the heart, and trampled upon by appetite and passion. Conscience shall not smile, but frown; not whisper peace, but mutter of judgment; till the galled heart arise in hate to strangle it. The soul shall flee in horror from itself, and incessantly look out that it may be spared the agony of self-knowledge. God shall no longer be the heart's chief guest, but a terror; not present, but absent; not a friend, but a foe; not love, but justice; not a father, but a judge. Adam's offspring shall be like himself, and his first child a murderer.

It is customary to prove the fall of man from the sin which abounds in the world; let us go for a little on another track. 1st. The fall can be clearly deduced from the acquired *faculty of concealment*. Before his first transgression, Adam had a love of

transparency; it gave him delight to be seen through both by God and any intelligent creature, whether angel or Eve, because there was no evil in him that required a cover. But the moment he fell, he ceased willingly to expose his heart to the gaze of all. Never since the hour that Eve and he cowered among the trees of the garden, has there been a man or woman who would willingly turn out the heart for the inspection of all. There are thoughts, and wishes, and deeds, which we keep secret even from our most intimate friends. And among the many infidel Christians who deny the fall, there is not one who would not tremble if his soul were enclosed in a transparent medium as glass, that it might be gazed upon by his fellowmen. If we are not a fallen race, how strange is it we are so afraid of transparency. How we are in terror lest the undeveloped faculty of concealment in our children allow our family secrets to be blabbed out. What a labour we are at in hiding our inner life course. How we hide from God, and from ourselves, as well as from our fellowmen. The thought of meeting God at the termination of life, the thought of death, the thought of leaving all earth's toys behind us, is so painful, that we prevent the entrance of every such thought by a systematic and desperate attention to business, to relatives, to pleasure, recreation, amusement, folly. At a funeral, let a serious man drop a remark fitted to probe the heart, and by a sudden spring the minds of his companions turn to the passing news of the day. To hide from God, from ourselves, our coming destiny, and from our fellowmen, is the whole business of human life. Does not this proclaim the fall?

2nd. The fall is proved by the *misery* of man. When will a man be content? When he possesses something more than he has. But as a man at no moment of his life possesses *more* than he has, it is plain he never can be satisfied. Hence, there is not a contented man or woman on the face of the earth. There is in every human bosom a void which men know not how to fill, a secret craving which never can be gratified. Whence does this longing arise? *From an empty chamber in the soul.* Adam, before the fall, had in his heart three chambers of delight. The first, and largest, was for joy from God; the second, from intelligent creatures; the third, and smallest, from irrational living creatures and inanimate nature. The three sources of delight were God, persons, things. These fountains were everflowing, and there was no dread of their cessation; so discontentment was a thing unknown. The fulness of his joy rested on one condition, dependence upon God. This is the only grace, only virtue in the universe; the only soil in which every other grace can grow. The moment Adam touched the forbidden fruit this dependence vanished, and the hateful monster, pride, entered and took possession of the vacant throne. The first-born of this fiend is selfishness, under whose terrible rod earth hath ever

groaned. Pride cast out God, and God in return cast out man. "And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge," says Paul, "God gave them over to a reprobate mind," Rom. i. 28. Pride aims high, it seeks to be independent of God, and God in justice lets it sink so low as to worship and serve the *creature*. This is heaven's just decree—they who shall not adore the infinite Creator, shall bow before the finite creature, Rom. i. 25. There is nothing so discordant in the universe as pride—nothing so unseemly as the creature daring to act independently of the Creator. God can forgive anything but this. Every sin of Moses he could pass by, even his reluctance to proceed on his mission to Egypt did not prevent the infinite I AM speaking to him with more than the gentleness, freedom, and love, of a human friend; but when Moses in a temporary rage uttered the fatal words—"Hear now, ye rebels, must *we* fetch you water out of this rock," Num. xx. 10, God started back in horror from even him he loved so well. That offence cannot be passed over—forgiven it will be, but a punishment shall be inflicted—Moses shall not enter the promised land. If God thus mortally abhors pride in His own children, and takes vengeance even upon them, will He let others escape? It is a terrible retribution which God takes—it is to leave them to themselves. Since He is not a welcome guest, He has determined the first and principal chamber of the soul *shall* remain empty. In vain do men seek to fill it. None but God can occupy it. Men cannot even make the things of the world fill the second chamber, when it by bereavement becomes empty and desolate. She who rules these realms is an illustrious proof of this. Not rank, nor wealth, nor earthly comforts or possessions, can fill the void in the second chamber, can take the place of him who sleeps at rest. How many hearts turn away from all that fills the third and lowest chamber, to sit on the grave of buried affection. No, no, things cannot take the place of persons, nor persons and things combined, take the place of God. Man's heart was made to enjoy harmony in three parts, nothing else will satisfy the soul. The first note from the beautiful in *things* is pleasant; the next from *persons* sounding with the first, gives the soothing delightful third; add the fifth, *the clear triumphant note* from God, and the chord of human happiness is complete. That fifth is indeed a triumphant note; how it fully fills the first and principal chamber, how it rouses the soul to use language fit for a God—

> "Therefore, although the earth remove,
> We will not be afraid," Ps. xlvi. 2.

It is natural to fallen man to suppose that if he were to fear and serve God, life would be a dull miserable thing, not worth the having; that religion takes away our joy in this life, though it promises to repay us in the life to come. But God does not

want us to fear him, He wants us to love Him; and no man ever was unhappy so long as he was in love, and had it reciprocated. It is when we cease to love, or to have our love returned, that we grow miserable. But is it not impossible to love God with the fond affection we have to each other? Nothing that is commanded is impossible for grace. "I can do all things," says Paul, "through Christ which strengtheneth me," Phil. iv. 13. Let us contrast sacred with profane poetry, to prove the possibility of loving God as we love one another.

1st. *Love longs for the society of those beloved.*

"Oh, Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wished, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor."—BURNS.

Never did human heart express its longing for the company of a fellow creature so ardently as David for the society of God.

"Like as the hart for water brooks,
In thirst doth pant and bray;
So pants my longing soul, O God,
That come to thee I may.

"My soul for God, the living God,
doth thirst; when shall I near
Unto thy countenance approach,
And in God's sight appear?"—Ps. xlii. 1, 2.

2nd. *The object beloved, is the ever present idol of the heart.*

"She was a form of life and light,
That seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
The morning star of memory."—BYRON.

"Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,

. . . . .

Still in my heart thy form I cherish,
Every kind thought like a bird flies to thee;
Ah! never till life and memory perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me."—SONG.

Again the psalmist mounts higher than all uninspired competitors; in every point the psalms excel the finest effusions of profane poets.

"Before me still the Lord I set;
Sith it is so that he
Doth ever stand at my right hand,
I shall not moved be."—Ps xvi. 8.

"When I do thee upon my bed
Remember with delight,
And when on thee I meditate
In watches of the night.
In shadow of thy wings I'll joy."—Ps. lxiii. 6.

"Whom have I in the heavens high,
But Thee, O Lord, alone?
And in the earth whom I desire
Besides Thee there is none."—Ps. lxxiii. 25.

"I will sing to the Lord most high,
So long as I shall live;
And while I being have, I shall
To my God praises give.
Of Him my meditation shall
Sweet thoughts to me afford;
And as for me, I will rejoice
In God, my only Lord."—Ps. civ. 33, 34.

There is one very great difference between these two objects of affection—the creature and the Creator—which is, that God is always present, and so the remembrance of Him is more joyous than the recollection of the absent creature. The very absence gives a pensive tinge to the feelings. Beautiful, very beautiful is David's allusion to a renewed heart when grace is strong—

"What time soever I awake,
I ever am with Thee."—Ps. cxxxix. 18.

The last thought of the soul before falling asleep is of a Gracious Being who never slumbers nor sleeps, securing repose with the shadow of His wings—watching to "give his beloved sleep;" and the first thought of the grateful heart, as in the morning it smiles in the face of its protecting God is—"I know, my Father, thou has been watching over me all the night," Ps. iv. 8. Such a calm joyous feeling as is then experienced, could not arise from remembering an absent human being, however ardently beloved.

3rd. *Love is disconsolate when its object is severed by distance or otherwise.*

"The soldier frae the war returns,
And the merchant from the main,
But I hae parted wi' my love,
And ne'er to meet again,
My dear,
And ne'er to meet again.

"When day is gone and night is come,
And a' are boun to sleep,
I think o' them that's far awa,
The lee lang night and weep,
My dear,
The lee lang night and weep."—Old Scotch Ballad.

"My tears have unto me been meat,
Both in the night and day,
While unto me continually,
Where is thy God? they say."—Ps. xlii. 3.

4th. *The person beloved is contrasted with our natural love of life.*

"The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie,
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary."—BURNS.

Burns merely says, "dear *as* life;" the psalmist still is highest on the wing—

"Since *better* is Thy love than life,
My lips Thee praise shall give.
I in Thy name will lift my hands,
And bless Thee while I live."—Ps. lxiii. 3.

Since the day that Jesus Christ gave his life for the sins of many, hundreds of thousands of martyrs have laid their life at his feet. By their death they showed they counted the love of Christ *better* than life; we think we could in a few minutes number all the men, the poets and novelists especially included, who have laid down their life out of pure love to woman.

5th. *The joy in the second and third chambers is transient as the creature objects beloved—that in the first chamber is everlasting as God.*

"That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love.
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear *of transports past*;
Thy image at our last embrace,
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last."—BURNS.

"Thou, with Thy counsel, while I live,
Wilt me conduct and guide;
And to Thy glory afterward
Receive me to abide."—Ps. lxxiii. 24.

"But as for me, I Thine own face
In righteousness will see;
And with Thy likeness, when I wake,
I satisfied shall be."—Ps. xvii. 15.

"Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore,
My dwelling place shall be."—Ps. xxiii. 6.

6th. *The joy arising from loving the creature never assumes the triumphant tone of that which springs from loving God.*

"Thee, ev'n Thy truth, I'll also praise
My God, with psaltery;
Thou Holy One of Israel,
With harp I'll sing to Thee.

My lips shall much rejoice in Thee,
When I Thy praises sound;
My soul, which Thou redeemed hast,
In joy shall much abound."—Ps. lxxi. 22, 23.

It is well that David, the writer of these psalms, was a man of like passions with ourselves. If any man was ever bound to the earth by the ties of friendship and relationship, it was he who wept that incomparable lament over Jonathan, who uttered that heart-piercing wail over Absalom—"O, my son Absalom! My son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" And yet God was his "chiefest joy."

"O send Thy light forth and Thy truth;
Let them be guides to me,
And bring me to Thine holy hill,
Ev'n where Thy dwellings be.
Then will I to God's altar go,
To God my chiefest joy;
Yea God, my God, Thy name to praise,
My harp I will employ."—Ps. xliii. 3, 4.

We have quoted these psalms as a proof of the fall, as a proof that it is possible to love God with that fond affection we have to one another, as a proof that loving God does not diminish but increase our happiness. The experience which these psalms quoted describes, is *not* the experience of any unrenewed heart; every man will admit that naturally God is not the idol of his soul, and that all the "well-springs" of his joy are not as they should be, in the depths of the heart of God. Until a man be born again, it is utterly impossible for him to have the feelings of an adopted child, of a restored wanderer reconciled and forgiven. Strong as is the language of Scripture, it is only that of truth. "The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be," Rom. viii. 7. A man may say—"It is true I do not love God, I admit that; but, I am not conscious of hating him, I only forget him." If the same man were to say—"I do not hate my wife, I only pay no attention to her desires; I pass out and in without taking notice of her; although I bestow no affection upon her, I give her no abuse; I have no malevolent feeling towards her, I merely disregard her;" would the world believe he did not hate his wife? And so indifference to the claims of God is an indication of rebellion and hate. There can be no such thing as neutrality on the part of a subject towards his king. He who neglects to do his duty is a traitor, not a neutral.

These psalms prove that love to God is the only pure and lasting source of happiness. The fallen heart, gloomily taking a side glance at God as an oppressive master and a harsh judge, deems his service a bondage, and cannot think otherwise, be-

cause it has not *filial* love. How very easy to do anything we love to do. The very essence of love is joyfully, freely giving up all to the object beloved.

"Yes, love indeed is light from heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire,
With angels shared, by Jesus given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought.
A ray of him who formed the whole,
A glory circling round the soul."

God is the sun, and the sun robs not the earth; it gives, but does not take. Every drop of water it draws from ocean, river, or lake, it returns purified for the wants of the world. So when the holy sunshine of our Father in heaven rests on the heart, the ethereal vapour of love ascends, but only shortly to descend cleansed from all impurity, to bless and gladden all around. Those who have not the spirit of adoption may sit a hundred years in a church, and yet never come to the consciousness of this truth. An alienated heart will always labour under the conviction that it must be *giving* to God. A Christian taught by the Holy Ghost knows he must always be *taking*. Like a little child he freely takes the offered kingdom, Mark x. 15. The world can no more perceive this truth, than a blind man outward objects. Hence the universal belief that religion is the extinguisher of all human joy—a giving without a receiving back a hundred fold.

But is there no difference between love to God and love to a fellow-creature? Yes, a very great difference. If so, do both kinds arise from the same powers of feeling? In conversion it is not a separate additional heart that is bestowed, the old one is only partially renovated. By the fall the *senses* of the soul, if we may so speak, have become very much enfeebled and deranged. The sense which held communication with God has especially been affected; it may, indeed, be said to have utterly perished. The only medicine which can restore these diseased senses is the grace of the Holy Spirit. Under its healing agency the film is removed from the eye of the soul, and the light of divine truth streaming in from the Bible, the relations subsisting between the creature and the Creator are rightly discerned. While strengthening the vision of the intellect, this medicene has a peculiar power over the wayward heart. Grace comes from heaven, and it always casts its eyes to its native home. It comes from the heart of God and seeks to return to its source. Hence it is as easy for grace to love God, as it is for the fallen principle to hate him. Both are laws, strong as the laws of nature. Their

contendings on the limited battle ground of a human soul, form the strangest sight in the universe. Without grace there can be no love to God, and with it there is a love which is infinitely superior to that which an unrenewed heart has to a fellow-creature. 1st. Love to God resembles that to a human being in being a fond affection, but it possesses a reverence and a depth of emotion which the other has not. 2nd. Love to God is more permanent. Grace when once bestowed, being only a certain definite amount of heavenly strength, being only life of a limited degree, may, from great opposition, from indwelling sin and deadening contaminating influences from without, lie as it were dormant for a while, the tree may be even without its leaves, but the root has life; and the spring time of the Holy Ghost *shall* come again—copious rain from a pitying Father in heaven, who is more unhappy when his children backslide than they are themselves, shall make the river of love to rise in due season and overflow its banks. 3rd. But the great difference between love to God and love to a fellow-creature is, that the former purifies the heart. The human heart is a mystery. There is no book which the church more requires at the present day than a complete treatise on "The Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Heart." A book abounding in analogical illustration, and made as interesting as a story so as to attract more than a few serious readers. Yes, the human heart is a mystery. This moment shedding tears of affection for a human being, and the next revelling in filth. Nearly all our great poets must have been conscious of their putrid hearts. Even an unrenewed heart seems to have two natures. Byron first writes—

"Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare *thee well;*
Ev'n though unforgiven, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel."

And then,

"And the saint patronizes her charity ball,"
. . . . . .
"Even her minutest motions went as well
As the best time-pieces made by Harrison.
In earthly virtues nothing could surpass her,
Save thine incomparable oil Macassar."

Burns breathes almost as much devotion to Jean Armour, as he did before to Highland Mary—

"I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish e'en—
By heaven and earth I love thee.

"By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my heart inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.

Though I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run,
Till then—and then I love thee."

Alas for human nature, that the sequel to this great profession should be infidelity to the marriage bed, and prefering the company of drunkards in a public house to the society of the lonely heart that sighingly waited his return.

There is a common impression that a great musical composer as Mozart, or Beethoven, or a poet, has naturally more religious feeling than another man. Not one whit more of true spiritual, purifying emotion. No natural emotion whatever, no sensibility of genius, can be a substitute for the love of the adopted child—the affection arising from the conviction produced by the Holy Ghost, that the heart is God's own in Christ for ever.

Thus Burns could write—

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour hath been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me."

But it would have been quite as difficult for him, as for a plain matter-of-fact man without poetical genius, to have lifted his eye to meet the eye of God, and said—

"But I'll remember Thee, *my God*,
And a' that Thou hast done for me."

We dare not leave this point without stating that even spiritual purifying love is not uniform, that it has its shallows as well as its depths.

When the Holy Spirit breathes upon the heart; when He takes us by the hand and leads us into the presence of our reconciled Father; and He, perceiving us arrayed in the robes of His Son's righteousness, smiles so complacently upon us as to assure us all our past sins and ingratitude are forgiven and forgotten forever—then the fountains of the heart do overflow indeed. Words cannot paint the fulness of the swollen soul, its ardent affection, its satiety of delight, when like an animalcule it swims in the infinite ocean of the love of God, an ocean wide and deep enough for all the human race. Who shall describe the hour when the Father throws His arms around His returning prodigal son, Luke xv. 20. Jeremiah refers to this time of love in 2d chapter 2d verse. "Thus saith the Lord, I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals." But, alas! the marriage feast—that over the "found," the restored, is of short

duration on earth. Hours of serenest bliss, why not tarry, why not abide with us for ever, but pass away like a beauteous fleecy cloud on summer's eve towards the setting sun? Surely to teach us that this is not our rest; to show us what we shall be when this mortal puts on immortality, and this corruptible is clothed with the light and glory of eternity.

Very ardent affection, whether to God or to a fellow-creature, is not of long continuance. A law of our nature forbids this—feelings cannot be maintained at fever pitch. Many a young and inexperienced Christian is almost heart-broken because the feelings with which he first regarded God cannot be brought back. He keeps sighing—"Oh! that it were with me as in months past," Job xxix. 2, 3. And many an aged believer looks back with regret on the more fervent days of his first attachment, quite forgetting that by another law of our nature, youth is more ardent than age. It is not so much a flame from a fire of wood, as the regular heat from a fire of coals that should be coveted. Better in every respect for the business of life, and the service of God—the calm steady affection of gratitude, and the placid delight in the beauty of holiness, than the flaming ardour of a first love. But besides the tendency of our mental constitution to allow very strong emotion to subside, the charm and power of novelty to decay by repetition, there is alas the deadening influences of our own fallen nature, and of dead Christians without. Poor grace that so longs to love God, is as it were chained to the corpse of our own corruption. Would to God it were a corpse, but the monster tries all our life long to stifle the very breathing of its heaven-born antagonist. Hence love grows cold—hence the Saviour has the same complaint against every Christian He first made against the church of Ephesus. "Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love," Rev. ii. 4. Hence the believer, with sorrowful or streaming eyes, often has to look in the face of God and utter such strange words as these—"Oh, my Father, be not angry with me; it is only my demon nature—defend thine own grace—do pity me, my Father, and slay this perverse, wayward heart." A Christian with the slightest powers of observation will see the smoke from this infernal pit, his own fallen heart, arising in black clouds every day, nay, every hour. It is well for him he can at any moment run to the Holy Spirit for help against the enemy, to Jesus Christ, to hide under the ample robes of His righteousness. The most matured believer in this world is very far behind what Adam was before the fall. Even in our best estate we are like a pyramid, broad at the base and resting on the earth, but exceedingly narrow heavenwards at the top. Adam resembled a noble tree—while his roots were in the ground, his fulness was in the sky. And as to those who are not yet born again, the little that is left amidst the ruins of the

fall, proclaims the greatness of that fall. There still remains some little affection between husband and wife, parent and child, friend and friend, master and servant, monarch and subject—*though there be none to God*—though in Him all goodness, all patience, all long-suffering, all fidelity, all beneficence, all gentleness, all tenderness, all love, all beauty, all loveliness, all moral excellence, all greatness exist in an infinite degree—though we stand in a closer relation to Him than we ever can to a fellow-creature—though that relation never can be broken, for we are indeed the workmanship of His hands. So terrible has been the fall that men by nature seem unconscious of having a soul. On a holiday, when our population are strolling about in their Sabbath attire, when every one is appearing to advantage, with what surprise would they receive this question—"Did you, this morning, take as much time in beautifying the heart as you did in decking out the body?" Nay, put that question to the members of the church on the Sabbath day, and it will rub against conscience like a file. All nature is ransacked for materials to decorate the dust, while not a single thought is spent upon the imperishable soul. Every day numbers of gentlemen may be seen comparing their watch with one or other of the clocks controlled by electricity. A healthy Christian on observing this, without effort lets the thought arise—"Would, my Father, my heart kept as true to Thee and to Thy law as this clock to the sun." Were he to address this question to some of the gentlemen—"When did you compare your heart with the law of God?" no doubt he would be taken for a bedlamite. It is true, men by the fall have ceased to know they have a soul.

2nd. *The Trinity.* We can see no more difficulty in three distinct persons of equal power having a complete oneness of nature, aim, and action, than in three steel wires of equal diameter, length, and tension, in a grand piano giving the same note in unison. We know that the three strings do give precisely the same sound, and we believe that the three Persons in the Godhead are, like the strings, separate from each other, and yet one in purpose. And we would rather believe in a Trinity than in one personal God, even as we would rather play upon a piano with three strings to each note than upon one with a single string. No maker in the world, not Broadwood, Collard, Erard, nor any other, could construct an instrument with only one string to the note to give as sweet a tone as another with three. A piano to give as *loud* a tone could easily be made, by having the single string thicker and the scale a little larger, but the instrument would not have the same sweet tone. On raising the damper from the strings of a note, and drawing the point of a penknife over them, a delicate ear delights in the unison of their vibrations—it fancies they are joyfully whispering accord to each other. If only one be struck, the other two sympathize in deli-

cious, soft, faint resonance. It is more agreeable to the social nature of man to believe that there are three persons in the Godhead than only one; the mind is pleased to find the social principle even in Deity. But it is not because we like the idea of Trinity better than that of one solitary immense Being dwelling alone, that we entertain it. Our belief rests entirely on its being a revealed truth. In the distant eternity the Father said —"I will provide a ransom for man." The Son said—"Father, I will be that ransom." The Holy Spirit—"I will apply the salvation." The three smiled in each other's countenance; for in the same instant each one's heart had sounded in God-like holy harmony.

3rd. *The Divinity of Jesus Christ.* In the Bible, as in Providence and Nature, there are on every question *two* sides. On the one side are ranged *appearances*, on the other *facts*. There are always appearances sufficient to lead astray those who wish to believe in error; and facts enough to conduct to a sound conclusion those who desire the truth. There is darkness sufficient in this life to be an apology for the perverse heart, and light enough to arm conscience after death with the thunderbolts of remorse. No man is a real inquirer after truth who does not recognise the existence of these two sides—of appearances and facts; who does not search for the appearances that he may reject them, and for the facts that he may found on them alone. God has intentionally subjected men to this sore trial, that the thoughts and desires of each heart may be revealed. But He has not left us in ignorance of there being two sides. His command to every man and woman is—"*Prove all things, hold fast that which is good,*" 1 Thes. v. 21. God does not seek to deceive man, but He has left him liable to deception. And men *are* deceived every day by *appearances*, as the mistakes of even men eminent in every branch of science prove to all. And men will be deceived to the end of time, unless they shall patiently, and with their whole heart, separate the appearances from the facts, and regard nothing as a fact which has not been repeatedly subjected to the closest scrutiny. Since on every subject there are two sides, we are prepared to find in the Bible *appearances* against the Divinity of Christ, and *facts* for His eternal power and Godhead. There were appearances against His Divinity when He was on the earth, and there are appearances even now. Those Jews who, like Simeon, knew from the teaching of the Holy Ghost that their real enemies were the lusts of their own hearts—enemies compared with which the Romans were friends, saw enough *facts* in the ministry of Jesus Christ, to enable them to recognize their long promised deliverer; and those whose hearts were not renewed, and who groaned under no tyranny but that of the Romans, saw sufficient *appearances* in the career of the humble teacher and healer, the

friend of publicans and sinners, to convince them that He was not the predicted king of the Jews—the Shiloh unto whom would the gathering of the people be—the mighty prince who was to restore the kingdom. Each class believed according to the state of the heart—*their partialities were their interpreters.* The prophecies regarding Messiah, like all predictions, were so obscure that men could not divine their meaning until His appearance. Some of them referred to His human nature, as "The seed of the woman, &c.," Gen. iii. 15; others to His Godhead, as Ps. ii. 7; others to the united Divine and human natures, as Is. ix. 6, 7. Some to His humiliation, others to His exaltation. The extremes which these prophecies indicated were so great, that no human being, without the help of the Holy Spirit, could have allowed them a moment's place in the imagination. On the one hand the Deliverer was to be the Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting One, existing from eternity; on the other he was to be a child, born of a virgin, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, despised and rejected of men. The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah was a perfect mystery to the Jews—not one in ten millions could have supposed it referred to Messiah. No wonder the Ethiopian Eunuch asked if Isaiah spake of himself or of some other man, Acts viii. 34. All the prophecies *taken together*, signified that Messiah would have two natures, the divine and the human, and that by His own death He would overcome death and hell, and deliver His people from their sins. But no created mind, neither man nor archangel, could conceive of such things. Man could always suppose that by sacrifices presented by himself, the justice of God could be appeased—hence in every land men erected altars to their deities—hence even now, among false Christians, the dependence on works—but such a thought as God Himself becoming the sacrifice for the sins of His creatures and subjects, was *the* thought which found a place nowhere in the universe but in the heart of God. Again, who could entertain the paradox that by His death He would deliver them from their enemies? A warrior king delivers by the actions of his life, not by lying under the heel of death.

The Jews could make nothing of the prophecies but this, that Messiah was to be an earthly king, sitting upon the throne of David, and making their temporal foes flee before his victorious arms. We are not in the least surprised at their unbelief—any other nation would have acted precisely as they did. *We*, in Britain, would have rejected Jesus Christ in the same way; yea, we *do* reject Him in our hearts, and refuse Him the whole love of our souls. Not a single Jew believed on Jesus who was not made willing by the power of the Holy Ghost; and to the end of time the declaration of the Saviour will hold, "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me *draw* him," John vi. 44, by the attractive force of renewing grace. An un-

regenerate man when reading the account of their wanderings in the wilderness, thinks the Jews were unaccountably foolish and infatuated to doubt and murmur so often, and provoke such repeated judgments as befell them; but a Christian well knows that he would have acted in like manner; the daily provocations that ascend from his own fallen heart, prove to him that the Jews were true types of humanity. If Caleb and Joshua sometimes opposed the universal murmuring, it was grace that then spoke, not their own nature.

We said there were *appearances* against the Messiahship of Christ when He was in the world, sufficiently numerous to mislead those who did not recognize Him by the inward revelation of grace, Matt. xvi. 17. It was prophesied that He was to be of Bethlehem. "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been of old, from everlasting," Micah v. 2. The *fact* was, He was born in Bethlehem, Luke ii. 4-7. But as Mary and Joseph lived in Nazareth before the birth, and as they soon returned to it and there brought up the infant Saviour, the popular belief was that Jesus was a native of Nazareth. Earth and hell seemed determined to establish this *appearance* as truth. The Jewish nation universally believed He was of Nazareth. His own disciples held the same opinion, Luke xxiv. 19; John i. 45. The devils, if they knew better, took care not to undeceive men, they cried out—"What have we to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of *Nazareth*," Luke iv. 34. The lie must not be contradicted even on the cross. Pilate wrote this title—"Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews," John xix. 19. But since the Jews all knew their deliverer was to come out of Bethlehem, the city of David, Matt. ii. 4-6, it was plain that Jesus of Nazareth could not be the promised one. "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" asked Nathanael, John i. 46. In vain Jesus spake as never man spake, John vii. 46. The common people scornfully asked—"Shall Christ come out of Galilee; hath not the Scriptures said, that Christ cometh of the seed of David and out of the town of Bethlehem, where David was," John vii. 41, 42. The chief priests, rulers, and Pharisees, exclaimed with maddened contempt—"Search and look, for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet," John. vii. 52. *That a whole nation could thus be completely the dupe of an appearance, should be a warning to men to the end of the world to beware of appearances, and found on facts alone.*

Another appearance was, that Christ was the son of Joseph. "Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? how is it then that he saith, I came down from heaven?" John vi. 42. We know not if there were more than three individuals in the world who did not suppose he was the

son of Joseph, these three being Mary, Joseph, and Jesus Himself, Luke iii. 23. Mary kept her own secrets and pondered them in her heart; so likely did Joseph; and so certainly did Jesus. To us it is an easy conception that Deity could with a word deposit the germ of a man in the appropriate soil without the aid of human agency—the omnipotence that formed the first Adam with a word, could also form the second. But this was an idea which could not enter the mind of the Jews. They could not understand that prophecy—"Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel," Is. vii. 14. Gazing on that face which had sprung from a germ that had no previous existence till the moment the Holy Ghost commanded it to its natural soil, the Jews could behold no visible sign of its being the product of a miracle, that face was so completely human. Man he *appeared* to be—man by nature's ordinary process; and, *therefore*, he could not be the Son of God. Numerous miracles He indeed wrought, but then mere men had wrought as great miracles before in the olden time. Their sacred writings abounded with the records of the miraculous. No, no, that poor man, that son of Joseph, that Nazarene carpenter, cannot be Messiah. His very words prove this to us. He says He must die, but we have learned out of the law that Christ abideth for ever, John xii. 34.

Not only were there *appearances* sufficient to mislead the Jews, but the language employed by Christ was indeed a fan which thoroughly separated the chaff from the wheat, Matt. iii. 12, which revealed the thoughts and intents of the heart, which showed how incapable our fallen race is of a single spiritual conception. Jesus did not try to deceive the Jews, but His language being often *figurative*, had an *apparent* as well as a *real* signification. The Jews unhappily always grasped at the apparent meaning, and thus the very teaching of Jesus confirmed them in their unbelief. He speaks of a man being born again—Nicodemus instantly thinks of a second natural birth; of *living* water—the woman of Samaria looks into Jacob's well; of Himself as the bread of life—His hearers petition for this bread for the use of their teeth, John vi. 34; of Himself as the everlasting nourishment of the soul—then "the Jews strove among themselves, saying, How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" John vi. 52. Even when He spoke plainly, they could not or would not understand Him. Does He refer to spiritual freedom, the result of knowing the truth, they indignantly reply—"We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man," John viii. 33. Why do we take notice of the blindness of the Jews? To take a warning to ourselves. If they constantly misunderstood, if even His own apostles could not comprehend His words, with all the light thrown upon them by His tone, look, and frequent teaching of which we have no record, for the Gospels con-

tain only a very small selection of His words and works, John xxi. 25, it behoves us to ponder well, and especially to depend upon that Holy Spirit who made, sustained, and perfected the humanity of our Lord; who guided all His utterances, and who therefore alone can let us into their hidden, their spiritual meaning. Let us attempt to survey Jesus Christ in the pride of our intellect, and there is nothing more certain than that He shall remain to us a mystery, an inconsistency, a stumbling-block, and a rock of offence. He took good care that those Jews who scorned Him should be left in darkness. He could have spoken so plainly that it would have been impossible to have misunderstood him, He could in a few moments have dissipated all the appearances that beguiled them, He could have proved He was not of Nazareth, and that Joseph was not His father; but, instead of bowing in reverence before the pride of His enemies, He answered them in language which only lead them further astray. They ask a sign—He gives one which shall make the veil over their heart ten times thicker, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up," John ii. 19. He knew they would seize upon the *apparent* meaning, and be more blinded and prejudiced than before, and yet He said it. In the presence of His rejecters He plainly said, He came into the world that those who, in the pride of their reason, believed they could see, *might be made blind*, John ix. 39. He openly thanked the Father that saving truth had been *hidden* from the worldly-wise and prudent, and had been revealed unto humble babes, Matt. xi. 25. Are we casting reflections upon the character of Jesus Christ by these remarks? Jesus Christ would not thank us to apologize for His having acted like the God of the universe. The Holy Ghost sternly forbade the evangelists to offer a single word of apology for any of the seemingly harsh expressions of Jesus; He made sure that all future generations should know that even His relatives thought Him mad, Mark iii. 21; and that His own brethren did not believe in Him, John vii. 5; that in the New Testament there should be abundant appearances and stumbling-blocks to deceive men of every nation, *proud* men of every age, till the very end of the world. Let men not be deceived, God is quite as independent of them as they pretend to be of Him. When Deity condescends to flatter the pride of a rebel worm, it will be time for the entire universe to vanish into nothingness. While it is the glory of God to conceal himself from the proud, to scorn the scorners, He joyfully gives grace unto the lowly, Prov. iii. 34. There is enough condescension, tenderness, and love in our God, to give every humble member of the human race a whole ocean to himself. The high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, *dwells* with him that is of a humble and contrite spirit, Is. lvii. 15; but let not that intellect that thinks it can cut and carve at the truths of revela-

tion as it pleases—approach the everlasting—attempt to assign Jesus Christ His place among mortals, for Omnipotence is to pride, first clouds and darkness, and then a consuming fire.

"It is the glory of God to conceal a thing," Prov. xxv. 2. Even the highly favoured Mary shall know only in part. The predictions specially addressed to her shall be exactly like those designed for the Jewish nation; one shall *figuratively* refer to the glory of Christ's spiritual reign, and the other (the counterpart of the 53d chapter of Isaiah) shall *literally* speak of her sorrow at His humiliation. Gabriel informs her that Jesus "shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David; and He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of His kingdom there shall be no end," Luke i. 32, 33. Gabriel was the prophet of the exaltation of Christ. Then Simeon announces the humiliation—"Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against; (*yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also;*) that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed," Luke ii. 34, 35. All the pondering of her calm meditative nature could not solve these prophecies; not till after the resurrection of Jesus did she fully realize their import. As in His childhood she gazed on that boyish countenance so docile, humble, wise, and loving, her thoughts tried to penetrate the future, to picture out His coming deeds and destiny, but always in vain. That there was a hidden greatness yet to be revealed, she constantly believed; but that the child that had so often lain in her bosom was really and indissolubly united to Godhead, was a thought her humble spirit never reached. Had she believed Deity was linked for ever to the child—that the Holy Ghost, the Creator of His human nature, was given to Him without measure—that at a glance of the child's eye legions of ever-watching angels would have sprung to His defence, Matt. xxvi. 53, she would not, *in sorrow* and in fear for His safety, have sought Him when He staid behind in Jerusalem to put questions to the doctors, and give replies to theirs. That event made a deep impression on her gentle heart. Who told that mysterious child His parentage, when He replied to her anxious question—"Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee *sorrowing;*" in words no son of man ever before or afterwards employed—"How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Luke ii. 44-50. Strange that He, the child of twelve years, well knew what He said, while Mary and Joseph "understood not the saying which He spake unto them." That boyish appearance in the temple, was like a prediction of His being in manhood the teacher from God. But now a dreary interval must elapse before its fulfilment. That bright spiritual expression which

beamed from His countenance as He gave her this ever memorable answer passed away. He returned with them to Nazareth, and was subject unto them, and willingly began to labour for His own maintenance. For eighteen years her faith was sorely tried. In the dull monotonous round of life, the obscurity of the workshop, all prospect of His sitting upon the throne of His father David faded; if she hinted to Him of His regal greatness, with a gentle voice and calm unmoved brow, He would answer—"Woman, the kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Neither of this reply could she make anything, and so her quiet soul retired into its depths, and more gravely pondered over Gabriel's announcement, Elizabeth's salutation, Simeon's dark words, the wise men's offerings, and the shepherds' visitation. But now He leaves the workshop at Nazareth to begin the public work His Father had given Him to do, and a *mother's* heart follows His every step. She cannot get rid of the idea of His humanity, she cannot perceive He is led forth every hour by the guidance and power of the Holy Ghost. When she hears of His zeal, His exhausting labours, His self-devotion to His ministry, and the remarks of her sons, the children of Joseph, that He "is beside Himself," she stands on the outskirts of the crowd, and weeps for Him as only a mother can weep, at the thought that He should thus speedily wear Himself down to the grave. Ah, Simeon's words are now being fulfilled, and soon shall the sword pierce through thy soul, Mary; when on the cross, the Father's sword shall awake against the man that is His own fellow and equal from eternity; when the Sinless shall lay His life at the feet of justice—an atonement for the sins, a ransom for the life of the world. Not until He appeared to her after His resurrection did she comprehend the prophecies—fully understand the double nature of her Son. Her Son! why even then He did not address her by the title "mother;" He employed what He always had used before, the term "woman." We do not wonder at this, when we reflect how *peculiarly* His human nature was in every respect the workmanship of God. A mother exercises no more skill, design, in the formation of the babe, than does the ground in the development of a grain of wheat. What father or mother can tell the number of veins, arteries, bones, &c., &c., in the body of the infant, the pores of its skin, or the hairs of its head. Truly we are the workmanship of God; it is He who gives to each countenance its individuality, to each body its stature, to each soul its mental characteristics. But though He employed the word "woman," there was a divine tenderness and love which she could not but comprehend. "Woman, all is now accomplished; it behoved me to suffer and die that the Scriptures might be fulfilled, that I might make atonement for you, and all whom the Father hath given me. I now ascend to sit for ever on My throne, for My kingdom is

above. I ascend unto My Father and your Father, and to My God and your God. I go to prepare a place for you—let not your heart be troubled, all your sorrows are past." Past they were, indeed, for the holy child she had nursed ascended to His own eternal throne, and her unbelieving children, now convinced of His Messiahship, His Godhead, attend with her in the upper room in Jerusalem, to present prayer and supplication in His name, Acts i. 14. "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing," the glory of His wisdom—without concealment the prophecies regarding Christ could not have been fulfilled—the glory of His love, for Mary could not for thirty-three years have borne the thought of the agony in Gethsemane, the mockery at the judgment hall, the weight of Omnipotent justice pressing his human heart on the cross to death.

Jesus Christ *is* "God and man in two distinct natures and one person for ever." 1st. *Christ is God, or He cannot be an intercessor.* An intercessor must fully know both the parties at variance, and the cause of the division. What human mind can fully know God, can be fully acquainted with the disposition, character, constitutional tendencies, and sins of all the men, women, and children in the world? Was there ever a created being who could seize on, and remember all the thoughts that in a single day pass through the minds of those inhabiting such a small portion of the earth as Glasgow? What man, even with the intellect of an archangel, could listen to all the prayers that *at the same moment* ascend from millions of human beings on a Sabbath day? Can the *human* ear of Jesus Christ be in America, Australia, India, Britain, all the earth at the same instant of time? Can that human ear hear, or that human eye read the silent unexpressed breathings of prayer in which grace delights to whisper into the heart of God? Can Jesus Christ, a mere man, receive the homage of the hosts of heaven, and, at the very same time, be also in the earth hearkening to the suppliants below? Can the finite thus swell out into the infinite? If Christ be not God, I will pray neither to Him nor to the Father in His name as intercessor; for if He be a creature, I am certain He knows too little about me and my wants to be either advocate or friend. I would as soon pray to a stick or stone, for it would hear me equally as well as a man not in the earth but in heaven. I will not pray to a mere creature, for in the very nature of things a creature is dependent, and I have as much common sense as to refuse to bow to a dependent creature, and so anxious for salvation that I will risk myself on nothing but a self-existent, independent, and eternal Being. I do not believe in His Godhead solely on account of the miracles He wrought, for mere men through the power of God had long before performed the most stupendous miracles. But I know that He who read the hearts of men, who knew what was in all men, John ii. 24; who, by a

proof of His Omniscience, forced Nathanael to say—"Thou art the Son of God," John i. 49; who so frequently convinced His apostles that He knew their thoughts, their strivings among themselves, when He was at a distance, and which they eagerly sought to have concealed; I know from the whole tenor of His life, unequalled since the world began—a life above the conception of human imagination—He was the everlasting God, and that on Him every sinner can safely build for the salvation of his soul.

2nd. Christ *is* God, or He was the most presumptuous man, the most audacious impostor, the most daring setter up of idolatry, and the greatest blasphemer that ever trod the earth. When had a mere man the presumption to say—"I am the light of the world," John viii. 12; that if other men would eat of His flesh they would live for ever, John vi. 51; that whosoever came unto Him would never hunger, whosoever believed on Him would never thirst, John vi. 35. What impostor ever reached such a height of infatuation as to affirm, "I and My Father are one," John x. 30; or, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I AM," John viii. 58. If He be not God, the Jews were perfectly right in their opinion—"He hath a devil, and is mad," John x. 20. In a lunatic asylum no maniac ever uttered words at all to be compared with these—"O, Father, glorify Thou me with Thine own self, *with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was*," John xvii. 5. That greatest of all impostors, the Pope, claims only to be the vicegerent of God, not to be His equal as Jesus did, John x. 33.

3rd. If Christ be not God, then there are only two alternatives. 1st. He is at the bottom of the pit for His unparalleled blasphemous assumptions; or 2nd. There is no God. Jehovah twice in Isaiah declares, "I will not give My glory to another," Is. xlii. 8, xlviii. 11. If Christ were only man, would He who revealed Himself to the Jews as a jealous God, allow a creature with impunity to teach in this strain—"That all men should honour the Son, *even as they honour the Father*," John v. 23. If God has not visited with punishment such teaching, then Christ is God, or there is no God. We believe that God is *unchangeable* in wisdom and justice. If He has exalted a mere creature to sit on the throne of the universe, if He has committed all government and judgment unto that creature, if He has commanded angels and archangels, principalities and powers, to adore that creature as God, Heb. i. 6; and thus cause these angelic spirits to do violence to their convictions, to prepare them for a just revolt against such a monstrous domination; then we refuse to recognize, as God, the Being who so exalted the creature, for to us He has not the attributes of Deity. Men who deny the divinity of Jesus Christ may call themselves rationalists, but no one possessing a spark of common sense will fail to classify them

with those of whom Paul speaks, "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools," Rom. i. 22.

Christ *is* God; why did He assume human nature? For many reasons. In the life of the second Adam, we see what the first Adam was before the fall. Not that the first had the same amount of gracious influence, for the Spirit was given to the second one without measure; not that the wisdom and power of Deity continually shone forth in him who lived in Eden, but that in the life of both there was the same beauty of holiness. Jesus humbled Himself to be bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, that atonement might be made in the very nature which fell; and this is *the* reason of the incarnation—all others are consequential. Again, the Three-One God in accommodation to the constitution of man, resolved from eternity that one of them should veil the excessive glory of His divinity, by taking upon Him the nature of the creature. Suppose there was in each of our homes an invisible agent who continually watched over us for good, who, without being observed, daily laid upon our table a supply of food; who, when we were asleep and unconscious, provided for all our wants, and applied healing medicine to our diseased frame, so that without knowing the means, we enjoyed all the benefits of his unceasing ministering care; how anxious would we be to see that faithful friend, to gaze upon his face, and listen to his voice. When one receives a valuable present anonymously, how he desires to know the bestower. So there are hours in the life of a mature Christian, when the soft sunshine and fanning of His Father's love are so soothing and encouraging to the heart, that lifting his eyes towards the roof of his apartment, he cannot resist saying—"I know Thou art there, my Father, show me thy glory, I pray Thee; Oh, let me look upon Thy face of love." But the answer is—"Thou canst not see My face and live; look thou on My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; the shaded brightness of My glory, and the express image of My person." As the human eye cannot gaze upon the sun as he shineth in his strength, and yet can rest with delight on the moon; so the soul of man cannot bear the full blaze of Divinity, for it would blast the powers of the creature; but it can repose with unutterable joy on the face of Jesus Christ, for there Deity tempers its glory to what our little nature can bear.

A few miscellaneous thoughts on the human nature of Christ. 1st. It acquired strength gradually like our own. His body at twelve years had not the same physical strength as at thirty, so neither had his mind. 2nd. His human mind was finite like our own, and limited in its knowledge. Thus He could truly say of His human soul—"But of that day, and that hour, knoweth no man; no, not the angels which are in heaven, *neither the Son*, but the Father." Mark xiii. 32. There were thousands of things of which the human soul of

Jesus was ignorant, *and so the finite must always be;* but what His mind contained was truth without mixture of error, and whenever it required to know anything, it was then promptly supplied from the infinite knowledge of the divine nature—by immediate communication from the Holy Ghost—the teacher and guide of His human soul while He remained on the earth. The human nature of Jesus prayed and was subject to the Father, as was right it should. In this, the second Adam kept the law; in this, resembled the first one, as he bowed and prayed in paradise. 3rd. Paul says—"But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death." Heb. ii. 9. This comparison between His humanity and the nature of angels, was probably suggested by the words of the Psalmist, when speaking of man—"For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels," Ps viii. 5. What may be the difference between the human mind and that of angels, we presume not to say, nor even seek to know. Very likely they excel us in power of thinking, as much as we surpass them in power of operating on matter. What their power of operating on matter may be we have no certain idea. They may have a swift destructive force like that of lightning rending an oak, or splitting a stone, but we question much if they have artistic or constructive capacity. All their deeds recorded in the Bible were performed more in the strength of God than in their own. Indeed, how a *finite* spirit can lay hold on matter, and without hands or material organs, can bend it to its purpose, is a mystery. We believe, however, they much excel us in power of thought, in rapidity, in profound penetration, in a far reaching glance, in long continued mental effort without consequent weariness, pain, or haziness, in the fine balance, the just proportion between their intellect and heart. Was the human soul of Jesus really inferior to the angelic mind? We do not believe that it was; we think Paul, in the verse we have quoted, refers to the human nature as a whole. It is easy for Omnipotence to create a being of a naturally inferior order, who yet shall have greater strength than the generality of those of another and superior species. Thus the species horse has greater physical strength than the species man, yet God could make a Samson stronger than the generality of horses. So the human soul of the Saviour probably was not inferior to an archangel. But while that is a point which we cannot settle, *one thing is certain, that in action* the mind of Jesus surpassed all the orders of angelic spirits. While His knowledge was finite as theirs is, He never was guilty of erroneous conceptions. They seek to dive into the depths of the mysteries that surround them, and in their conjectures, *not their obedience*, Jehovah has often to charge His angels with folly, Job iv. 18. But this never occurred in the thinking of Jesus Christ, because the Holy Ghost dwelt in Him to such an extent as to prevent the possibility of mistake.

Indeed, His soul never sought to conjecture, for this simple reason—it knew that at the proper hour the divine nature would enlighten the human, and so His heart patiently waited for further and fresh disclosures. The angels are quite aware of this superiority of the Son of man over themselves. They know that behind the human face of Him who sits upon the throne, there is the infinite knowledge, wisdom, and power of Deity, and that with such an ally, the brother of man must for ever remain their teacher, master, and Lord. Around that human face there is now a halo of glory exceeding that which the bewildered apostles beheld on the mount of transfiguration. That halo is lovely—not so bright as to make us afraid to approach—yet sufficient to command our everlasting adoration, sufficient to remind us that beneath that veil there is the might of that God, who, in the twinkling of an eye, could annihilate all-existing spiritual and material substances, from the highest archangel to the lowest order of intelligent spirits, from the planet to the grain of sand; and in the next moment raise a new creation far more glorious than that, which at His word, had vanished into the nothingness which existed in the dawning of the past eternity.

The human mind of Jesus is finite, and yet capacious enough for all the wants of redeemed men and angels. It shall for ever grow in power and knowledge, by fresh accessions from His divine nature, and this assures the hosts of Heaven that they also shall eternally progress. That finite mind is never at a loss in its communication with any of the redeemed. The Godhead supplies the name, the history, the peculiarities of each, and so every one shall be known by that heart, and addressed by that human tongue that taught on earth. Glory be to God in the highest for the humanity of Jesus Christ. Star of Bethlehem, while man cannot look on the unshrouded sun, we can with rapture gaze on Thee; guide us, guide the human race to our Father's home in heaven.

While we thus value the human nature of Christ, we would not exalt it at the expense of His divinity. There is a class of Christians who lean most on the human feelings which Jesus possessed and manifested. They fancy His humanity was more gentle, tender, compassionate, and forgiving than His Godhead. They could approach the one but not the other. But this is a very great mistake. It is merely in accommodation to our natural weakness and fear of God that Paul says—"For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin," Heb. iv. 15. The human nature of Christ is only a drop out of the ocean of tenderness, long-suffering, compassion, and love that exists in the heart of the three persons in the Godhead. Whatever the human nature has, was first in the

divine. The creature cannot possess so much as the Creator. A matured masculine Christian could, with as little fear or hesitation, lay his head on the bosom of the Father as on the human breast of Jesus Christ; but He knows that Deity is not directly to be felt or perceived by his outward organs, and that the man Christ Jesus is thus the future medium of communication between Himself and God. Still while in this world, it is always the divine nature he is conscious of addressing in prayer, that he knows is watching over him for good every hour of his life.

Since Jesus Christ is both God and man, we must expect to find in him infinite wisdom as well as infinite love; but, indeed, infinite love is only infinitely wise love. Fallen human nature can bear some parts of the character of Jesus—some of His doctrines; some of the actions of his life, as weeping at the grave of Lazarus; but there are others from which it turns away in anger. It cannot, for instance, endure His final separation of the good from the evil. Professor Renan can admire Jesus, the simple peasant teacher, but looks with hate upon Jesus the Judge of the world. Men who pretend to be enlightened gospel preachers, after treating their audience to Renan's description of the judgment, thus remark:—

"Never anything more dismal had emanated from Westminster or Geneva! If our most orthodox Protestant clergy did not blush to see themselves reflected so clearly from the pages of this philosophic Frenchman, they could have no sense at all of their real position as the literal interpretaters of Jesus; but if they were not ashamed to accept this as the true account of God's great judgment of the world, then never, from this day forth, let them dare to open their mouths against the infidelity of France!"

Well, we are not ashamed to accept Matt. xxv. 31-46, as a true account of the final judgment; and yet *will* open our mouth against the infidelity of France, but more especially against all the infidels in the churches of Britain. It does not require a clergyman to vindicate the character of Jesus Christ, a poor unlearned layman is quite sufficient for that easy task—for the very easy task of answering all the infidels in the world. We then affirm, and shall prove it, that Jesus Christ shows more compassion in separating, at the resurrection, the good from the evil, than He did when, standing on the Mount of Olives, he wept over Jerusalem, Luke xix. 41, when he uttered these touching words, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not," Matt. xxiii. 37.

1st. The happiness of heaven, and the misery of hell do not depend upon the *physical* advantages of the one, or disadvantages of the other; *but entirely on the state of the heart.* "Set your affections on things above," says Paul, Col. iii. 2. What things are these? Are they the *material* objects which an

unregenerate heart can think of alone? The many mansions glorious, the glistening white raiment, the sparkling crowns, the palms of victory, the harps of sweetest sound, the green pastures, lovely landscapes, pearly gates, golden streets, jasper walls, the clear crystal river, the tree of life, the throne of God sublime, the lesser thrones, innumerable, beautiful, eternal—no not to these does Paul refer. The things his soul gazed on as he wrote, were *love*, the sun of paradise, the soul of joy unutterable, the source of peace serener and more lovely than the stars; *gratitude*, the balm of the heart; *dependence on God*, the root of every excellence; *humility*, that draws even admiring Deity to its side; *hatred of sin and love of the beautiful in righteousness*, that place the soul in harmony with all God's holy creation; *contentment*, that knows no want; *gentleness*, *long-suffering*, *meekness*, *patience*, *compassion*, *and loving-kindness*, which are the music and the medicine of human life. The things above, are the graces of the Holy Ghost; they compose the character of God; they are the image of Jesus Christ. They, and they alone, constitute heaven, and heaven's felicity. Without them no part of God's universe could be heaven, and with them heaven is anywhere, even in hell. Well said Jesus Christ, "The kingdom of God is within you," Luke xvii. 21. That line of Milton holds true here,

"No matter where I be, if I be still the same."

Place sinners amidst the material glories of the paradise above, and not only would they be restless, discontented, and unhappy, but these very things they now think would delight them, would infallibly *augment* their misery. No outward object could fill the first and principal chamber of the soul. It is a *law* fixed deep in the constitution of each human soul, that its real happiness can be enjoyed only in possessing God. The heart of man is a flower that can reach its maturity nowhere but in the soil of the love of God. Anywhere else it is a starved, a dwarfed, a drooping, withered thing. Place it, in its present fallen condition, in heaven, and all its hateful passions would chafe and rage like a wild beast in the snare. When is it that the licentious seek to indulge the beastly appetite, or the thief to steal? In the darkness of the night. "But there is no night in heaven," Rev. xxi. 25. Therefore the filthy and the robber would gnash their teeth at the everlasting day. The miser's eyes would never be lifted from the gold of the streets, gold which he could not seize; vanity would fret for the precious stones that deck the city gates, and fret in vain. But why say more than this.—A fallen race is one that requires concealment, every member of the human race *has* the faculty of concealment, but *there is no covering in heaven.* All is transparent there. These many glorious mansions are transparent through and through. Not

one action can be hidden, and, therefore, heaven is as unfit for the wicked, as the dry land is for the fish of the sea. "Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil," John iii. 19. They *seek* the shelter of the darkness; it is an instinct of their fallen nature; therefore, blame not Jesus Christ if he assign a region of darkness to the evil, and bring the children of the light where day eternal shines. Jesus Christ does not decide for either class, he merely grants to each its choice; to each a place adapted to its nature.

2nd. If the material beauties of heaven would be intolerable to the bad, how much more the company and fellowship of the good. Had Cain been living in Eden, the sight of his brother Abel would have made it a hell, and even there he would have slain him; and wherefore? Because the righteousness of the martyr rebuked the wickedness of the murderer, 1 John iii. 12. Why did Jerusalem kill the prophets and stone those who were sent unto it? Because evil cannot endure to be condemned by the good. If Jesus Christ did not at the judgment separate the one from the other, a separation would, to a certainty, be speedily effected without His aid. It is a proverb in every language "that like draws to like." Men quite openly boast of their tastes, their antipathies; and range themselves on sides, according to their nature. Infidels are arrayed against Christians; the profane against the serious; Sabbath breakers against those who hallow it; the licentious against the chaste; the liar against the true witness; the thief against the honest; the niggardly against the generous; the deceitful against the faithful; the cruel against the humane; hate against love; envy against admiration; darkness against light; mammon against God; Satan against Christ; hell against heaven. Every man is conscious there are some other men he would hate to associate with; every considerate parent seeks to select companions for his children, instead of allowing them to herd with all. For Jesus Christ, at the resurrection, to admit both righteous and wicked into heaven would not be compassion, but the most refined cruelty; would be to torment the evil as well as the good. This will at once be perceived on recollecting these four facts—1st. At death the true believers in Christ are made perfect in holiness, perfect in their love of holiness, perfect in their life of holiness, perfect in their hate of sin. 2nd. After the resurrection the souls of the redeemed, while not becoming more perfect in *kind*, will continually enlarge in *degree;* and thus the amount of love of holiness, and opposition to sin, shall eternally increase. 3rd. That the wicked at death, while not having the heart altered or improved, shall have the conscience so quickened that, instead of lying silent in the soul, it shall perpetually rebuke. 4th. That, after the resurrection, the heart of the wicked shall become more and more hardened and corrupt. No two existences in the

universe hate each other with such a deadly hatred as grace and sin; pride in the fallen heart and dependence upon God in the renewed heart. Unrenewed men do not like to associate with the renewed, *if the latter are faithful to their God.* We do not need to point to those who prefer the theatre to the church, the ball-room to the prayer meeting, sentimental and comic songs to psalms, the newspaper or novel to the Bible, as a proof of this assertion. The church unequivocally declares its antipathy to heavenly-mindedness. In the church we will find tens of thousands amongst its members who have such a hatred of spirituality that it cannot be concealed. Even in a worshipping Christian family let the Holy Ghost change one of the members, and speedily the words of Jesus will be fulfilled—"I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword; for I come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother," Matt. x. 34, 35. The changed conduct of the renewed one will soon call down the bitter taunts, the open hostility of his or her own friends. It is true that many a mere formal professor seems to be attached to a real believer, but the *self-devotion* of the latter to his God is not the bond of union. It is not his spiritual remarks, those which lay open the thoughts and intents of the heart, that are most relished. He is most admired when he speaks like other men. Wit and humour, even in a minister, are more in demand than intelligent discourse seasoned with grace. We are no enemies to wit and humour, mirth and laughter, in their time and place; but what we here insist on is, that the unregenerate have never time nor place for heavenly-mindedness. Christians are quite aware of this fact, and too much accommodate themselves to it in their daily intercourse with the world. By their lukewarmness, by concealing their religion, by appearing to concur in the remarks made, they get peace to themselves and give peace to the world. But if they do not make improper concessions, let them look out for strife. The martyrs were thoroughly hated, because they were thoroughly faithful. Offend an unregenerate heart, and in a moment all its former seeming affection is changed into hate. We have seen nine-tenths of a congregation that, at one time, would have laid their necks below their minister's feet, begin to cry him bitterly down as soon as he left them for another charge. Let clergyman, or layman, only act faithfully to conscience, and independently of man, and verily he shall know Paul speaks the truth about suffering persecution, 2 Tim. iii. 12. We have said Christians get peace, and give peace only, by being afraid or ashamed to confess freely their attachment to Jesus Christ. We will not harshly speak against a brother's weakness. It is the consciousness of their own sins and infirmities that keeps them silent about the sins of their neighbours. "To will to do good is present with them, but how to perform they know not." Thus, on hearing an

acquaintance or stranger swear, they have an impulse to say kindly, "Oh! brother, do not swear, God hears it all, and it does you no good;" but their tongue refuses to speak, and when conscience condemns them for their little love to man, they can only breathe out, "Oh! my Father, forgive me, I know I should be thy witness here, but I always fail; pity me, and make thy strength perfect in my great weakness; Thyself speak with the Holy Ghost and change his heart." But all this timidity shall vanish at death. The soul being then made perfect in holiness it shall be bold as a lion. Bring a band of these inflexible undaunted witnesses who have an intense horror of the least stain of pollution, a flaming zeal for the honour of their God, and an angelic might to declare their convictions, into the company of unregenerate men, and certain thunder would be the result. The contact between the negative and positive spirituality would shake the heavens above. The ceaseless condemnation proceeding from the life and tongue of the perfectly holy would so gall the heart of the sinful, that the most deadly hostility would be developed. Milton, while erring in some of his thoughts in "Paradise Lost," is beautifully true to nature in others. Among the host under the command of Satan, when he purposed to become independent of God, one was found faithful to his Creator. Surrounded by myriads of the fallen, that solitary seraph fearlessly faced them all, and with a fiery torrent of reproof opposed the future chief of hell. As might have been expected, the demon chief addressed him with "Fly, ere evil intercept thy flight." Thus would sinful men address redeemed men with a seraph's zeal. If Jesus Christ did not separate, a separation, as we have said, would be made without Him. The evil could not bear to have their quickened conscience irritated every hour; soon would they cry out "Better have peace in hell than thus be plagued in heaven."

But it would be torment also to the holy. Paul speaks ot fallen human nature as *dead* in trespasses and sins, Eph. ii. 1. The analogy between spiritual and physical death is, in many points, very fine. The decaying dead disturb not each other. How insensible are they to the noisome effluvia of the sepulchre. So when in a public work, or mixed company, a profane or licentious remark is made, no one feels the stench, but the spiritually alive. Let not the world think that grace is only zeal and anger. No, sweet holy grace is pity, grief, as well as zeal. Jesus in the synagogue looked round upon the Pharisees in anger, *being grieved* for the hardness of their heart, Mark iii. 5. Yes, grace is a lovely combination of anger against sin, and grief for the sinner. Lot had only a little grace, and yet the sight of Sodom vexed his soul from day to day, 2 Pet. ii. 8. When grace was in David's heart in more than ordinary strength, rivers of waters ran from his eyes, when he beheld men go on in sin,

Ps. cxix. 136. Place then the evil beside the good in heaven at last, and you convert that fair region into a place of everlasting wail. Grace cannot help it; it is a law of its nature to weep over sinners, as well as to be angry at the sin; and do you seek eternally to torment it by chaining it to sinners? If Jesus Christ did not separate grace from sin, if He located the righteous with spiritual corpses above, He would be more cruel than the man who would shut up a living human being in some dreary, horrible, coffinless quarry of the dead.

Still further, would the wicked in heaven cease from the commission of evil? We can suppose it possible that the redeemed kept at such a distance from the sinful, as not to behold all their actions, and so be spared much pain; but there would every now and then be outbreaks of the fallen nature; tragedies of guilt, which the righteous could not fail to see, and which would freeze up their souls in horror. Are you a man of the world, and do you doubt this truth? Well, to represent the future by the present, though in the future, death is not possible, take this: In the concert room, or opera house if you please—hark, it is the finest passage in "La Somnambula" which that thrilling voice is rendering now—you swim in admiration and delight; lift the fatal curtain, and before the audience there is a mob of savages with demon eye balls, dragging and kicking a mangled, gory, quivering corpse, yet warm, and almost breathing—the sickening tragedy so lately acted in New York; down with the curtain, let the play go on, and listen if you can. We know that we could not. The other day, passing along one of our streets, we made up to a few companies of one of our regiments of the line, with the band before them playing. Going in the same direction we moved with the crowd, unconsciously keeping the step—unconsciously, for while our feet were on the ground, our mind was floating on the clouds. What a strange effect has music on the soul. When we are sad or pressed with care, play up "some sweet beguiling melody, so sweet we know not we are listening to it," and immediately, as if the cords that bound us to our sorrows and the earth were snapt in twain, we rest on fleecy clouds above. Suddenly our dreaminess was disturbed by loud laughter. Looking around, we saw two half-intoxicated prostitutes crossing and re-crossing between the ranks, and with antic tricks and hideous indecent motions answering the lustful glances of the men. "Bound for hell" was written on each drunken, bloated, ruined face. O, prostitution, thou art indeed a damnation thing. The band played on in full harmony as before, but our paradise of reverie and sweet sounds had vanished—we instantly left the crowd, wrapt up in grief and misery.

Ye who object to the final separation, what is it you want? Will you prove your faith by your deeds? Will you live all your life here with the incorrigibles of Newgate? Will your

compassion for the moral lepers lead you to bring them to your home and to your breast? Do you never lock your door to keep out the midnight robber? Are you willing to associate all your life with any who may seek your company? Even if you were, there are thousands could not bear to be with you. Are ye so ignorant of human nature as not to know we shun the sight of those we hate or have offended? Do you seek to torture Cain by placing him beside his murdered brother? Would you set the Christian martyrs side by side with their heathen foes—the infernal popish inquisitors with their victims? Would you let loose again the tigers of the human race as Nero, among the lambs? If the keeper of a menagerie were to place a lamb in one cage and a tiger in the other, with only a few iron bars as a partition, and thus torture both animals, the one with fear, the other with excited appetite, would the common humanity of men not in a moment forbid such monstrous cruelty? And do you wish Jesus Christ to be guilty of a much more hellish cruelty? Jesus Christ, we adore Thee for Thine infinite compassion, in at the last separating the evil from the good; a compassion greater far than when Thou didst weep over lost Jerusalem.

Who shall be on the one side, and who on the other? What is the test, the only ground of separation? *The only ground is grace.* But what is grace? Grace is that divine, renewing, healing, principle of spiritual life, which the Holy Ghost places in the soul on the day of conversion. Jesus Christ, who knows its nature better than any, compares it to a seed, small at first, but growing up into a fruitful tree, Matt. xiii. 31. It resembles animal life in very many points—too many for us now to enumerate, as having an appetite for food (the word of God); requiring pure air (air from the Holy Ghost, and breathing back to God in prayer); demanding exercise to enjoy robust health (Christian philanthropy); having powers of propagation (extending the kingdom of Christ); powers of throwing out what would cause disease, and healing wounds, called by physicians the curative principle, &c., &c. It has also a very close resemblance to vegetable life. All those influences, salutary or injurious, which affect either animal or vegetable life, are types of moral influences operating upon spiritual life. Thus at harvest time, if we enter a field of corn, we shall find it all ripe except what is under the large tree in the centre, or the trees at the border. Why is the grain under the branches still so green? Because it has got little sunshine. So let anything be between the heart and the sunshine of God's love, and it is impossible for the heart to ripen as it should. The Holy Ghost in communicating grace has only one intention, which is to make us sons of God, to give us the true loving child's heart, to take away that natural hatred to, and fear of God which are found in every fallen creature. We

now see that the ground of separation at the judgment, is being a son or daughter of God, is loving God with all the heart.

Grace is a divine medicine placed in the fevered blood of the soul to be an antidote to sin, the moral poison which has produced the fever. Do not be alarmed if the cure requires time. Yea, more, do not be astonished if the patient, by being surrounded by a contaminating moral atmosphere, seem after a temporary improvement to begin to relapse. More grace from a pitying God shall be given to effect a greater stage of recovery, and at death He shall completely annihilate all the remains of that moral poison in the hearts of His own children. Grace is a seed, you must give it time to grow. Why do we make these observations? Because even true Christians are very defective —so defective, that in some points of character they are inferior to many who have no grace. Grace when fully grown will bear *all* the lovely fruits enumerated by Paul in Gal. v. 22, 23, "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance;" but we would like to see the Christian who, in this life, has all the fruits in due proportion. That single word "temperance" is a study for a life time. Where is the believer who always tempers love with wisdom, who has joy without frivolity; peace, and yet a tender, faithful conscience; force of character, and yet gentleness; power to command and sway, and yet long-suffering; a noble manly independence, and yet meekness; fidelity to God and truth, without bigotry or harshness; hatred of sin, and yet love to man; just, and then generous; severe to his own faults, and tender to those of his neighbour; adorned with many graces, and yet feeling he is nothing. A truly symmetrical Christian is not to be found under the sun. But how is this, since the sap from the Holy Ghost is intended to produce every lovely fruit? Partly on account of the dominant tendencies of each mind, which constitute its individuality, and partly because Christians do not sufficiently look at themselves, to see the defects of their character, in order to strengthen the weak points, and prune the redundant. Christians are too much like those ill-proportioned trees, which, at a short distance above the ground, send out a huge unshapely bough, and higher up a number of smaller insignificant ones.

While having an abhorrence of the fallen principle in the heart of every man and woman, too strong for us to express, we are not blind to the moral excellences of many who are destitute of grace. A reflecting Christian, when he comes into contact with man or woman yet unrenewed, who is more amiable in disposition, more gentle, sincere, generous, wise, methodical and attentive to business, frank, faithful, noble, compassionate, than himself, has a most mortifying feeling of his own defects; he feels his constitutional tendencies and infirmities prevent him *as yet* from reaching that same elevation. We have put the words

"as yet" into italics to call attention to this most important truth of truths—this double truth. 1st. That the divine principle of life which we call grace, contains within itself the germ of every lovely quality, and that though time and influences are required to develop these germs, God the Holy Spirit, who planted that principle of life, will not fail to see that they bud, blossom, and bear in due season. 2nd. That the unrenewed have only the principle of evil, the fatal offspring of the fall; that this principle *is a decaying root*, and that therefore all those amiabilities, all those moral excellences which depend upon that root, shall likewise decay. Or more briefly, thus—1st. Omnipotence will secure that a Christian with grace *shall* improve. 2nd. Those without grace, not having the aid of Omnipotence, and not desiring or seeking that aid, *shall* degenerate. Therefore, though a true Christian be at this moment inferior in amiabilities to a man or woman not regenerated, give a probationary period of say thirty, forty, or fifty years, and since grace will have grown, for having life it must grow, and the natural root having in that time obtained no spiritual nourishment, *will* have decayed—the Christian will far have surpassed the other. Less than thirty years is often sufficient to show how the root of the fallen principle can degenerate. Byron and Burns, and too many more of the idols of the world to be mentioned, were not the same men at 37 that they were at 20 years of age, but a thousand times more hardened and corrupt.

While we attach importance to amiabilities, and all the minor excellences of character, they are all of them, even when bundled together, less than a grain of sand is to a mountain, when contrasted with the supreme, the one essential quality of *love to God.* Deeply as we should deplore the deficiences of Christians—for they reflect discredit on Jesus Christ, though it is not His grace that is at blame, but their own demon nature—yet all these deficiences sink into insignificance, when we remember they have the one redeeming, indispensable grace of love to God, of dependence on Jesus Christ. There are some among them, sour crabs, who have little joy themselves, and look with a suspicious eye upon the innocent enjoyment of others; as if Jesus Christ had not prayed that His own deep full joy should fill the souls of His disciples, John xvii. 13., xv. 11; as if He had not given the imperative command, "Rejoice evermore," 1 Thes. v. 16; as if we did not make Him unhappy as well as ourselves, by being gloomy, melancholy, wretched, as if God were not the source and the patron of happiness, and religion the medium of its reception; and yet these unripe Christians have love to God; some who are narrow-minded and rigid, you could put their soul in a nut-shell, and yet they have love to God; some who are penurious, and yet have love to God; some too dreamy and soft for proper attention to the business of life, and

yet they love God; some severe against sin, and still more severe against the sinner, and yet they love God; some who are naturally hasty, forward, impatient, blunt, impulsive, changeable, and yet they love God. We insist upon it, that grace should remove these defects, and will remove them, if Christians will cease to quench the Spirit, 1 Thes. v. 19, if they will only every day look into their life and heart, and then look up to God; but notwitstanding all these constitutional infirmities, since they love God, God shall take them to live with Him for ever; and during the few moments (Dan. ix. 20, 23,) that elapse between leaving this mortal tenement, and entering within the gates of Jerusalem the blessed, He shall with a word annihilate these defects, and clothe them with immortal beauty.

On the other hand, a man unregenerated may be frank and open, but he does not open his heart to God; he may be princely generous, but he has not an offering nor a thought for God; he may have a deep sympathy with all that is human, but he has no sympathy with God; he may embrace humanity within a noble heart, but he shuts out God; he may have love to his fellow-creature, but none to God; or, she may have an affection for her husband, strong and yet tender, deep and yet soft, but never a throb of her heart to God; fond, self-consecrating love to her babe, but none to that babe's Creator; a leaning on the strong man's arm, which he delights to feel, but no dependence upon God; therefore, since they shun God and keep Him out of their heart and home, He shall at the last shun them; they choose to be without God in this world, and He shall give them that choice in the world to come.

Let us open a heart that seems very fair, very fair in the eyes of even the church, and see what is awanting. Let it be the heart of a private member, deacon, elder, or minister of many years' standing, whose outward life seems irreproachable, even as good a specimen as Paul refers to in Heb. vi. 4, 6.

1st. Look, this mind is enlightened. As the light of day reveals our position; as the morning shows the passengers in the stranded vessel, or the shipwrecked mariner, the reefs, the distant shore, and intervening waves; so does the Bible our lost condition, yon shore of everlasting safety, and the way to God. But this is only head knowledge. It is indispensable, and yet not enough. The doomed passengers of the "*Royal Charter*" saw the shore, and yet were engulphed in the sea. Or to take another illustration. Sunshine is necessary to the growth of plants, but sunshine will not make a dead plant grow. In like manner, the light of the gospel is of benefit only to a living soul. Now, look on, and you will see this professing Christian's soul is dead; it wants all the functions of life; and first, it is blind. Gospel light is playing upon that dead eye, but has not penetrated within. The soul has never truly seen its own condition

and helplessness, nor the spirituality and extent of the law. The amiable young man said unto Jesus, "All these commandments have I kept from my youth up. *What lack I yet?*" Matt. xix. 20. What astounding blindness! *What lack I yet?* Man, do you conceive the law of God is bounded by your conception of the Ten Commandments? Know you not that the law is exceeding broad; the obedience which it demands is spiritual, that of the whole heart—inward as well as outward, Rom. vii. 14. That it commands every thought, every desire, every emotion, every passion, every feeling of the heart; every operation of reason, conscience, memory, imagination, and will; every word, every look, every act, every voluntary motion of the body, in all its members; in eyes, in ears, in hands and feet, shall be *intentionally*, *solely*, and *entirely*, devoted to God, and His glory, and that not for a part of our life, but during every moment of existence; in labour, and in repose; in business, and in recreation; in company and in solitude; on every day as well as on Sabbath-day. It forbids every vain, foolish, unnecessary, as well as sinful thought, word, or deed. It requires the heart to cherish the joyful conviction of God's abiding presence, and to love Him with all the strength of soul, and mind, every instant of time. In short, that the every thought and action which constitute the life history, shall willingly, joyfully, with the whole consent and love of the heart, have been consecrated to God; and not only all our actual thoughts and actions, but all the additional thoughts and actions, had our powers and faculties of mind and body been developed to the uttermost possible extent. Just as the sun must shine as long as it exists, and in the way, and to the extent, of the law given to it at its creation. "*What lack I yet?*" Great God, what blindness! Lord God, thou God of the spirits of all flesh, thou searcher of the heart, and tryer of the reins of the children of men, who on earth can thus keep Thy law? and yet Thy law is lovely, holy, just, and good, (Rom. vii. 12.) To keep the soul from the slightest taint of insubordination, or pollution, is to keep it in the orbit of eternal harmony, for ever basking in Thy love; for ever a stranger to discord, pain, or misery. Who would stand if Thou shouldst mark iniquity? Then would Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Joseph, Moses, David, John, Paul, the prophets and apostles, the martyrs, and confessors, have been adjudged a thousand times a-day to fathomless perdition. And yet this is the obedience which they now easily, and with rapturous enjoyment, yield above. This was the obedience of Jesus Christ (*for us*) on earth. *What lack I yet?* What blindness! and yet wonder not, for that eye is blind, that soul is dead.

2nd. The heart which we are dissecting has "*tasted* of the heavenly gift." Who has not had a loving thought, at one time or other, to Jesus Christ, the unspeakable gift? What heart is

so insensible as not to be moved by some of His words, by the record of some of His miracles? Even His enemies, whether bigoted Jew, or infidel Parisian professor, have for a little stood in wonder and admiration at the moral loveliness, the heavenly beauty of His speech. Hark, He is now reading in the synagogue, at Nazareth, on the Sabbath-day. "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised," Luke iv. 18. As He expounds this amazing passage, this utterance from the heart of God; this painting of His tender pity for our fallen race, even the men of Nazareth wonder at the gracious words that flow from his lips. And so the heart we are gazing on, has had a sort of attachment to Jesus Christ. It has even wept over the story of His crucifixion and death. But since it never perceived the deadly nature of sin; its own inexpressible weakness and waywardness; its inability to contend with inherent corruption, or to satisfy the spiritual, and, unlimited, demands of the law, it never clung to Jesus Christ with the strength and tenacity of a death grasp. Quick, look on it this moment. It is now on its knees before its God, at its evening prayer. It is confessing a sin, a gross one of commission; for those of omission disturb it but little. It admits its unworthiness in general terms, and feels abashed as a guilty servant does before an offended master. It asks pardon in the name of Christ, and rises. Now watch, you see that feeling of complacency, of self satisfaction arise at the thought that he has shed penitential tears over his sin; he feels that with these tears he has pleased his God. The man does not belong to the Church of Rome, his creed is not that he can save himself with works; yet he secretly *does* trust in himself, he does not rest on Jesus Christ *alone* for salvation, and he cannot—no, he cannot, for the Holy Ghost has not made him conscious of his absolute need of the Saviour. Since he has a concealed dependence upon himself, he cannot have the gratitude which would arise from feeling (not saying) his redemption was entirely due to Christ—indeed, he has not love to God—the love of an adopted child. Notice how awkward his soul is in presence of the Father of our Spirits. He looks like a peasant subject brought before a king, he has none of the ease that marks the children of the king. Collect promiscuously a thousand of her subjects and introduce them to Queen Victoria, not one in the thousand would have the ease of her own sons and daughters; could come with the same freedom and take her hand. The soul of this professing Christian cannot understand that verse, Rom. viii. 14, "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the *sons* of God;" *it* never was so led, and therefore does not feel at home

in God's sight. Why does it continue to pray then? Well, it prays more in society than in private, for it loves the esteem of men; and when it does pray in secret, it is *driven* there by fear; to pacify conscience, to gratify self-righteousness; it is never *drawn* there by *love*. Why? Simply because it has only *tasted* of the heavenly gift. If it daily fed on Jesus the bread of life, if it hourly was nourished by the flesh of the Son of Man, John vi. 51-57, it would joyously bound in prayer to the heart of God, as a loving child, that knows it is beloved, does to a mother's breast or a father's knee. A corpse with bread stuffed between its lips, is an emblem of this dead soul. Only *tasted* of the heavenly gift! Will a mere *taste* of food sustain this body's life? As the body with only a taste would perish, so shall the soul perish. But what is it to feed on Jesus Christ? First, I must have spiritual life created within me by the Holy Ghost, and then I shall offer His atonement for the pardon of my sins, and my peace with God; His obedience to the law, for the spotless and complete service my God demands from me; Himself my substitute and ransom, for liquidating my obligation to divine justice. On the ground of His having paid the price with His life and life blood, I shall demand from a just God the grace of the Holy Spirit to enlighten my intellect, renew my will, purify my heart, reinstate my reason and conscience to their lawful supremacy in my soul; grace to take the Bible as my guide—the voice of my God, the nourishment of my heart; grace to contend with and overcome my own hateful demon nature, grace to live and grace to die. Nay more, as the price *has been paid*, I shall demand from God to be made perfect in holiness at death, a mansion in His home above, a title to be joint heir with Christ of His boundless dominions, and a place in His heart for ever. Under the leading of the Holy Ghost I shall take Jesus as my prophet, priest, and king; my teacher, my sacrifice, my king of kings, to defend me from mine enemies; my captain of salvation, to daily lead me to victory against my indwelling sins and temptations without. As my God, my master, and yet my brother and ever present friend, from whom I will conceal nothing, and whose counsel alone I shall follow. As my companion every hour; in recreation, as well as in business; in company as well as when alone; in prosperity even as in adversity; in health as in sickness; to whom I will whisper all my troubles, my hopes, my fears, my sins, my weaknesses, my wishes, and my wants; whose bosom shall be the resting place of my soul when grieved or overcast; whose smile shall dispel all my sorrows; whose promises shall lighten my daily burden, sustain me in every affliction, and be the everflowing fountain of my joys. As the one who shall be dearer to me than father, or mother, or wife, or child, or wealth, or power, or fame, or than life itself; as my portion now—a portion sufficient, though all

else in the universe should perish; my faithful guide and stay in death; my heaven above; the idol of my heart while everlasting ages roll. This, this is feeding *fully* upon Jesus Christ.

3rd. The soul we are examining has been made a "partaker of the Holy Ghost." The influences and operations of the Holy Spirit are threefold. 1st. Restraint. 2nd. Common influences. 3rd. Special, or gracious influences. 1st. *Restraint*—in three ways. 1st. Exercising a secret, direct, inexplicable power (of which the individual is not conscious) over the mind, to weaken, or overcome a resolution to do evil which had been formed. 2nd. Suggesting thoughts of the danger which will arise if the purposed evil be carried into execution, and thus detering the sinner. Sometimes the mind supposes these suggested thoughts are the offspring of its own reflection; at other times God presses in the conviction, that there is something unusual in these thoughts, as was in the case of Abimelech, Gen. xx. 3; Laban, Gen. xxxi. 24; and Pilate's wife, Matt. xxvii. 19. 3rd. In so arranging things in providence that the sinner finds he cannot have his will—he may be waiting on to accomplish his design, but cannot find the opportunity. God be praised for His merciful and ceaseless interference in the affairs of men—if He did not every hour restrain moral evil, earth would be like to the pit. Every man is conscious that all the evil that has been in his heart, has not been allowed to flow out in the life. Who prevented? Men forget it is a merciful God.

2nd. *Common influences.* Assisting the *reason*, both by strengthening its eye in an inexplicable manner, and in suggesting thoughts, so that the mind may have a clear *intellectual* conception of the truth. Thus Balaam's *intellect* was acted upon by the Holy Spirit in an extraordinary manner; he boasted that his "eyes were open," and that he "knew the knowledge of the Most High," Num. xxiv. 15, 16. Working upon the *conscience*, so as to produce convictions, alarms, and *partial* reformations in the life—*not in the heart.* Exciting our *merely human emotions* —those emotions of which the unregenerated heart is capable—as zeal, such as Jehu's, 2 Kings x. 16; fervent, temporary, *ungrounded* love and delight, such as possessed the multitude that spread their clothes in the way, and rent the air with their acclamations, Luke xix. 37; a multitude soon to turn their backs upon a spiritual king. These *common* influences of the Spirit will enable a man to expound in a clear powerful manner the doctrines of Christianity, though his delineations of the hidden life of grace in the soul will be somewhat dim, since his knowledge of it is derived not from his own experience, but the written experience of others; will enable a man through fear, or to lull conscience, flatter his pride, or secure the esteem of his fellowmen, to watch his outward conduct and beware of open sins, and to offer many things to God, as money, and labour for the

schemes of the church—yea, even to deny himself some indulgences he sees other professing Christians enjoy; will enable a man to exhort and pray with some appearance of affection, and even with tears. Well then, what does the man lack? Listen. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love to God and man, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; and though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not this love, *I am nothing*," 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2. But how shall the man know whether he loves God? How shall he know if he loves his wife? Is consciousness not sufficient? Love is giving the whole heart to another. Ask the man if God really gets more affection than everything else in the world, and we defy his consciousness to say yes, for no man ever could say so without having had,

3rd. The *gracious* influences of the Holy Ghost. The common influences leave the heart unchanged—they plant no principle of spiritual life to contend with the lusts, desires, and tendencies of the heart; and, therefore, that wayward heart, that carnal mind, remains still alienated from God. 4th. The heart of the formal Christian we are dissecting, has "*tasted* the good word of God." Here again only a *taste;* and that of some parts of the Bible only. An unrenewed soul has no instinct or appetite for spiritual nourishment, and so avoids those passages which are most fitted to sustain the life of grace. While it naturally has a disinclination to meditate on such an experimental portion as the 119th Psalm, it kindly takes to the historical or doctrinal chapters, to those which will not dispel its false hopes, or slay its peace. Hence it is, that in every denomination, you will find the majority more disposed to converse or debate on *controversial* points, than on those pertaining to self-improvement; more ready to show that their church is the best, than to love their fellowmen; more disposed to stand high in their own estimation, than sit in humility at the feet of Jesus Christ.

The unregenerate heart is very fond of the promises, but cannot eat them. There are some kinds of American apples which are very fine in fragrance as well as in fruit. It is only the fragrance, never the meat, that those who only *taste* "the good word of God" enjoy. But no man can live on a smell. Pliable (in the Pilgrim's Progress) *smelled* the promises, and so rich was the flavour, that he exclaimed to Christian—"Well, my good companion, glad am I to hear of these things, come on, and let us mend our pace." But the smell gave him no strength to go through the Slough of Despond, and so he quickly turned back to the City of Destruction. It is in the calm clear night of prosperity that the stars of promise are beheld by the unrenewed, the clouds of adversity completely conceal them from the view.

But it is then that the Holy Ghost enables grace to derive the sweetest consolation—it is then that our compassionate Father in heaven descends to soothe His troubled children. As an earthly father or mother tenderly watches over the couch of a suffering child, so does the God of love. There is not a man at this moment living on the earth who can conceive of the amount of joy which filled the souls of the primitive Christians the hour they were led out to the lions or to the stake. God always is kindest when we most require His pity. Will we remember this in death? How the sick value the turning of their bed, the softening of their pillow. Man can do that for the body, and God *does* that for the soul. His pillow for the suffering heart is softer than the ambient air, for it is His love divine. Listen to one who knew this well—

> "Thou didst me answer in the day
> When I to Thee did cry;
> And Thou my fainting soul with strength
> Didst strengthen inwardly."—Ps. cxxxviii. 3.

> "What time my heart is overwhelmed,
> And in perplexity,
> Do Thou me lead unto the Rock
> That higher is than I."—Ps. lxi. 2.

Both the formal Christian and the world imagine that *strict* religion, which is *heart* devotion, is the quencher of joy. If Jesus Christ did not give His disciples joy, not one of them would follow Him in *secret* persevering obedience. It is a law of our nature that we cannot heartily continue to perform that which yields us no gratification. But the joy of love will enable us to bring our heart into contact with any and every part of the Bible, and attempt any and every duty. There is a young man who is exposed to the scorching heat and drought of day in an eastern clime, and to the chilling freezing winds of night, to ceaseless watchfulness and danger from wild beasts, so that the sleep departs from his eyes; and, yet, seven long years of his weary toil seem to him but a few days. Wonder not, for Jacob loves Rachel, Gen. xxix. 20, xxxi. 40. So it is the joy of loving Jesus Christ that is the secret of the believer's perseverance in the race that is set before him, and this joy the unrenewed, alas, have never felt.

5th. The soul before us has *tasted* (never anything but a taste) of "the powers of the world to come." Has had a taste of sin being a something that brings punishment, not as the only hateful discordant thing in all God's creation; of death being a separation from all the desirable things in this world, not as a final and hopeless separation from God; of heaven as being a very delightful residence, with plenty of beautiful and sublime scenery, not as the above for the endless development of moral

loveliness; of future punishment as consisting in the exposure to judgments laid on, not as subjection to the eternal slavery of inward lusts. This soul by having had only a *taste*, neither knows itself, the deceitfulness of the heart, nor sin, nor God, nor Christ, nor the Holy Ghost, nor heaven, nor perdition. It has got enough knowledge to condemn it, not to save it.

We have made this rapid comment upon Heb. vi. 4-6 for several reasons. 1st. To undeceive, if possible, the many thousands in the church who trust in themselves, in their church membership, in their attendance upon public ordinances, or social worship, in their outward moral life, in the good opinion entertained of them by others; thousands who will be quite willing to allow a separation between good and evil is necessary —*between themselves and the outcast population;* thousands who, notwithstanding the confidence they have in their religious profession, are as far from the kingdom of God as the debased, the ignorant, the brutal, the thief, and the harlot. We have spent more time than we intended in endeavouring to press in this truth, that the majority of the members of the church *do not love God*, a truth to which their own *consciousness* will bear witness; and that, therefore, they *shall* be separated as completely from God at last, as the most demoralized of our people. Wherever there is love to God, in that heart there is spiritual life; wherever there is no love, it is a sure sign of spiritual death. And as we in this world separate the living from the dead, so shall it be in the world to come. There is far too much reliance placed upon our formal profession and outside morality. Morality! why there is no true morality without love to God. Morality is right conduct, and to take the life, the time, the health, the food, the every blessing God has given, for the express purpose of receiving our love, and with these to please our fellow creatures and ourselves is not right conduct, but the foulest robbery. To steal from God that we may give to man, is just as vile as for us to plunder one human being that we may bestow the plunder on another. But when we rob God, we never can give man his due. He that loveth not God, cannot truly, fully, love his brother. True morality then is piety rightly performing the duties which it owes to man. All those fair moralities of which we so much boast, are only decorated coffins of the dead souls within. As one coffin excels another in embellishments, so does one unregenerate character surpass another in amiabilities, benevolence, or other duty; and, yet, all coffins are consigned to one abode, the resting-place of the dead. It is needless for us to harp upon this thought any longer; we will now leave it by appealing to each one's own common sense to say, if it be likely that those who cannot make God a companion in this life, will have Him for a companion in the next. Life in heaven is quite impossible without living, moving, and breath-

ing in God. Here He conceals Himself very much, but above there is a ceaseless emanation of Himself to every heart, and an equally ceaseless return from each heart to Him. It is not in praise alone that there is a constant and direct recognition of God. Praise, *in song*, occupies but a small place amidst the most varied exercises of the heavenly temple, even as it does in human life below. Man is not a harp merely, and for all his capacities of soul and body, ample and delightful employment shall for ever be found. But whether in action or repose, in recreation or contemplation, in listening to the teaching of Jesus Christ, or the conversation of angels or men, there is a constant reference of the soul to God. The vapour of love to God rises as easily, and as certainly, from the heart, as that from the ocean beneath the strength of the sun. It is perfect folly to suppose we could be happy for an hour in heaven without our loving God. Everything there, even the material glories, are adapted to this one indispensable qualification. In a moment we would perceive that neither the place nor the society was for us; we would discover we were in filth and rags among white robed celestials, and of our own accord we would haste away to hide.

2nd. We have made this comment with an eye to our outcast population. If there be so many thousands in the church who are spiritually blind and dead, notwithstanding all the religious education and influence with which they have been blessed, what can we expect of those tens of thousands who have been utterly neglected? And yet the men who are stuffed with self-righteousness, or buoyed up with false hopes, are the very parties who heap upon our degraded masses such epithets as wicked, ungodly, &c., &c. They are the very men who will not abandon the fashionable pleasures, the sinful luxuries of the world, which prove a snare to the poor; the very men who tread out the sparks of piety in the hearts of our young converts; who by their own lifeless profession are a drag upon the progress of spirituality; who neither will enter the kingdom of God themselves, nor let others go therein. The world *must* be reformed; but there is a previous step—the *church* must be reformed. *If the church were in a healthy condition, the world would not now be in such a frightful state as it is.* Not a single newspaper can we open, but there is the record of some horrifying murder, suicide, or assault; and this in the land of churches and Bibles. There is but one way to reform the world—it is for the members of the church to begin to love God. Their loving hearts will draw down Omnipotent power to heal the bleeding wounds of society. Then we shall speak gently of the fallen, and tenderly to the depraved. Then we shall believe that amongst our most sunken population there may be many dear to God—many who shall yet breathe a prayer to Him, such as the thousands of the

spiritually dead in our churches never offered. By the side of Jesus hangs one despised alike by Pharisee and well-meaning Jew; one for whom there is no human sympathy. Though a malefactor, pass him not by—*for that man is the Christian Church.* At that hour when Jesus was mocked by Roman soldiers, by chief priests, and Scribes, and Pharisees, and the infuriated Jewish mob, for pretending to be a king; at the hour when apostles, even John, and all the disciples alike doubted of His regal power (Mark xvi. 14); the hour when not another human being in the world believed in the kingly, spiritual glory of Messiah, the thief, the dying thief, alone worshipped his God; alone had the faith to breathe a prayer for salvation. At that hour the thief *was* the entire worshipping church. At that hour the thief was the only one who gave joy to Jesus Christ. So speak softly of our degraded masses, for there may be many of them whose love to Jesus Christ shall yet rebuke our own.

This rapid comment has been properly pitched at the true standard. At the laymen's weekly meeting we hope Christian life will be delineated in a manner clearly to show *what it should be.* The speakers must, as Paul did, point to the mark, both to awaken the slumbering, and to stimulate those who are awake and willing to go on. But they must also paint Christian life *as it is* —shew "whereunto we have already attained." If they point only to the mark, without taking notice of how far we are below it, they will only lead weak Christians to despair. But God forbids us to quench the feeble sparks of piety in any loving heart. Very much injury is done in the pulpit, and in religious books, by giving nothing but elevated descriptions of Christian life. The Bible is the only *sensible* religious book in the world; for it is a lovely photograph of human beings *as they are,* with all their failings, infirmities, shortcomings, deficiencies, and sins, as well as their aspirations and efforts. It was right that we should describe the extent and spirituality of the law, and feeding upon Jesus Christ; and it is also right now to declare that no living Christian does thus always every day feed on his Saviour-God, or joyously bound to the bosom of God in prayer. *Still, there is the mark,* the summit of the mountain, and we must toil on till we reach the top. Now will this confession of the weakness of Christian life, soothe and lull to a deeper slumber the unrenewed? It should not; for even a backsliding believer in his greatest wanderings has something which the unregenerate have not. Let us take a common case of declension. After deep and painful convictions of sin have been followed by the heart's clinging to Christ for mercy and deliverance from the power of sin—have been followed by the sweet peace which accompanies the message He sends us by the breath of the Holy Ghost, *Thy sins are forgiven thee*—a peace serener than that of nature after the storm—there comes too often a great diminution of religious emotion. This arises partly, as has

been said, from a law of our mental constitution; partly from the opposition of indwelling sin; and frequently very much from the young convert not having at home, or in the workshop, a single congenial mind to assist in preserving the life of grace. Nothing but chilling, deadening influences surround the heart from morning till night; from one day to another. Soon grace feels benumbed. In the morning the young heart sets out with the determination to remember God all the day, and to be silently breathing to Him in prayer; but no sooner does it mix with those who never think of God, than it seems infected with their disease of forgetfulness; once or twice during working hours it may think of God, but very faintly and transiently; it joins in their conversation, unless it be plainly sinful or gross; its thoughts are confined to the world, and the object of its love is out of sight. But at night comes the reckoning. Conscience then smites the heart, and poor grace cannot lift its eyes. The sense of its ingratitude covers it with shame. It prays, but feels as if God were cold towards it, because of its forgetfulness; and so the prayer is short. It does not know that God is weeping over it in compassion; but He hides His pity as yet, for He has an object in view. Short prayers at night lead to shorter ones in the morning, and to less living by faith throughout the day. For a season the heart fondly hopes the Sabbath and gospel ordinances will be a time of reviving. It then prays longer, and strives more to keep the attention fixed on God and gospel truths. But even on the Sabbath, instead of getting assistance from the members of the church, or relatives at home, their remarks are on every subject but "love to God" and "Christian experience;" their intensely worldly conversations are fuel to the fire of indwelling corruption, and so the Sabbath fails to heal the diseased heart. Wearied out with the unsuccessful struggle against its own lusts, the resistance of the heart becomes fainter and fainter, and the boldness and strength of sin increase. At last it goes with the current. Then "the law in the members" drags grace through the mire of constitutional tendencies and besetting sins; for the favourite sins of one man are different from those of another. Then prayer is restrained before God; then days, weeks, or months may pass without a prayer; but certainly not without many sighs. Sighs from whom? From prostrate grace. But even in this most lamentable state, the backsliding Christian has what the fairest unrenewed professor never had, even in his days of greatest confidence in himself. Sin when it has usurped the throne of the heart, though it may prevent the strivings of grace, cannot destroy or stifle its convictions. Often these undying, unquenchable convictions of grace may be the only sign of its life; but they are a sure sign that when a weeping God—a God that weeps to see His children driven before the violence of native depravity, the withering influences of spiritually dead professors, the contagious blast of the world, the breath of

demons from the pit; that when that weeping God has seen the soul has learned its proper lessons, grace *shall* revive, and, in the strength of Omnipotence, seize its enemy by the throat, and drag it from the throne of the heart. It pleases God in the lifetime of every Christian to let the soul know, by sore experience, that the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, and so prepare it for its endless song of praise—"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, be glory, and honour, and blessing, for ever and ever," Rev. i. 5; v. 12. Some of the unquenchable convictions of grace to which we have referred, are—

1st. That God *should* have the whole love of the heart—and that He is the only fountain of true peace and joy.

2nd. That the law in its unbounded and spiritual demands is holy, just, and good. Even when grace cannot keep the law, it asserts the propriety and loveliness of the law; the beauty of holiness. Paul says, "For I delight in the law of God after the *inward man*," Rom. vii. 22. "And though *I* (my fallen nature) do that which I should not, which I would not, *I consent unto the law that it is good*," Rom. vii. 16.

3rd. That nothing in the human heart is truly lovely but grace. Hence even in his declensions the Christian has a secret drawing towards those who love Jesus Christ. However unlike them he may be at the time, they, and they alone, are the companions he would choose.

4th. Grace feels it is in slavery, and longs for deliverance. From none of his sins can a backsliding Christian get unalloyed enjoyment. There is bitterness in every cup he tastes. However strong indwelling sin may be, and however much it may strive to roll pleasure as a sweet morsel under the tongue, and drag the soul behind it, it cannot stifle the sighing of grace—it cannot prevent the heart feeling it is a wanderer from God.

5th. Grace feels that the carnal mind will never of itself either love God, or be subject to His law; and that if He do not give more grace, the soul is lost for ever. Hence it lies in deepest humility and self-abasement at the feet of Jesus Christ. Hence it is willing to take all from Him, to count all its good actions, its seeming works of righteousness, but loss, *but dung*, that it may win Christ, and be covered with His spotless robes. Phil. iii. 8, 9.

In his worst estate there is therefore a clear distinction between the renewed Christian, and the fair, formal professor; for the latter has never had these deep, imperishable convictions. Even in actions, which seem to be alike, there is the greatest possible difference. We have said that an unregenerate church member may weep over a gross sin of commission, and then rejoice in the thought that his heart is so good as to weep over sin. Well, a young convert can weep over his sins, and also feel relieved when he has done so. What is the difference, then, between the two?

The unregenerate having only one nature, has only one feeling, and that is *self-complacency*. The young convert has two natures, and each has a voice. On reflecting at night over his ingratitude, and sins into which he has been surprised, he feels very sad, and then a flood of tears comes to his relief, and the heart throws itself at the feet of its pardoning God. Now a pleasing *compound* feeling arises; joy at the thought he can yet hate sin—*this comes from pride;* and joy at the thought that God has not yet given him up —*this comes from grace.* The young Christian is too inexperienced to dissect his feelings—to know when grace speaks, and when nature speaks, or when both voices are blended together. After many ups and downs in experience, he will learn to distinguish them; and then he will perceive how constantly his own demon nature is at work. The smoky breath of that monster for ever ascends with the incense of grace—and it did so even in the heart of Paul and John. One thing should reconcile Christians to death —that in dying their relentless, hateful enemy, indwelling sin, is slain—slain for ever by a gracious God. Like Jesus Christ, we conquer our enemies by dying.

There is thus as plain a difference between the renewed and unrenewed, as between the living and the dead; and the dead are the majority in all our churches. Shall there be no pity for them, though they, encased in their own self-righteousness, have so little pity for our outcast population? There must be pity, and efforts even, for them. Every hour of our life is numbered; for ever that pendulum of time moves on; it comes—the moment when those dead Christians shall pass away. Then there may be a taming of the heart, but not a change. Hearken to them now, as, under the power of a deadly disease, they speak of their future hopes. "I have tried to do what I could. I know I have been a sinner, but I hope God will forgive all my sins." When in health, they restrained *secret* prayer before God—of that their memory is the witness; but now they think they *must* speak to Him; now they *must* have the intercession of elder or minister; now they must grasp at the delusive words held out by sympathizing friends—not delusive to true faith, but delusive to a heart unchanged. Restore them this moment to health and vigour, and all their apparent resignation and trust in Christ would vanish—they would be as far, yea, farther from God than ever. When a lad, we bought three full-grown larks, which had been newly caught. We hoped, when we had made them tame, they would delight us with their song. Every morning we gathered worms, and caught flies for them—we spoke kindly and gently to them, but all in vain. The moment we approached the cage they would spring upwards, and dash their head against the roof. They pined away. One died, and then another, so that but one was left. More kindly were we drawn to that survivor, and for a little it gave us a delusive promise. For several nights it would come timidly forward, and take the offered

fly from our hand, and then hurry back with its spoil. One night it was so friendly, it took its cherished food without retreating; and now we could have taken that sickly bird within our heart. We dreamed that all would yet be well—we yet would hear its joyous voice. But in the morning my poor lark was dead. We then saw that *weakness* had constrained it to come near even one it dreaded; that had health and vigour come again, it would have fled us as before. And many a time since then, these dead larks have said to me—"Man in health dreads God, and seeks to fly where sinful pleasure leads; if, when he comes to die, he be constrained, like us, to take assistance from the hand he *fears* (not loves), believe his nature still remains the same."

You tell us that grace is the ground of final separation; but I have no grace, what then shall I do? Let God Himself answer that question. "If any man lack, let him ask of God, that giveth to all liberally, *and upbraideth not*, and it shall be given him," James i. 5. "And the Holy Spirit, and the bride of Jesus Christ (true, loving hearts) say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," Rev. xxii. 17. What shall you do? *Be in the way.* There are paths in which Jesus Christ often walks: there are times when He delights to heal. When He was on earth, seldom did He go to the diseased; they came, or were brought to Him; seldom did He bless until the sufferer besought His aid. Those who staid away, or would not ask, He left alone, while none who came and sought were sent unblessed away. So is it still. The Holy Ghost does not communicate religious knowledge, though He acts upon it, and makes it effectual for salvation. So get *that* germ of life; it is within your reach. Give up that novel this moment—that idiotic, sentimental, folly-feeding periodical, that will never put a farthing in your pocket, nor a solid idea in your brain; that will unfit you for this life; that will make you only a dreamy, discontented, envious, indolent wretch, while you live, and spread horrors before your entrance into eternity. Read your Bible. Abandon that incessant hunting for pleasure from companions, from parties, from strolling, from ball-rooms, music saloons, and the million delusions society has created to enable it to forget God, its death, and future life. Take an hour each day alone with your heart, in presence of Him before whom you *must* stand, whether willing or not. Oh! be manly. Feel that the poor heart needs as much attention as the decaying body of dust—that it is shameful to decorate the outside, while the soul within is vile, unwashed, diseased, covered with filth and rags. Keep the Sabbath day. Keep company with those who will help you in your feeble efforts towards a better life, and *especially*—ask from God.

But what will you ask from God? Pardon for past sin, and strength to do better in the time to come? No; you must ask for more than these. Jesus Christ does not limit you. He leaves it

entirely to yourself. He says, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you," Matt. vii. 7. Ask, then, of God, at once the greatest blessing, for it includes every other. Ask to be made a son or daughter. When you receive the spirit of adoption, God will deny you nothing; and so long as you realize your sonship, you will deny God nothing—you will count the yoke of Jesus easy, and His burden very light. Unless you ask for *joy* in religion, you cannot grow or persevere. So long as you get more satisfaction from a newspaper, or interesting books, than from the Bible, the Bible will be unread. So long as the company of your friends is more agreeable to you than that of God, you will forget God. So long as wife, or child, or business, or any earthly attraction, draws stronger than the joy that binds you to Jesus Christ, Christ will be shut out. Christians *must* begin to recognize this truth, if the church is ever to revive, if the world is ever to be reformed. We *must* have more joy from God than the world can give, if we are ever to be faithful to God. Ask, then, at once to be made a son or daughter of God, and for a taste of that "joy unspeakable," (1 Pet. i. 8.) which made the primitive Christians face death in every terrible form—which would have made them go through a fire the whole length of the world, to reach the bosom of the God they loved. You say you cannot ask so much at once; that when you have served God for several years, you may have the courage thus to pray. Trust not in a delusion. Though you were to begin to-morrow to be the most devoted Christian on earth, and labour in His cause, with unflagging zeal, for a hundred years, you would be a greater sinner then than at this moment. Every day of these hundred years you would commit some sin, which, added to your present guilt, would swell the sum of your iniquities. "But I cannot ask so much, for my past life has been—oh! I would not like to tell it to any." Did you not notice the emphatic words we quoted from James i. 5—"*upbraideth not?*" How the heart could linger on these words for ever! Ask at once to be made a son. He says He will not upbraid you. Are you a backsliding Christian, for the first, second, tenth, or twentieth time?—you feel you can never lift up your head, your iniquities have so carried you away, against remonstrances of weeping grace, and frowns of conscience. Come back at once. Ask Him for joy; yes, for joy; He will not upbraid you. Are you a sinner, polluted with every possible sin? Though all the sins of the human race were on your single head, ask to be made a son; He will not upbraid you. Are you old and hoary in vile transgressions? Ask for the heart of a child; He will not upbraid you. Every man, woman, and child in the world—rich and poor, ignorant and learned—ask from the God that giveth liberally, and He will not upbraid you. Since He knows the natural fear and distrustfulness of the human heart, He has sworn by Himself—*we have His oath*—that He will not

upbraid us. We quote His amazing words—"As I live, saith the Lord God, *none of his sins that he hath committed shall be mentioned unto him* that turneth from his evil ways unto me," Ezek. xxxiii. 11, 16. Believer! in all your wanderings, let this thought bring you back—"He will not upbraid me." And when in death you may for a moment despond, as memory takes a retrospect of the past, as in the weakness of that hour the accuser of the brethren tries to frighten the heart he cannot hurt, banish every fear, silence conscience, strike dumb the devil, triumph over earth and hell alike, by resting on this thought—"I have His oath, He will not upbraid me. Soon shall I meet Him on that other shore, but no frown awaits me—He will never upbraid me."

At the laymen's weekly meeting we must now and then touch on the final separation, but let it be gently done. Let no harsh expressions be employed when referring to our demoralized, irreligious people. If the speakers will look into their own heart, they will be tender to their fellow sinners, however vehement they may be against the sins which enthrall them. All are sinners—those with the double nature, as well as those with the single. "There is not a just man on earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not," Eccl. vii. 20. We have asked the members of the church and all men to pray for the spirit of adoption, and the realizing of their sonship, that a double blessing may be obtained; strength and joy to themselves, and compassion for their fellowmen. Christian experience abounds in paradoxes. One is, "When I have least sin of my own, when I am most holy, then have I greatest pity for my brother man sunk in sin." It is only those who feel they are safe in Christ, who have the true love to mankind. A stranded vessel is on the rocks, and within sight of land. Her deck is crowded with passengers, whose thoughts about individual safety prevent the outgoing of sympathy for each other. Who pity the unhappy passengers? *Those who stand in safety on the shore.* So, if we would have true and strong compassion for a world in danger, we must stand on Jesus Christ, and feel we are secure upon that rock. We must pray for more grace, for it alone is truly compassionate. The Christian who does not love his brother man, brother man of every class and clime, has little grace indeed, or rather he has none. In the Old Testament, and in the New one, there is an utterance sublime, Godlike sublime, in sympathy for man. Both are the voices of sweet, holy grace. Moses, who, in the olden times, possessed the greatest share of grace, when interceding with God for his rebellious brethren, thus poured out his love—"Yet now, if thou wilt not forgive their sin, blot me I pray Thee out of Thy book," Ex. xxxii. 32. And Paul, the unequalled—because in him grace wrought mightily—(Col. i. 29) has expressed his compassion for man in words before which we stand in wonder. "For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ, for my brethren's sake, my kinsmen accord-

ing to the flesh," Rom. ix. 3. The world will not believe that grace is full of tender pity. It yet shall have a proof. We would rather see it *now* than then, for only in this life can pity lift the fallen up. It is here that grace *should* show its compassion—and it here *would* be shown, *if grace were in the hearts of the members of the church.* At that final day, when each spirit shall be re-united to its body, then undecaying, incorruptible, immortal; when each redeemed soul shall be *filled* with grace, every eye shall be moist with tears, every eye from that of the compassionate Redeemer to the least of His saints, on beholding the separation between the evil and the good. Grace shall then weep for the lost, but weep never again; for when the lost depart to their own place, God shall wipe away all tears from His children's eyes, once and for ever.

It is a point so nearly akin to what we have been speaking of, that we cannot pass on without a reference to it—we mean "The eternity of punishment." It is a subject we would rather say nothing about, but when infidels in the church grasp it as a weapon for their purposes, we must use it for the benefit of man. Our belief on this point may be expressed in these two propositions:—

1st. That the punishment of the lost consists principally, almost entirely, in being subject to moral evil. That the sufferings of the doomed arise but to a very small extent from the physical disadvantages of that place we call hell.

2nd. That the punishment will exist as long as moral evil exists.

1st. "*That the misery of the wicked after death springs from being under the tyranny of moral evil.*" We naturally are fond of beauty. When a young man of twenty years we travelled the whole way on foot from Glasgow to Windermere, that we might drink in beauty a whole summer's day (the only time we could spare), by gazing on that charming lake. The year before, we had visited on foot the finest scenery of our own native land. Passing the Trosachs, we had stood entranced at the first glimpse of Loch Katrine—a lovely maiden blooming in her youth, her English rival being that same maiden with the riper charms of wife and mother. Delighting as we do in beautiful scenery, we have no liking for that dreary abode below. Still, under the profoundest conviction of our reason, and the deliberate choice of our heart, we affirm we would rather dwell for ever in hell with the soft, sweet sunshine of the love of God upon our heart, and the joy of loving Him in return, than without that love received or reciprocated, reside for ever in a palace on the shore of Windermere. So convinced are we that moral evil alone is man's enemy, that in the sight of that God who at this moment is gazing on my heart, and watching every word as I now write it down, the God before whom I shall stand in judgment with the rest of my race, to answer for

the deeds done in the body, I declare I would rather eternally be in the dreariest spot in hell, provided moral evil were out of my heart, and kept out of my sight, than be for ever in heaven with moral evil in my soul. Eternal God, bear witness that I write the truth. Disposer of my destiny, rather give me hell with overflowing grace within my soul, than heaven without Thy love to me—my love to Thee.

Whether there be a lake of fire or not, is a point we would dispute with no one. We believe that light of some description will be required, and that very probably the source of that light is the sulphureous lake of fire. There was fire at the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; the doomed plain still attests that fact. We do not believe that God will put men into the lake, but we are sure they will cast each other in. There is no conceivable cruelty that the hateful heart of man cannot inflict. What infernal atrocities has man not committed on his brother man. On that day when "the Lord cometh out of His place to punish the inhabitants of earth for their iniquity, when the earth shall disclose her blood, and no more cover her slain" (Is. xxvi. 21); when the bloody deeds of time shall glare on the sky of eternity, what eye can bear that sight? From the hour that Cain slew his brother, earth has been desolated by the demon soul of man. What does the eye behold on running down the page of history, but blood, blood, blood. What does the ear hear but the shouts of the infuriated combatants, the shrieks and groans of millions murdered in war. Was it hell that taught man to flay his brother alive, his poor brother taken captive in war, to spin out agony in every form, till kindly death dismissed the tortured victim to repose; to rip the womb from whence man draws his life, and slaughter the unborn before its parent died (2 Kings viii. 12); to dash the infant's head for sport against the stones, and with exulting laugh at tottering age, dye hoary locks with life's warm blood? Who that remembers the siege of Jerusalem under Titus; the Roman gladiatorial shows; the persecutions of the primitive Christians under Nero, Domitian, and Dioclesian; the Spanish Inquisition; the modern popish persecutions of the protestants; the Spaniards in Mexico; the streets of Paris during the first French Revolution; the American Indians' treatment of captives; the even more diabolical tortures inflicted in the East from time immemorial, can doubt that there have been men *in the past* who would throw their fellowmen into a lake of fire. The inquisitor, who could unmoved order and behold the long drawn agony of fire, or cord, or water drop, *could* chain his victim to the depths of hell's sulphureous lake. Has man improved? Has time, or philosophy, or increasing knowledge, or science, or even religious profession, made the deeds of the past impossible in the present? Is that a hut of human skulls I see? Is that a slave slow roasting at the stake these Southern ladies look upon? Is that a minister of Jesus Christ or

an incarnate fiend, who, in New York, can try to rouse the demon passions of his brethren; to urge them on to a crusade exterminating as the flood; to drive all life in man, or wife, or maid, or child, or feeble age, down to perdition, "swift as the devils drove the swine into the Sea of Galilee?" Had this monster not been born so far behind his time, hell would have hailed him as the chief inquisitor. There *are* men at this hour, both in the Confederate and Federal States, who would cast each other into a lake of fire. Talk about time improving the human race! How melancholy to read in the narrative of Captain Speke, that he rejoiced when he exchanged the society of the demons in Uganda, for that of the wild beasts of the forest. Demons in Uganda! are there none in Europe? Tell us, ye stars, ye gloomy prison cells, the deeds of blood that Russia's tools perform. Man groans for what? for liberty! What liberty? Freedom from his lusts? Advance *this* standard, "Liberty to murder and to plunder," and see how German patriots rush behind that flag. When the tigress cubs a lamb, when the vulture breeds a dove, then we'll dream that man can love, his brother man of every clime.

But the profession of Christianity will make all men brothers. What mean, then, these rifles, and bayonets, and cannon, and armour-plated ships? They only mean that men have entire confidence in each other—that modern civilization has so improved the human race, that in the hour of brotherly contest, men can strike each other down to hell with a speed of which the dark ages had no conception. At this day, when knowledge has flooded the world, when even the Bible and gospel light abound in many lands, there are more time, thought, and money expended in contriving and bringing to perfection the instruments of war and death, than ever before in the history of earth. If the same means —if the millions of soldiers and sailors in Europe and America were daily employed in lightening the burden of humanity, alleviating distress, and marching in the van of human progress, in less than ten years this world would, comparatively, be like a paradise. But war shall not cease, creation shall still continue to groan, the ground to be soaked with blood, the earth to receive to her sorrowful bosom the men bereft of life, ruthlessly pushed out of time by their brothers' hands—*until mankind be renewed by the Holy Ghost.* This is the truth, whether philosophy, political science, or infidelity, receive it or reject.

We believe there is a lake of fire—the only sun of that abode of woe. We do not believe that God will cast the lost therein, but we know that men *will* cast each other in. How devil will torment devil we presume not to say. Milton has erred in supposing they are all unanimous under their great leader, and true to one another. No doubt as much envy, strife, and hatred are found in their orders as amongst men; for these baneful passions are characteristic of all fallen creatures. And, without doubt,

they will inflict tremendous agony on each other, and possibly on man—though a just God will take care that the devils shall suffer most themselves, since, though they tempt man, he never tempts them. In cruelty they even surpass man. We commonly say that the best, when corrupted, becomes the worst; that lovely woman, when degraded, is viler than a man. So with the fallen angels. More beautiful than man they were at first, though now more dark and hateful. Their cruelty is frightful. While Christ was on the earth, God allowed us to see the nature of the demons e herd with and adore. For a little space, and to manifest Christ's power over them, God permitted them to show their disposition. Their usual influence over man is confined to communicating with his mind — to deceiving, tempting, injecting evil thoughts, blowing the fire of passion—but *then* they had the power *forcibly* to direct the mind and body. Without referring to Job (Job ii. 7), the woman bowed together (Luke xiii. 11-16), the man in the tombs (Mark v. 2-15), let us quote a few verses from the ninth chapter of Mark, verses 17, 18, 22, 26.

"And one of the multitude answered and said, Master, I have brought unto thee my son, which hath a dumb spirit; and wheresoever he taketh him, he teareth him: and he foameth, and gnasheth with his teeth, and pineth away: and I spake to thy disciples that they should cast him out; and they could not. . . . . And ofttimes it hath cast him into the fire, and into the waters, to destroy him: but if thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us. . . . . And *the spirit* cried, and rent him sore, and came out of him: and he was as one dead; insomuch that many said, He is dead."

When we speak of the cruelty of man, we call it "fiendish;" but when we refer to the cruelty of devils, we are without a comparative word. Here was a child that had done that devil no harm, and being of a different race, could never give rise to anything like the rivalries or national antipathies which exist among men; and yet that devil, without any conceivable motive, except its Satanic delight in torturing and destroying God's creatures, could for *several years* dwell within the child—wrench, and twist, and bend its soul and body. Unmoved by the spectacle of that child pining away, it cast him into the fire or the waters, to destroy him; and when at last he is ordered to come out, will not depart peaceably, but will shriek, in disappointed rage, and, rending the child with all his might, leave him for dead. It may be supposed that cruelty like this is without a parallel in the history of earth—that man, while he can torture, and prolong torture, has always some other motive than the mere love of destroying, of delighting in agony. We wish we could acquiesce in this thought; but there have been specimens of human nature, which, without reaching the same degree of cruelty, have shown they had the same demon spirit within. It would be contrary to truth for us to affirm that men were as bad as devils, but we err not in saying "they are of their father the devil," (John viii. 44,) and his works

they have a latent capacity of performing. No man knows how far he may go in cruelty if God does not restrain. Hazael was indignant at the thought of Elisha, that he ever would dash the young children of Israel to pieces, or rip up their women with child, and yet he did both. (2 Kings viii. 12.)

As there are some men who would believe Shakspeare before the Bible—who will turn with disgust from the true description of fallen nature which the scriptures give—who have high conceptions of the nobility and goodness of man, and the speedy elevation of society by political freedom and the spread of secular knowledge—we will let Shakspeare paint what man is capable of doing to man; how he can thirst for extremity of torment to be the lot of the object he hates.

Hamlet. O villain, villain; smiling, damned villain,

. . . . . .

Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't; and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes.

Queen Margaret. I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood.

Shylock. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven.
Shall I lay perjury on my soul?
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Gratiano. Oh! be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost makest me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf; who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, while thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

Lady Macbeth. . . Yet do I fear thy nature,—
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way.
. . . . Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirit in thine ear.
. . . . Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood!
Stop up the access and passage to remorse!
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep a pace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!*—Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!
. . . . I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.

Iago. . . . How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shews,
As I do now: For while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net,
That shall enmesh them all.
Othello. Villain, be sure of it;
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my waked wrath.

O, that the slave had forty thousand lives:
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!
Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Hamlet is one of Shakspeare's best characters, and yet the philosophic, contemplative Hamlet, would not be satisfied with life for life; he would pursue a murderer with everlasting vengeance. How frightful is his wish! That in a moment unprepared, unconfessed, unforgiven, with ripest guilt upon his soul, he may smite his uncle down to hell, and hell's eternal agony. That men like Richard the Third, Shylock (and there have been worse Jews than him), or Othello, could, in an hour of ambition, hate, or jealousy, cast a fellow creature into a lake of fire, may not be doubted. And there *have* been women, like her who asked the head of John the Baptist in a charger, whose whole heart has been so thoroughly pervaded by the relentless cruelty of hell, that they could cast even children therein.

The three elements of misery hereafter, are—1st. *Remorse of conscience;* Omnipotence removing the gag placed upon conscience by the heart. 2nd. *The wildness of despair.* In daily life when men meet with any little disappointment, nothing is more common that for the phrase "damn it," or "damn him," to escape between their nearly closed teeth; a sure indication of the *latent* wildness that is in the heart. Let a favourite scheme be blasted, or some considerable misfortune or disappointment occur, and then the enraged soul becomes still more wild, breathing inwardly, if it does not express audibly, the words of Byron, "Damn then, all things, great things, small things." This tendency of the fallen human heart *shall* be retained after death, and rise to a degree which we neither wish to estimate, nor can conceive. In this life hope restrains the natural wildness of the heart. Surely hope cometh from the bosom of God; surely it is the whisper of His sympathy. It is future bliss brought nigh to banish present woe. If strong and true, it is a charm around the soul, that neither life nor death, nor earth nor hell can over-

come. But in that place where hope ne'er soothes with prospect of a better time, the heart alternately lies down in sorrow, then like a maniac springs upon its feet and wildly grinds its teeth. There shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Mat. viii. 12.

3rd. *The torment which the lost will needlessly inflict upon each other.* Needlessly we say, because in hell, even as on earth, men will not cease to torment themselves and others. It is a law of the fallen heart that it *will* sin, and it is impossible to have sin without consequent torment. "There is no peace (saith the God of Truth) to the wicked," Is. xlviii. 22. God the Omnipotent has decreed—*has so constructed the soul*—that when a man seeketh to be independent of the Creator, he shall neither find happiness himself, nor allow others to be happy. In hell men are not in loving subjection to God, and therefore, before they can be happy, or cease to torment each other, they must, by a power more than human, destroy that instinct of the heart which longs for a felicity no created object can supply, and also tear out conscience utterly from the soul. But this is what man never, never shall accomplish. But if he could, he would then be a brute, since he would be destitute of the attributes of a rational and moral being.

There are many points on which we would not venture to speculate; we will not think on any subject above our present reach, nor look at darkness that is impenetrable. One of these is—"Will the brain of the resurrection body be subject to madness, through the irregular, culpable, sinful working of the mind?" An ungoverned imagination, unbridled appetite or passion, often in this life unhinges the brain—effects a permanent disastrous change; will there be such cases of madness in the life to come? Another point, and we confess we tremble when we think of it, and we would not allude to it were it not with the view of thereby inducing all the more earnestly to entreat God to make them His sons and daughters; it is—"Shall the lost eternally grow worse, more hardened and corrupt, and so more miserable?" Shall *all* perpetually become more degenerate? If so, then there would come a time when the most amiable in the church who are not regenerated, and so do not love God, would be as depraved and cruel as the monsters of our race were in this life. These fair members of the church now shudder at the thought of being brought near these monsters. If there be an eternal progression in evil, there will come a time when the best moral character the world ever saw, shall surpass the utmost depravity and cruelty yet known to man.

We are convinced there is nothing in man to prevent that eternal progression; and everything in his nature and circumstances to favour it. Bring then together the Neroes, Caligulas,

Richards, Jezebels, Lady Macbeths of our race; let loose the rage of those national antipathies which have made earth a field of blood; the thousand times more accursed antipathy and malice of religious persecutors; the sudden blast of anger; hate's long drawn torture; jealousy's boundless revenge; let each damnation feeling be roused to intensest action by despair, by fiends like that who tore the child, and we have a conception of hell, compared with which, all that is horrible in Milton's "Paradise Lost," is fairer than the Garden of Eden. He who descends into that pit, may use these words, which have a more terrible meaning than those put into the mouth of Satan, by the poet—

> "Hail! horrors, hail!
> Infernal world, and thou profoundest hell;"
> *Thou lazar-house of moral leprosy,*
> Receive thy new inhabitant; one whose
> Vile heart shall grow eternally more vile,
> Torment itself and others, time without end.

Whenever we contemplate the future, how strange is it that we always think of an avenging God, instead of the misery that inevitably springs from moral evil. There is nothing in God that should awaken dread—all that should alarm us is in our own breast. Everything that is in God is lovely. "*Fury is not in me:* who would set the briers and thorns against me in the battle? I would go through them, I would burn them together. *Let him take hold of my strength, that he may make peace with me;* and he shall make peace with me," Is. xxvii. 4, 5. Even when God takes vengeance on the sinner, there is something noble, sublime in His justice; it is swift and irresistible. He did not torture the Antediluvians with a lingering death, but stopped at once their hellish cruelty to each other by opening wide heaven's windows and pouring down the desolating flood. Nor did he draw out the sufferings of the demons in Sodom and Gomorrah, but by one fell momentary swoop arrested all their crimes, and sent them hence. It is only the petty creature, the impotent worm, whether man or devil, that seeks to draw out agony. Again, and again, and again will we say it, if there be a lake of fire, it is men and devils who will cast each other therein, not God. It is time that man should learn that God is not his enemy. Is it God that hath fired the hearts of the combatants in North and South America with such a deadly hatred? Is it God that makes Denmark writhe under the sense of wrong received, and its own weakness? Is it God that has His heel upon Poland; that dyes Circassian mountains with the blood of hearts that love the home of their forefathers; that peoples Siberia's howling wilderness; that entombs the righteous aspirations of a nation; that gags the mouth of liberty; that crushes all the noblest longings of the human soul? Oh for an arch-

angel's voice, to sound throughout the universe this truth of truths, "*It is not God man needs to fear; but man.*" Earth, earth, believe it. Hell is moral evil, and moral evil is hell—forsake your evil, and to you there is no hell.

Everything that is in God is lovely. When we are reconciled to Him through Jesus Christ, every attribute that is terrible to the sinner is the joy of the believer. Is it His justice we dread? Mention justice and it makes us bold. We then enter His presence with confidence, and say, "I know, my God, thou wilt bestow the every blessing Christ hath bought for me." Shall His power make us afraid? What beloved child fears his loving father's strength? Is God a consuming fire? That is the sweetest thought we ever have. Joyously can we say, "I am glad, my Father, Thou art a consuming fire; for Thou wilt burn up all the stubble that is in my heart. Sit Thou as a refiner over Thy furnace, till I be duly purified."

In the midst of the ocean there is a rocky isle. Its roots lie far beneath the water's bed. Earth shall dissolve before that rock shall reel or shake. It is a lovely rock, for on its brow perpetual verdure blooms. A crystal stream for ever gushes from its heart. Its fruits regale the every sense, and tune the soul to harmony. The plumage of its birds so fair—the colours blended with such heavenly art, that only God could dream of such. Its little vale affords a shelter from the sun, a covert from the storm. Is. xxxii. 2. It is indeed a lovely rocky isle.

A ship, bereft of sail and mast, that long had battled with the tempest's rage, whose gaping seams let in the murderous waves, and kept the weary, worn-out crew hard straining for their life, lay near the isle. The hurricane of night had brought that creaking hull close by the shore. The clouds of yesterday had passed away. The storm had sunk into the zephyr's breath. The morning sun shone on the isle, and with mild radiance showed its loveliness. The mariners at sight of it gave up their unavailing toil; tears sprung from every eye; each heart looked up in gratitude to God. At once they left the sinking ship, at once they left their gold behind, at once they stepped into their little boat, and reached the rock. Before they touched the shore, the ship of their self-righteousness went down. The living stream, the trees of life, supplied their wants. The melody that ever soundeth there, lulled their exhausted frame into a sweet repose. They waked refreshed, with gentle, balmy breezes playing on their cheek. Again they wept for joy, and blessed the hour they ever saw that isle.

'Twas night. A vessel swept the ocean. The trade wind of success, and health, and strength, and hope, and pleasure swiftly drove her on. Thick was the darkness all around. Though between life and death there only was a step, the passengers and crew sent forth a loud, a laughing, joyous sound

across the water's breadth. As revelry trimmed bright the lamps, and bade the dance go on; and he on the look-out had turned to see the garish scene, delighting more in it than gazing at the misty air, that fated ship struck on the rocky isle; and struck on the wrong side. Precipitously steep it there arose some thousand feet above the water's edge. No mortal man could at that point ascend the rock, and so they perished all. But on the side the sinking hull had lain, the isle had such an easy slope, quite from the bosom of the sleeping waves, a little child could walk up there.

They perished all—but blame not the rock, blame not the rock. *No, Jesus Christ, we never shall blame Thee.* If men will, in their thoughtlessness and vice dash up against the rock—they strike the rock, it strikes not them. God strikes not man; 'tis man that rushes on the thick bosses of the Almighty's buckler. Job xv. 26. Jesus Christ is the occasion of life to some, and death to others. 2 Cor. ii. 16. But blame not the rock, blame not the rock, for it is a lovely isle. How inexpressibly dear to the heart is that hymn, "Rock of Ages," although the comparison be not sustained throughout, although it be only the simple language of the soul.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

o o o o o o o

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to world's unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Oh! earth, believe it; "*God is love*" (1 John iv. 8), and that moral evil is your enemy. It, and it alone, is the one dreadful discord in creation, the cause of all our agony and woe, the curse of earth, the fire to torture a rebellious heart, the everlasting burning lake of hell. Even in hell God shall show His compassion, by putting limits to the ferocity and cruelty of our fallen nature. Were we behind the scenes of providence, could we behold a presiding Deity ceaselessly interposing to prevent all the evil that is in the heart coming out into the life to torment the world, we would clasp the knees of God with an affection that is unutterable. There is not a man on earth at this hour but knows there have been more envy, scorn, hate, malice, lust, and cruelty in his heart, than were permitted to be poured out on society. Jehovah, we adore Thee for Thy restraining pity.

There is no subject within the range of human thought we seek to shirk; none that we will not try our powers upon, and that independently of man. That man is not yet born, and never shall be born, whose faith shall be our creed without our due research. We know there have been many millions of minds which could think better than our own, but the deep conviction of that fact shall not destroy our individuality, shall not prevent us thinking independently of even them. Well, to the point. "You tell us moral evil is the only source of misery; why then did God permit the entrance of moral evil into our world?" Frankly we answer that we cannot tell. In presumption we have tried to scan Divinity, but felt ourselves in total darkness. Groping around, we struck our head against a wall infinite in height. Could we have reached the top, even then the depths of the abyss had been unseen. We never again shall try to measure God. Never for an instant shall we disturb ourselves with the impossible. A daring engineer may think of blasting a tunnel through the Alps—yes, do it, for even that is possible. Who but a maniac would spend a moment's thought on a railway between earth and the moon? The highest attainment of reason is to feel there are things beyond its grasp, to sit down before the Infinite in reverence, and calmly wait on its great teacher—God. We have never read the arguments by which men try to apologise for the permission of moral evil, for well we know that the combined intellect of the human race could throw no light whatever on the mystery; could satisfy the fallen heart. Even if the reason were convinced, the heart would still rebel. Never, never shall it, *when in a state of alienation*, believe God showed compassion in permitting what could have been prevented. We shall not offer the slightest apology for God, even if we could, for the infinite, eternal I AM needs not a worm to paint Him fair. He is not such a weakling as to bow down at man's request, and tell us all that is within His breast. We shall only confess our profound ignorance. But though we know not why God allowed the entrance of moral evil, there are some things which we do most clearly know. And as a traveller or mariner is guided not by his ignorance but by his knowledge; not by the map or chart which he has not, but by that which he possesses; so shall our life course be shaped by the things we clearly know; it shall not in the slightest be affected by the unknown. Some of these known truths are—1st. God *is* good. 2nd. I am finite, carnal, and blind. 3rd. I am only a germ. 4th. What I know not in this life, I shall know in the life to come. 5th. The path to eternal felicity and boundless knowledge is clearly revealed.

God *is* good. Can I doubt it, when earth with ten thousand voices every day proclaims the fact. My every sense assures me of this truth. All nature speaks His praise. What vast variety

of food He hath prepared for man, what fragrance to regale his smell, what beauty for his eye, what music for his soul. 'Tis God that spreads a living carpet on the ground; without the help of man the grass and wild flowers grow—the birds send forth their joyous song. There is glory in the heavens, and glory in the earth. There is beauty in the dawning morn, beauty in the setting sun, beauty in the midnight sky, beauty in all the world. Beauty in all the relations of life, when true love is the bond. Beauty when her speaking tear upon your burning cheek is the soft whisper of her heart's consent; beauty in the babe's first smile, in the ringing laugh of childhood; for God the compassionate will not let care sit heavy on a little heart. Beauty in the friend's warm grasp, in the soothing word, the kindly look, the last farewell. Beauty in all the wondrous powers of that mysterious soul, which, when holy, is like unto the Eternal Mind. God *is* good. Can I doubt it, when I remember even but a little of His patience, His long suffering, His mercy that endureth for ever? Who would have borne with all my provocations as God has borne? What master would have kept me all my days, and got only disobedience in return? The past proofs of His lovingkindness are quite enough. The voices of nature and of memory have made me know that God is good. Though poverty and pain be in my future lot, though sore disease conduct me lingeringly to death, yea, though He slay me, yet will I say that God is good. Though consigned this moment to the pit, I would declare that God is good. There is woe on the earth, but that woe was not *designed* by God. It was not in His plan when He stretched out the heavens, and garnished all our globe so wondrously; when He gave laws to nature; when He contrived the frame of man, and beast, and all that lives, *so kindly*, that even His Almighty eye, when glancing at the work, pronounced it good. Man brought woe on, and not in ignorance. Man does so still, and not in ignorance.

2nd. I am finite, carnal, and blind. A finite being might hold the ocean in the hollow of his hand, for it is only a definite, limited quantity of water. He might weigh the Alps, the Andes, or the Himmalayan mountains in a balance; he might with his span mete out the visible dome of space, and yet that mighty finite being would be no more able than I am to comprehend Jehovah. I cannot, nor could he, concentrate the past and future eternity into one point of vision, and with an infinite mind weigh in the scales of righteousness God's thoughts and works. Can we conceive of the madness of such an attempt? Is it any wonder that, when the rebel creature, who is of yesterday, and knoweth nothing, tries to call God to account, and decide on mysteries it can no more grasp than it can stretch out its finger and touch the sun, it should be smitten with insanity; so that moles, and bats, and worms, and loathsome creeping

things, imagine they are gods, and better judges than the God of gods. We do not object to the finite intellect of man; what we deplore is the secret, indestructible *enmity* of his heart. And as it is impossible to judge fairly of those we hate, as we are certain to misinterpret their every word and action, so it is impossible for the rebel heart in fairness to judge of God. None but a true Christian can *feel* this truth. He learns it by listening to the two voices of his double nature. When grace reigns in the heart, there is not a single harsh thought of God; for grace is love, and love is not suspicious. But as soon as grace grows weak, or a sudden temptation issuing in sin has stunned it like a heavy blow, and given unwonted strength to the principle of evil in the soul, then the monster begins to breathe out against God, thus—"If God loved me, He would not have allowed me to fall into that sin; if I had possessed more grace, I would not have fallen," &c. The whole blame is thrown by the desperately deceitful heart upon God, instead of on itself. But as soon as the Holy Ghost comes to the aid of His own grace, then every malicious thought or insinuation against God is cast out, and the soul pours itself out before Him in love. Since I am finite, carnal, and blind, I will take care how I judge of God. I shall firmly rest upon this truth, "The Judge of all the earth *shall* do right," and ever has done right.

I am only a germ. Look on this small quantity of matter. It contains a few grains of mucilage, phosphate of lime, soda, &c., and water. It is no more worth a look you say, than the dirt beneath your feet. You know not what you say. Look, for this insignificant portion of matter is the germ of Isaac Newton. In thirty years this seemingly useless germ will be developed into the brain of him whose eye beheld the laws that guide the planets in their course, who made dead matter speak, and tell the secrets of creation; who dwelt amidst the starry heavens, who measured space, and weighed the worlds. Look on that old man standing on the shore. His hands are filled with pebbles and with shells; beautiful they are, but yet he heeds them not. Great they seemed at first, but now he counts them toys for children, not for men. How wistfully he gazes on the ocean, that stretches boundlessly before him. He mutters, "Could I embark upon this sea, what acquisitions would be mine; then would the light declare its composition, essence, source; then would I know the ever-feeding fountain of the soul of day. Then would I *surely* know the mysteries of nature and of life." He weeps because no mortal man can navigate that sea. Why should he weep, he is still but a germ. Wait till the germ developes in the life to come; wait till this mortal puts on immortality; wait till Jehovah's touch expands the soul, and then the mysteries of this life shall be the toys of our eternity. I am only a germ. I cannot tell why moral evil sprung into the

universe, but I yet shall know; till then I wait in peace. Hark! for there is celestial music sweetly streaming from the skies. "When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory," Col. iii. 4. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him: for we shall see Him as he is," 1 John iii. 2. "Then shall I know even as also I am known" (1 Cor. xiii. 12), "and be filled with all the fulness of God," Eph. iii. 19. I am only a germ, but what a destiny is before me. What though I be mean, worthless, and ignorant, He promises I shall appear in glory—in the glory of vast and certain knowledge. What though I see darkly and but little know, since I then shall grasp all truth, and know as Christ Himself doth know; and—stupendous thought—be filled, be swollen with all the fulness of God. This is His promise; He *will* keep it. This is my inheritance *when I come of age*, for Jesus bought it for me by His life and death on Calvary. A few years at most shall place me in possession; then, lie still, my heart, in sweet content. Calmly wait till the shrouded mysteries of this life be all unveiled by Jesus Christ. He knows the weakness of the germ, and in His tender pity says, "I have many things to tell you, but ye cannot bear them now," John xvi. 12.

We cannot but lament that such men as Isaac Watts and John Foster should distress themselves by gloomy speculation on the ways of God. All our dark thoughts are from our fallen nature, not from grace. We do sympathise with those who have a constitutional tendency of mind to dwell on the dark unknown; for who that has to groan under his own mental or bodily tendencies, can be severe on those of a brother. Still the truth must be said, all such speculation is—yes, it is a sin. It is a sin, for it gives rise to harsh thoughts of God, and after long and pensive rumination, enshrouds the subject with a deeper gloom. No mortal intellect can penetrate what God hath covered—no human power lift up the veil that hides the future from our sight. To waste time in scanning God's decrees or future plans, is a reflecting on His goodness, a mistrusting of His love, a quenching of our Christian joy, a robbing of mankind. It is only when we are joyful that we have strength to lift the fallen and seek out the lost. An hour spent in gloomy speculation might have been employed in bringing a smile upon a widow or an orphan's cheek, instead of destroying our own peace, paralysing Christian philanthropy, and freezing our very soul. Would to God we had common sense in religion. "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee—*but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God*," Micah vi. 8. Is this not work enough for us during our childhood in this world? Why will

men spend a moment in reasoning against "the eternity of punishment," when that punishment depends on moral evil, and when the earth is full of that evil? Why reason against hell, when they carry the seeds of hell within their soul? A fallen heart that loves not God *is* hell—and hell it shall remain so long as God is not beloved. O! for common sense in religion. There are but three grand laws for all God's moral, responsible creatures. Before the fall of man there were but two, and when time shall cease there shall again be only two.

1st Law. To all *unfallen* moral creatures. That they glorify God to the full extent of the capacity bestowed, and so long as He shall uphold them in being. This requires a complete dedication of every power and faculty, during every moment of their existence. A forgetfulness of self so entire, as to feel they are, as it were, but emanations of Divinity, and that all their glory is His. A constant dependence on His will, power, and goodness; and a desire to occupy no higher or lower sphere than He has assigned; and to do nothing *but*, and yet *all* He has commanded, and in the manner and time He desires. The reward of obedience to this law, is a harmony, a joy, a peace, a strength, that no mortal man can comprehend. Pride being utterly unknown, the archangel Michael, though conscious he has superior powers to many of the other orders of angels, never feels self-gratification at the thought. His capacity of greatness is the measure of his humility before God. Nor does the weakest angel feel he is less than the greatest. The celestial orders are like the stars, which shine according to the light bestowed, and feel not one is more or less luminous than another. Oh! to be in harmony with this law, though I were only a blade of grass, or an atom of dust.

2nd Law. To all God's moral creatures in a state of rebellion. *That they be left to themselves*—given over to a reprobate mind. The consequence is unutterable misery. A being doomed to search eternally for what can be found only in the bosom of God and His love—to find light out of darkness, and sweetness out of the bitter. Condemned to an endless chase for something to fill the void within the first and principal chamber of the soul, and to find all objects of desire perish in the grasp as quickly as they are seized. To disappointment, to trouble, to anguish, to death. Bear witness, wretched earth, and still more wretched hell.

3rd Law. To all rebel creatures under the economy of redemption. "*That they believe on Him whom God hath sent,*" John vi. 28, 29. That overwhelmed with the sense of their own misery and corruption, which neither man, nor angel, nor all the unfallen, holy creation united can remove, they, with their whole heart and soul, desire, receive, and rest upon Jesus Christ *alone* for salvation, for pardon, for regeneration, for everything the soul requires in time or in eternity. And as the sole object

of Christ's sacrifice was to bring them under the first law, that they, in the grace of the Holy Ghost, crucify the old man with his every affection and lust, and rise with Christ to newness of life. That as the moral law was not destroyed by the atonement of the Son of God, but established, that they, in every power of soul and body, during the whole course of life, keep that law in its every precept, and in its sublime, heavenly spirituality. That notwithstanding all the opposition of indwelling sin (which is certain to resist till death), they strive to do God's will as the angels and spirits of the just made perfect do in heaven. Obedience to this law brings a holy peace, a joy not of earth, a sweet rest to the troubled heart, a gradual process of weakening the indwelling corruption, and, at death, a complete deliverance from all evil, and restoration to all the capacities and enjoyments of those under the first law. God, the *unchangeable* God, will not alter these laws. If we kick against them, we only hurt ourselves. Rebel against the physical laws He has established, and there comes physical death. Rebel against the moral laws, and there comes spiritual and eternal death. The world cannot always continue in the horrible state in which it is at present. But, since God will not yield, since He will let the second great law work with the certainty of a material law, man *must* and *should* yield; for it is the creature who ought to bow before the Creator. Men dream and speak of a glorious future for our world; we know assuredly that it is coming, and we also know it is not far off, but before it comes man *must* submit to God. God offers strength, grace, pardon, every blessing, without money, without price. The least that the creature can do is to ask with a humble, trusting heart; the least that we should do is to cease to speculate on points above our reach. It is natural for the human mind to desire more knowledge than it can obtain in this life, but we have not long to wait. As soon as our enlarged capacity can receive it, Jesus Christ will not withhold it. His promise is, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter," John xiii. 7. In that world of light to which we haste, Jesus Christ shall rejoice to fill each intellect to overflowing. In an hour He can communicate to a milkmaid, a ploughboy, or unlearned labourer, more truth, *certain truth*, than Isaac Newton drew from the deep abstraction of his whole life. With a single breath He, when on earth, gave an epitome of the whole duty of man, such as all the philosophers of earth could not have drawn out in a thousand years, "*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself*," Matt. xxii. 37-39. Let men pray for grace to keep this double command, and they may give themselves no concern about the eternity of punishment; let them begin to keep it, and then assuredly the millennium is at hand.

ON THE INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.—He is a mysterious God, mysterious in His wisdom. How He smiles to see the attempts made, both within and without the church, to overturn man's faith in the Holy Scriptures. He has permitted His enemies to assail the authority of the Bible, in order to conduct the church to the truth. How we rejoice in these words, "All things work together for good," Rom. viii. 28. All the schemes and efforts of hell, all the devices and labours of rebellious man, all the prayers and feeble exertions of saints, *work together* to advance the truth, to drag on the triumphal car of Jesus Christ, to lead the world to God. Before the world can be reformed, the church must be reformed. The instrument of reformation is *truth applied by the Holy Ghost.* Sound doctrine is to be obtained from right principles of interpretation, and these from true views on the subject of inspiration.

By the word "inspiration," *we* mean the *assistance* given by the Holy Ghost to those who wrote the Bible. The assistance was twofold. The Holy Spirit operated both on the mind, and on the subject. The *nature* of His operation on the mind, on the intellect, and on the heart, cannot be well described; but the effects of that operation can. What sort of medicine grace is, cannot be known; but the cure it effects may be most clearly known. What the Holy Spirit aimed at in working upon the minds of the writers of the Bible, was to bring them up to the point at which they would be able to write in the manner He desired. That requisite point of qualification was reached by three means—1st, Grace bestowed. 2nd, Light drawn from their own Christian experience. 3rd, Knowledge obtained through the senses, and from reflection. The principal means undoubtedly was grace, for without it the scales would not have been removed from the eyes of the mind, nor would there have been any Christian experience from which to draw light. It will be at once seen that the point of qualification was *gradually* reached, and it is important, as we shall hereafter see, to keep this truth in remembrance.

The work of the Holy Spirit upon the soul can be imagined from scenes in daily life. There is a child before me, with its eyes weak and inflamed. The lids are kept nearly closed; so little light is admitted that nothing is distinctly seen. He is so unwilling to allow his eyes to be touched, that the father has to apply the healing solution only at night, when the child is asleep. See, he gently lifts a lid and allows a few drops to fall upon the diseased organ. Day by day the inflammation subsides, and the power of sight is restored. The Holy Ghost is the parent, and grace is the healing solution. Like the sleeping child, we get drops of grace when we are quite unconscious that the Holy Spirit is so near, and, under its irresistible influence, the vision of the soul improves. It is a sovereign medicine; a specific, and

the only specific for all the diseases of the intellect and of the heart. So much for the Spirit's operation on the mind. His operation on the subject consisted in throwing light upon it, and this was done in various ways.

1st. *Verbal Injection.*—By verbal injection, we mean that the words, precisely as we have them in the original languages of the Bible, were communicated to the writers. That the Holy Ghost is the author, and the prophet or apostle only the amanuensis. David expresses what we mean in 2 Sam. xxiii. 2, "The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and His word was in my tongue." How much of the Old and New Testaments is thus to be ascribed to the Holy Spirit? Very little indeed. God *invariably* accomplishes His ends by the smallest means. What man could do in writing out the Bible, God the Holy Spirit permitted, yea commanded man to do. What was beyond the knowledge, or renewed and strengthened powers of the writer, *that, and that only,* the Holy Ghost gave by verbal injection. Neither God nor man acts upon the principle of "*Keep a horse and draw the carriage yourself.*" The horse is able to draw the carriage; man only requires to guide the animal's power. The writers of the Bible, when renewed and qualified by grace, were able to write the greater portion; the Holy Spirit had only to guide, to instruct *when* and *what* truth was to be written, leaving the expression of such truth to the writer's own knowledge and mental power. The carriage is started, drawn along the various streets, and stopped at the pleasure of the driver; and all this is done as correctly as if he himself drew the carriage. And, in like manner, the whole Bible, though the greater portion of it is the fruit of man's knowledge, gracious experience, and mental powers, is as correct, is as precisely what the Holy Ghost wished to convey, as if He had dictated every word.

Can we point out any of the passages given by verbal injection? Some of them can be most easily distinguished; but to lay his finger upon them all, is a task we would not wish any mortal man to attempt. It would be an utter failure; indeed the writers themselves could not, in every instance, say what arose from their own mind, and what from the Holy Spirit. Besides, it would do us no good to know, because, since the Holy Ghost watched every word as the writers wrote it down, and allowed nothing to be written but what He approved, *every part* of the Bible is *equally* the voice of God to us; every part of the same value and authority as if it had been given by verbal injection. Gen. xlix. 3-27 is a fine instance of verbal injection. Jacob's own mind could not have foreseen the destiny of his sons in the far distant ages. His prophetic blessing is expressed in words which he himself did not understand. The tongue of that venerable hoary-headed man, whose eyes are dim with age, and who in a few minutes shall "gather up his feet into the bed, and give

up the ghost," is used by the same Divine power which moved the dumb animal that rebuked the madness of the prophet, 2 Peter ii. 16. Every word rises distinctly within the mind, whispered by the Holy Ghost, and His power enables the dying tongue to give audible expression to the words as they rise. When he reaches the 17th verse there is a pause; exhausted nature takes a rest. Turning his dim eyes upwards, as if to gaze on the God of Abraham and Isaac, the God that had spoken from the top of the mystic ladder, and had been his guide through all his pilgrimage, he breathes out, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord." Strengthened by that look, and the conviction that in a few moments he shall be with his fathers in the home of everlasting glory, he proceeds, and his last words swell into a magnificent harmony that ravishes the soul, the Holy Ghost accommodating His language to the undying attachment the patriarch bore to his beloved Joseph,—

"But his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty *God* of Jacob; (from thence *is* the shepherd, the stone of Israel:) *even* by the God of thy father, who shall help thee; and by the Almighty, who shall bless thee with blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, blessings of the breasts, and of the womb: the blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills: they shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren," Gen. xlix. 24-26.

What a beauty there is in the mind of God. We like to gaze on the beauty that is in His infinite soul, as we see it impressed upon nature and revelation—impressed there not in all its strength and glory, but faintly, to gratify the little we can, in this our state of weakness, bear. But it is not on account of its beauty we would pitch upon any passage, and say that therefore it was given by verbal injection; for even when the Spirit gave the very words, He adapted them to the writer's own natural taste. Jacob, though a plain man dwelling in tents, had yet a very picturesque style of speaking. When asked his age by Pharaoh, he gave an answer such as not one in a thousand could have returned,—"The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage." The characteristic of the passages given by verbal injection, is their being above the knowledge and powers of the writer, and all the *prophetic* passages were such. We also include all commands, especially those prefaced with "Thus saith the Lord," among the passages given by verbal injection. The prophets themselves did not understand the prophetic injected words. Daniel says—"I heard, but I understood not," Dan. xii. 8. And Peter informs us that the prophets anxiously meditated upon the

intimations they had received,—"Searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow," 1 Peter i. 11.

The prophecies of Balaam are another beautiful case of verbal injection. Num. xxiii. 7-10, 18-24; xxiv. 5-9, and 17-24. There are many *single* verses in the Psalms and prophetical books which we believe to have been injected, but we need not enumerate them. It would be difficult to say whether the lovely verses spoken by Zacharias, Luke i. 68-79; the salutation of Elizabeth, Luke i. 42-45; and the song of Mary, Luke i. 46-55, were injected, or were the natural gushing of the heart under the temporary exalting influence of the Holy Ghost. In none of them is there *knowledge* of which the speaker was previously ignorant, and so the Spirit may have only quickened the natural powers of the mind into unusual strength and beauty.

The two books in the Bible which received most assistance from the Holy Ghost, are Genesis and Revelation, the first and the last. As all the events recorded in Genesis had occurred before the time of Moses, and as that book abounds with the very language of the different speakers, we believe that Moses received all the information it contains during the forty days he was with God in the mount. Probably the God that spake to the Jewish leader as familiarly as a man does to his friend, dictated every word before Moses wrote it down, and yet adapted the language to the natural style of the amanuensis; so that the description we have is precisely what Moses would have given had he beheld all the scenes. The book of Revelation again, is a series of injections and of images supernaturally brought before the mind. In penning his gospel, John got more help from the Holy Ghost than any other writer of the New Testament. It was written when memory and all other mental faculties had faded; when the infirmities of advanced age allowed him to do no more than rise in the assemblies of the primitive Christians, utter these touching words, "My little children, love one another," then smile on them, and sit down. It was needful, in these circumstances, the Holy Spirit should both quicken the mind, and recall to recollection the *very words* the Saviour had employed. And so it happened that out of weakness, out of tottering old age, came forth strength and immortal beauty; the manna of heaven, the life of the soul, the consolation of the world till the archangel sound.

2nd. *Quotational, Suggestive Injection.*—"But (said Jesus) the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance," John xiv. 26. *Teach you, by bringing to your remembrance.* Probably of all the writers in the New Testament, Paul received most of this kind of assistance

from the Holy Ghost. He was the writer whose mind was most abundantly stored with knowledge, whose mental powers were the greatest, and who had most of that strengthening and renewing influence we call grace. Having been in this manner qualified to write, he could compose as well as another who depended more upon verbal injection. The injection of a passage or phrase of Scripture already written suggested the right train of thought to be pursued; and upon this hint the apostle's own mighty powers were called into action, and the thoughts and words we now possess then flowed on. We do not detract from the honour of God in saying, the Spirit prepared Paul in one way for his work, and a different writer in another way. He is a mysterious God, and worketh according to the pleasure of His will. One fine instance of quotational suggestive injection we find in the experience of the German Reformer, Luther. During his visit to Rome, he one day was passing the steps called the Stair of Pilate. The Pope had promised a special indulgence to any one who would ascend these steps on his naked knees. Drawn by a superstitious veneration which he could not as yet tear from his heart, and fervently desiring the indulgence, the Saxon monk kneels, and begins to crawl. Pope, monster of hell! do you call this a meritorious work; do you make saints by changing men to fools; do you white-wash the soul by drawing blood forth from the tortured limbs? Down, damnable impostor. Let swift ruin smite thy hell-erected throne. When Luther has partly made the ascent, Heaven arrests his madness. The Holy Spirit thunders in his soul—"The just shall live by faith," Rom. i. 17. He trembles. Still the words rise and re-rise—"The just shall live by faith." He springs to his feet a man—a man humbled before God—but a man no more to be a fool at the call of bloody Rome. That quotational suggestive injection prepared him for thundering throughout the world the saving truth—"Man shall have everlasting life by faith in Christ alone." The Spirit still uses, and will always use quotational injection. Many a sinner is awakened by a verse fastened in his soul; many a believer is soothed by the written word of mercy being breathed upon his suffering heart by the compassionate Holy Ghost.

3rd. *Analogical Suggestive Injection.*—Since the words which the Holy Ghost thus injected are not in the Bible; since they only, *by analogy*, suggested to the writer the truth, of which he at the moment was ignorant; it is impossible to give an instance of this kind of help obtained from the Holy Spirit. Under next head we shall have actual cases of analogical *representation*, and we have not the slightest doubt but that there were many cases of analogical injection. The writer was about to put down what the Holy Spirit did not approve, and was at once stopped, and put right by the few injected words. We can easily conceive of a case of this class. Suppose the Spirit wished to communicate

to any man this great truth, that God never *approved* of the use of any kind of intoxicating drinks while in health, there are two methods He could employ:—1st, He could inject, in literal language, these words—"God permitted, but never approved of, the use of fermented liquors;" or, 2nd, He could, *while* the mind was studying the question, in a short but most efficient way, merely inject two analogical words—"Polygamy, Slavery" —"Polygamy, Slavery"—"Polygamy, Slavery"—preceding the injection by such unusual sensations as a trembling never felt before, and a sudden blow within the centre of the brain, producing a momentary stupor, from which the individual would immediately recover, so as to have full possession of his mental powers. The sensations would convince the person that the injected words were directly from God, not the offspring of his own mind. This last method of analogical injection would in every respect be the best. The first mode conveyed the information, but left the mind quite passive; the second called the intellect into operation, to ascertain the resemblance between the permission of polygamy and slavery and the permission of the use of strong drink. The understanding having been set in the right track of investigation by the analogical words, would speedily know the subject in all its bearings far better than from the first literal injection. The mind would quickly perceive that as men in the ages past, on *false grounds*, believed slavery to be a heaven-approved-of institution, so, even now, they are in the same delusion with regard to the use of strong drink; that men always have been, and still are, the dupes of *appearances;* that they have a disinclination to search out for the *facts* which would inevitably place the subject on its true foundation. The Jewish nation was not more completely deceived by the *appearance* of Christ having been born at Nazareth, than the world is at the present day by the *appearances* in the Bible that God approves of the use of intoxicating liquors. God *permits* that use precisely as He permits murder, assault, theft, and every other species of evil. A man that loves God will not enquire whether God *permits* a thing; his sole object is to know if God *approves* of it. All that we have to do in parts 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, is to point out the delusive *appearances* which deceive us, and the *facts* which establish the truth that God condemns, forbids the most moderate use of poisonous drinks while in health. Setting out on this right track, our work will be very easy; and we defy the world to overturn our position, or discover a flaw in our reasoning.

4th. "*Analogical Representation.*"—Instead of informing Peter *in words* that the Gentiles were to be admitted into the Christian Church, the Holy Spirit wisely chose to teach by analogical representation. The vision of the great sheet let down from heaven to earth, containing all manner of four-footed beasts, and

wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air,—emblems of men of every class, and in every stage of degradation; and the sharp rebuke—"What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common," a thousand times more forcibly impressed Peter, than if the Holy Ghost had literally injected such words as—"The atonement of Jesus Christ is for men of every nation, and in every condition; therefore, now begin to admit the Gentiles into the Church." In the cases of analogical injection, the intellect was left to *infer;* and so likewise when the truth was suggested by analogical representation. Peter wondered what the vision meant; but as soon as Cornelius had told his story, the truth flashed upon the apostle's mind, and the first words he uttered were, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons," Acts x. 34. Instead of injecting, "Go into Macedonia, and preach the gospel there," the Spirit preferred to give Paul a vision in the night of a man of Macedonia saying unto him, "Come over and help us." Paul's mind rightly *inferred* it was his duty to go:—"Assuredly *gathering* that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them," Acts xvi. 10. It pleased the Holy Ghost always to let the minds of the prophets and apostles reason out *all that was within their grasp;* but whenever they were in danger of going wrong, He speedily set them right. Paul assayed to go into Bithynia, but the Spirit suffered him not, Acts xvi. 7.

These four were the principal methods by which the Holy Spirit threw light upon the truths of the Bible. A few words now on the state of body and mind of the writers while receiving such assistance.

"And God said, Hear now my words: If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known unto him in a *vision*, and will speak unto him in a *dream*. My servant Moses is not so, who is faithful in all mine house. With him will I speak mouth to mouth, even apparently, and not in dark speeches; and the similitude of the Lord shall he behold."—Num. xii. 6-8.

Communications from the Holy Spirit were very frequently received,—1st, *In a dream during the night.* There were several reasons for God choosing that time:—1st, The mind not being then engaged with other subjects—with the business of daily life, could pay undivided attention to the message. 2nd, With less direct influence upon the nervous system and the soul, a proper feeling of solemnity could be produced during the darkness and stillness of the night than during the day. But especially, 3rd, To give the individual time to allow his agitation to subside, so that his fellow-men, in the morning, might not suspect something unusual had happened. "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour."—Is. xlv. 15. He is a mysterious God: He delights to work in secret; and He smiles on those who with pleasure trace His hidden operations. We often know not when He visits our souls in

mercy, and He takes care that our fellow-men shall not know. In the same pew in a church, the Holy Ghost is breathing upon one heart, and it is looking up in the face of its gracious God, and breathing back the offering of its love, or whispering its tale of wants; while on each side sit men and women who have not the slightest idea of what is passing within the bosom of the being beside them. The communications received in dreams—even when intended for others—must be given by the prophet, without those unmistakable signs in his blanched cheek, trembling limbs, or faltering tongue, which would proclaim he had been mysteriously operated upon. The persons for whom the message was intended must get it without a sign. There is the communication—you can receive it or reject it as you please; but you shall have no proof, from my agitated countenance, that I recently, with fear and trembling, got it directly from God.

"And I Daniel alone saw the vision: for the men that were with me saw not the vision; but a great quaking fell upon them, so that they fled to hide themselves. Therefore I was left alone."—Dan. x. 7, 8.

The vision was intended for Daniel, not for the men who were with him, and therefore they were driven away before the communication was made. They may yet hear of the vision when Daniel writes it, but they shall not behold the state of body which its reception produced. "There remained no strength in me: for my comeliness was turned in me into corruption, and I retained no strength."—Dan. x. 8. The communications in the night were always accompanied by more or less fear. Jacob, in dreaming of the lovely ladder between earth and heaven, was afraid, and said, "How dreadful is this place!"—Gen. xxviii. 17 Sometimes the feeling approached that of terror.

"Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker?"—Job iv. 12–17.

2nd, *In a Vision.* A dream, in the sense in which we have used it, was the injection of words, without any object being seen by the soul. By a vision, we mean the representation, literal or emblematical, of some object or objects, with words accompanying the soul's perception. While gazing on the object, the person was in a state of trance—the bodily senses being suspended, and the soul holding direct communication with what was before it. This divinely-produced trance left the individual in full possession of his mental powers, (especially of memory,) indeed, it quickened them; whereas the natural trance is the suspension of thought and power of voluntary movement. Balaam's description is, "He hath said, which heard the words of

God, which saw the vision of the Almighty, *falling into a trance, but having his eyes open.*"—Num. xxiv. 4. The bodily eyes, however, were, for the time, quite incapable of perceiving outward, natural objects. The degree of the trance—of the power by which the soul was absorbed in gazing and listening, without the medium of the bodily senses—was very various in different persons, and at different times. Daniel felt, while listening to the words, as if his body were in a profound sleep. "Yet heard I the voice of his words: and when I heard the voice of his words, then was I in a deep sleep on my face, and my face toward the ground."—Dan. x. 9; also, viii. 18. It was not during a night vision that he fancied he was in a deep sleep. Paul seems to have been operated upon in the very highest degree.

"I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth,) such an one caught up to the third heaven. How that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter," 2 Cor. xii. 2 and 4.

What an influence has God Almighty over the human soul. We have no conception of what we yet shall be. Well might Paul say, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him," 1 Cor. ii. 9. No man on earth can conceive of the majestic, the almost God-like feeling of power which the three Jews possessed, as they walked at ease in the fiery furnace; or which Elijah had, as he mounted in his chariot of fire; or as even Elisha had, as he triumphantly smote the waters of Jordan with the mantle that descended from the heaven-borne car, and exclaiming, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah," made the waters flee before him. What a little, vain, weak, miserable thing is man when away from God; how crushed beneath any petty care, disappointment, or pain of life; but what a noble, sublime being is he, when he by faith in Jesus Christ, takes hold of God, and revels in the omnipotence of his Father.

Visions were often given during the night, and also often during the day. Daniel had night visions and day visions; so had Paul; Dan. ii. 19; vii. 2; viii. 2; x. 4; Acts xvi. 9; xviii. 9; xxii. 17. The communications by vision always were followed with a shade of awe, and, at the least, of profound reverential feeling. No man who felt his sinful nature could have his soul thus acted on without the most solemn emotion being induced. The only one so operated upon, who had not such proper feeling, was Balaam—the Judas among the prophets. That man was a stranger to his own corruption, and ignorant that God is a consuming fire to all evil; and so, instead of being humbled, was lifted up, and boasted he was the mouth-piece of God, Num. xxiv. 15, 16. Not so Isaiah felt,—"Then said I, Woe is me!

for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts," Is. vi. 5.

3rd. *While awake, and in full possession of the bodily senses and powers of the mind, words were either injected from within the soul, or heard by the ear from without.* The words were to be understood either literally or analogically. In this manner Moses received his communications; so did Samuel, 1 Sam. iii. 3-15, and some other Old Testament saints, with whom God was on more than ordinary intimate terms. In the New Testament dispensation this was pre-eminently the method of communication. Jesus then held more free and friendly intercourse with men than ever He had done during the preceding ages. The Holy Spirit being of the same mind and purpose as Christ, in a gentler, kindlier, more condescending way, *then* instructed His servants, and it was necessary that He should.

"And ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, for a testimony against them and the Gentiles. But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you," Matt. x. 18-20.

Since it was requisite that they should defend themselves before their enemies without any signs of fear or agitation, the Holy Ghost, while *inwardly* whispering to them the proper answer, had to prevent those painful and visible sensations which many of the old Jewish prophets had experienced while receiving their messages. The slightest symptoms of mental distress shown on the countenance, would have given encouragement and hope to their enemies. No doubt these words—"Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye," &c., Acts iv. 19, were injected by the Holy Spirit at the needed moment, and this was done in such a way as not only not to occasion the slightest terror, but, on the contrary, to fill them with more than human boldness and confidence. Acts iv. 13.

While in this third and highest mode of communication, though there was not the soul-subduing awe which was felt while receiving the night visions in the olden time, there was always a deep reverential, and yet joyous feeling. Every one favoured with this familiar mode, had been prepared by the most intense convictions of self-unworthiness, and of the holiness and greatness of God. We have spoken of joyously bounding to the bosom of God in prayer; of revelling in the omnipotence of our Father in heaven, but he who can most easily do these, lies lowest at the feet of God in humility and self-abasement; yea, he seeks the feet of Jesus Christ to rest upon his heart for ever. He has no slavish fear—not in the slightest afraid that God will ever hurt him or permit others to do so,

for his perfect love has cast out *this* fear. But he has the fear of reverence—the harmonious emotion of the creature in lowliest adoration bowing down before the Almighty Creator. We were very sorry to read the remark of Dr Candlish, that the writers of the Bible, knowing they were under the superintendence of the Spirit, were more careless at their task than they would have been had they been left entirely to their own resources. He never made an observation further from the truth. Carelessness while at *such* work, would, at the least, have been folly; and fools shall not stand in the sight of God. Jesus Christ did not spare the folly of his apostles, and neither did the Holy Ghost. The conjecture is, that *because* the writers of the Bible felt they were in the presence of God, they were therefore careless. This is indeed a most monstrous supposition. He who knows God is looking on him, watches well what he does. Reverence restrains negligence, and love prompts to give the most perfect offering it can present. If any writer, while at his work, had grown careless, the Holy Ghost by some overpowering bodily sensation would instantly have brought him to his senses. Every one of them felt he must write carefully as in the sight of God. Even Balaam, who was utterly destitute of true religion, again and again told Balak he durst not in the slightest say otherwise than God desired. Num. xxii. 38; xxiii. 12, 20, 26; xxiv. 13.

To illustrate our idea of the process of inspiration, let us make a rapid guess at the assistance which Paul received from the Holy Spirit while writing the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians. 1st. What prompted Paul to write that Epistle? Was he commanded by the Spirit, or was it the necessity of answering the inquiries sent to him from the Corinthian Church regarding marriage, &c.; chap. vii. 1; and of, by faithful reproof, arresting the evils which then prevailed, that constrained him to write? Paul had the care of all the churches upon him, and no doubt the Holy Spirit often left him to infer what he should do. We believe the desire and intention to send the Epistle arose from the necessity of giving full instructions to the church; still, the apostle would not begin to write without asking the consent and advice of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Spirit had so constantly directed his movements in preaching, had so often sent him where he did not purpose to go, and prevented him visiting places where he wished to preach the gospel, Acts xiii. 2–4; xvi. 6–10; xviii. 9–11; xxiii. 11; that Paul invariably consulted the Holy Ghost as to what he should do. The man who advised others to "pray without ceasing," (1 Thes. v. 17,) and in everything by prayer and supplication to let their requests be made known to God," (Phil. iv. 6,) no doubt observed his own rules. Though the necessity of writing the different Epistles may have been the prompting cause of his beginning them, yet

having got the consent and aid of the Holy Ghost, he could honestly say to those to whom they were sent, "I charge you, *by the Lord*, that this epistle be read unto all the holy brethren," 1 Thes. v. 27.

2nd. How much of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians was given to Paul by verbal injection while he dictated the words to his amanuensis? *Very little indeed.* Very little in any of his Epistles, for the best of all reasons, he already possessed the greater part of the information which was to form the substance of the Epistles. Before Paul wrote to a church, it had been instructed in the doctrines of Christianity, the very doctrines which the Epistle contained. He wrote to the Thessalonians, "*Remember ye not, that, when I was yet with you, I told you these things,*" 2 Thes. ii. 5. The things in the Epistle were precisely those he had preached to them when with them. Having once *preached* sound doctrine to them, he could *write* sound doctrine to them without further help from the Spirit. No doubt the Holy Ghost first gave him the knowledge of the doctrines, in order to prepare him for preaching—we not only do not dispute that, but we assert it. But our present inquiry is, what aid did Paul get *while writing* the Epistles? He required very little assistance, since the knowledge was already gathered; and very little he got. It is not a characteristic of God to give what is not required. The substance of the preaching and of the Epistles was identically the same, unless where new matter was introduced. "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed," Gal. i. 8.

Paul, then, knowing he must write the Epistle, and having obtained the consent of the Holy Ghost, begins his work with an anxious heart—hoping that what he may write may be the means of healing the unhappy divisions, and restoring the church to purity and peace. At verse 11th of the 1st chapter, he tells us it was not the Spirit that had informed him of the contentions existing in the church, but "them which were of the house of Chloe." Verse 16 shows that Paul did not write negligently. At verse 13 he commences to kindle—to break out into interrogations that fell upon the transgressors like thunderbolts; and yet, though he now dictates under a pressure of feeling, he cautiously qualifies the statement as to the number baptized by him, "besides, I know not whether I baptized any other." The Spirit could unquestionably have told him the exact number baptized, but that was a matter of no consequence. What he at that moment ordered to be written down *was the truth*, that he did not recollect how many were baptized. It must never be forgotten that the writers of the Bible wrote *only what they knew*, and yet what they did write *was truth so far as it went*, though not all that could be said upon the subject.

We said that probably Paul was favoured more with quotational suggestive injection than any other writer of the New Testament. Whether the quotation in verse 19 was given by memory, or injected by the Spirit, and whether it suggested the splendid train of thought which follows to the end of the chapter, or was itself brought in as proof of the soundness of his assertions, cannot be known.

At the beginning of the second chapter, the Spirit is not dictating; it is Paul's own memory that is at work, "And I, brethren, when I came to you," &c. During the composition of the third and fourth chapters, every power of his mind pours in its contribution—memory, intellect, and heart. Very touching is the heart's painting of his sufferings as an apostle, and his behaviour under them, 4th chapter, 9–13. The fifth chapter opens with a statement of what he had heard, not from the Spirit, but from common report. He had, on hearing of the sin, brought the matter before the Holy Ghost, and received instructions what to do. So when he came to write about the sin, he could say, "I have judged already." His decision, as we have it in 5th chapter, verses 4 and 5, though expressing the mind of the Spirit, is his own paraphrase of the command he got by verbal injection. Chapter seventh *proves* what we formerly asserted, that the Holy Ghost when he had prepared an apostle by great natural mental powers, by great grace within his heart, by great experience in having the oversight of the churches, allowed *such* apostle to infer, to judge what he should do or recommend to be done in certain circumstances. Paul inquired as to what reply he should give to the query of the Corinthian Church, but the Spirit vouchsafed no answer. God had instituted marriage—Paul would hereafter write in an epistle, "I will therefore that the younger women marry, and bear children," 1 Tim. v. 14; but at the present moment he knew not what he would say to the Corinthians. After considering the subject in all its bearings, he came to the conclusion to recommend refraining from marriage, as a matter of expediency during the persecution. On asking if he might give such instruction, he received no reply by injection, but there was such an absence of all doubt, such an apparent propriety in the advice, that he believed his judgment coincided with the mind of the Spirit. The Spirit at least did not oppose his suggestion. At other times when the Holy Ghost completely approved of what he was writing, there was such an *unusual* sensation of warmth and peace, as convinced him he had the Spirit's consent. Verses 23, &c., of the 11th chapter are plainly not newly injected matter, for Paul says, he delivered it unto them having previously received it from the Lord. At the end of the 12th chapter there was a pause in his dictation. His soul was troubled at the divisions in the church—at the Corinthians setting value on every gift,

but the greatest. Often had he spoken in the Churches on Christian love, often had his own breast been swollen by its holy emotions—at any time he could have painted it with a master's hand, but in sight of the unseemly strife that prevailed, he longed for more than an archangel's power to describe it in terms of heavenly beauty. Casting his weak eyes upwards, with intense desire depicted on his countenance, with his mouth wide open, as if thirsting for a communication from the Spirit, as if eager to drink in whatever would be vouchsafed, he breathes, "Come, Holy Ghost, in Thy glory, not for my sake, but for Thy Churches' sake, for Thine own name's sake. Thyself describe this gift, which these Corinthian brethren need so much." His eyes are streaming with tears, his whole body vibrates, his soul is roused to its utmost strength, the Spirit having breathed through it, and out there rushes, swifter than any pen can follow, that immortal description of love we have in the 13th chapter—we mean immortal, even if it were not in the Bible. He wants the soul of a man, who can read it without emotion, without feeling that love is indeed the one thing needed in the Church, the only cure for the world's woes. It is very possible that in the 15th chapter, there was verbal injection; but so delicately was the assistance given, that probably the apostle himself could not tell the injected portions. The operation of the Holy Spirit, whether upon the mind or upon the subject, was indeed various as the blowing of the wind. Sometimes the voice of verbal injection was so gentle, the mind could scarcely recognise the divine breath; at other times, so strong, the soul bowed in awe before its God. Another cause of the difficulty of knowing the Spirit's share of the work, was His expressing the infused thoughts in the writer's own natural style. The God who had given the mind its individuality, easily injected in accordance with that individuality. On minutely examining a book, such as that of Isaiah, the only difference to be perceived between the writer's own verses and the injected ones, is, that the latter are written in the writer's very best style. Thus Isaiah did not of himself know the future desolate condition of Babylon the glorious; yet his prediction of its ruin is expressed in his own style—and what a magnificent style.

"And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there: neither shall the shepherds make their fold there," Isaiah xiii. 19, 20.

From the beginning to the end of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, we do not believe there were one hundred words injected, while Paul was dictating to his amanuensis, because he had been thoroughly prepared before-hand to compose it. The apostle Peter, from his own experience of inspiration, could form

an opinion of what assistance Paul received much better than we can do, and Peter's assertion is, "Even as our beloved brother Paul also, according to the *wisdom* given unto him (*not according to the inspiration* given unto him), hath written unto you; as also in all his epistles," 2 Peter iii. 15, 16. In writing his inimitable letter to Philemon, we do not believe there was a single injected word; and in writing the 2nd Epistle to the Corinthians, he got very little direct help from the Spirit. It was not the Holy Ghost who informed him what effect the 1st Epistle had produced; it was Titus who told him of the Corinthians' mourning and repentance. The information obtained from Titus, suggested to Paul the matter proper for the 2nd Epistle, 2 Cor. vii. 6–15. But while we affirm that Paul needed little aid by verbal injection, *while composing* his epistles, though *previously* he had received abundance of *revelations* from the Spirit, we are confident that the writers of the four Gospels required constant instruction and aid. To retain the exact words used by Jesus in his discourses, and, several years afterwards, to write them down correctly, was a feat too great for any human memory. Still, even in composing the gospels, the Spirit allowed the writers to put in all their mind could furnish on the topics He wished inserted.

We know many will say we ought not thus to write on the doctrine of inspiration, that we have no right to conjecture. Conjecture, do they say; no, we merely interpret the *facts;* it is they who conjecture. They declare every word in the Bible was given by verbal injection, without having the slightest foundation for their belief. A papist does not stick more closely to "This is my body," as proof of that climax of insanity and wilful imposition, the dogma of transubstantiation, than some believers in total verbal inspiration do to these two verses—"Holy men of God spake, moved by the Holy Ghost," 2 Peter i. 21—"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," 2 Tim. iii. 16. What is the real signification of these two passages? The meaning is so plain that they who run may read. Peter says, "Prophecy came not in old time by the *will* of man," 2 Peter i. 21. That the prophets were not *willing* to go with their messages is a truth every one knows. When God said to Moses, "Come now, therefore, and I will send thee," Exodus iii. 10, he answered, "Who am I, that I should go?" God assured him He would be with him, and that the elders of Israel *would* hearken to his voice. Moses returned, "But, behold, they will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice." God gave him the power to work miracles, that he might be satisfied of Divine support. But unbelieving Moses still rebelled, "O my Lord, I am not eloquent, but of slow speech, and of a slow tongue." What a patience has God with man! Jehovah now promised to be with his mouth, and teach him what to say; but yet Moses flatly refused, "O my

Lord, send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou wilt send." And it was only when the anger of the Lord was so kindled against him that he felt he *must* go, that he dare provoke the consuming fire no longer, that he consented to go, Exodus iv. 14. If Moses failed in *willingness* to be God's messenger, who among the sons of men will do better? God had such a fond regard for Moses and Samuel, that to Jeremiah He said, "Though Moses and Samuel stood before me, yet my mind could not be toward this people," Jer. xv. 1. Well, how did Samuel, the highly favoured, the sanctified from the womb behave? When God commanded him to fill his horn with oil, and go to anoint David —he who, at one time, was so conscious Divinity was with him, omnipotence at his nod, that he called for thunder and rain during wheat harvest, in the sight of assembled Israel—doubted the power and willingness of God to defend him if he went with his message, and so answered, "How can I go? if Saul hear it, he will kill me," 1 Sam. xvi. 1 and 2. Elijah was very jealous for the Lord God of hosts, but the zeal was not his own. Look at him sitting under the juniper tree, weary of his life, weary of his prophetic work, and wishing only to die, saying, in the despondency of unbelief, "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers," 1 Kings xix. 4. What a weak contemptible thing is man, when left to himself! Before Isaiah said, "Here am I; send me," his soul had been filled with the Holy Ghost," Is. vi. 6–8. Jeremiah wished to be excused the honour of being a prophet—"Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child," Jer. i. 6. Ezekiel had to be prepared by receiving an adamant forehead from the Holy Ghost, Ezek. iii. 8 and 9. Jonah fairly ran away; and, to show that men are the same in every age, the apostles, when tried, also ran— "They all forsook Him, and fled," Matt. xxvi. 56. It was peculiarly appropriate that such a verse as that we are commenting upon should have been written by Peter, the denier of his Lord. What miserable wretches were these apostles before the day of Pentecost! When one steps out of the Gospels into the Acts of the Apostles, he begins to think that Peter and John are perfectly different men. In the Gospels we see frail men in their ignorance and sin, and yet pride and presumption; in the Acts we see the mighty power of God.

Yes, Peter, you write the truth—Holy men of God spake because they were moved, impelled, driven on by the breath of the Holy Ghost, as a ship is before the wind. Never, never was there a man who was bold and fearless in the cause of God, but who was upheld and pushed forward by the Holy Ghost. It is not in fallen human nature to have a *holy* zeal for God or for holiness. Men praise Luther for his noble stand at the Diet of Worms, and they thus rob God. It was not Luther, but God in him, that spoke. That prayer, on perusal of which, a Christian

is filled with trembling emotion, which was agonizingly breathed out to the Omnipotent before he gave his final answer to principalities and powers, reveals us the source of Luther's nobility of soul.

"O God! O God! O Thee, my God! Thou must do it, Thou alone, for it is not my work, but thine own. I have nothing to do here; I have nothing to contest for myself with these great ones of the earth. For me, truly, I would wish to pass happy and tranquil days. But the cause is Thine, and it is just and eternal," &c.

In like manner, Zwingle informs us that Christ was the reformer of Switzerland, even as He was the reformer of Germany. "O Jesus, Thou knowest how much, since mere infancy, I have hated disputes, and, nevertheless, in spite of me, *Thou hast not ceased to push me forward to the combat.* It is for this reason I call upon Thee with confidence, in order that what thou hast commenced thou mayest complete." How strange it is that when we think of Knox, Vinet, or Chalmers, we allow our complacent regard to rest upon them, instead of allowing the incense to rise straight up to God. And yet it is not strange, for it is a law of our fallen nature to incessantly nibble at the glory of God. Happy are they who are above, for they never steal from God. Happy Paul, under strong grace able to say, "For who maketh thee to differ from another? *and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?*" 1 Cor. iv. 7. "By the grace of God I am what I am—that no flesh may glory in me," 1 Cor. xv. 10. "Who is Paul, and who is Apollos? for neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God alone that giveth the increase," 1 Cor. iii. 7. Let us cease to praise the sun, or the moon, or the stars; let the creature ever point to the beneficent almighty Creator.

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." The Greek word, θεόπνευστος, means—inspired of God. Now, what does the word "inspired" mean? It may have two meanings; 1st, That God gave every word the Bible contains; or, 2nd, That He qualified men to write it. Job expresses this latter meaning—"The inspiration of the Almighty giveth men *understanding*," Job xxxii. 8. He who would contend that the first is the only meaning we are to take, must produce his proof, and he will search a thousand years before he find it. Luke likely knew fully as well as any on earth can about the process of inspiration, and he says,—

"Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us, even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eye-witnesses, and ministers of the word; it seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write unto thee in order, most excellent Theophilus, that thou mightest know the certainty of those things, wherein thou hast been instructed," Luke i. 1–4.

The greater part of the inspiration which Luke received while writing his Gospel, and the Acts of the Apostles was, the "*perfect understanding of all things which he had from the very first.*" So Luke illustrates the verse quoted from Job. And John informs us that his companionship with Jesus during His ministry, was part of the inspiration he obtained. "That which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life, declare we unto you," 1 John i. 1–3.

All Scripture then *is* inspired, in the sense of the Holy Spirit having directly communicated by verbal, quotational, and analogical injection, and by trance representations, whatever was beyond the knowledge or renewed and enlightened capacity of the writers, and having superintended the composition of what was within the compass of their own power. In God "we live, and move, and have our being," Acts xvii. 28. Most true, and yet He allows the muscles to move the body, for He gave them this power; and He allowed the greater part of the Bible to be composed by man, for He gave man that power.

It was indispensably requisite that inspiration should have *thus* been vouchsafed, as will be seen from these two reasons. 1st, Permitting man to use his powers was the natural way to develop them. All the prophets and apostles were intended by God to be His witnesses—in works as well as in words. The only prophet who was not to be a witness *in the life* was Balaam; and as his avarice was soon to draw destruction upon his devoted head, Num. xxxi. 8, the Holy Spirit vouchsafed to him only verbal injection. He was used precisely as was his ass, a tongue by which God would speak. But God the Spirit did not treat any of his sanctified messengers as if he were an ass; He sought to inspire him with the ability, the understanding, the wisdom, the holiness, which were needed to make him an efficient witness. How much better was it, by extensive knowledge of Jewish, Grecian, and Roman literature, by renewing his heart, by filling it with enlightening grace, by abundant revelations, to prepare Paul *first* to preach the gospel, like a workman that could, without shame or fear, face ignorant and learned, bigoted Jew and as prejudiced heathen philosopher, and *then* to write out in epistles the substance of his sermons, than to use him as a mere pipe through which certain injected words would pass out into the air, or as a pen by which they would be written upon parchment. And this better mode was that which the Spirit really employed. The prophets and apostles *were* permitted the free use of their *qualified* faculties. In this we see the *fatherliness* of God. As a father allows his growing child to exercise its limbs in walking, while he takes firm hold of its hand to prevent it from falling; as he lifts it up in his arms when it comes to any obstruction it cannot pass, so the Holy Ghost allowed His

growing children to walk as far as they could, while He kept His arms around them for safety, and lifted them up, by verbal injection, only when they reached a barrier too great for them to surmount. In the *varied* modes He adopted, we see His infinite wisdom as well as His goodness. Peter was deeply tinged with the Jewish prejudices against the Gentiles. A mere verbally injected command, to admit the Gentiles into the Christian church, would not have had the same powerful effect as the vision of the great sheet, nor would it have so satisfied those of the circumcision. But when they heard the story of that most singular vision, and how the Holy Ghost was given unto those in the house of Cornelius, then "They held their peace, and glorified God," Acts xi. 18. Well the Spirit knew how much Peter needed that trance representation instead of verbal injection. He was looking on to the hour when Paul would have to rebuke him to the face, for dissembling to please those of the circumcision, Gal. ii. 11–16; and then, along with the remonstrance of Paul, would come again the vision to his soul, and to his heart these most stinging words, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common."

2nd. The twofold method of inspiration was required to keep the writers of the Bible from being puffed up with spiritual pride. He who knows anything of fallen human nature, is aware that it cannot safely be trusted with power, especially with power in matters of religion. A constitutional representative government is the best, both in politics and in religion. Entrust any man *whatever* with spiritual authority, not clearly defined and limited, and it is dangerous both to him, and to those over whom he is placed. Even Moses the meek escaped not unscathed from his exalted position. The fatal exclamation, "Hear now, ye rebels, must *we* fetch you water out of this rock?" showed that even he began to feel that he was a person of consequence, and possessing power. What we affirm is, that if the Holy Spirit had used the prophets and apostles merely as tongues to give utterance to his communications to the world; if He had by direct revelation to them, supplied all the matter they wrote, they would infallibly have become the most presumptuous men on earth. Balaam was the only one thus used, and he was the only one that indulged in vain-glorious boasting. Twice in the course of a few minutes he let his auditors know he was the man "whose eyes were open, who heard the words of God, and knew the knowledge of the most High, which saw the vision of the Almighty." The Holy Spirit knew how constantly pride rises in the human heart, how, that if His messengers were not kept constantly in check, they would become lords over God's heritage, that He at one time allowed them to feel their own weakness, when His strength was removed; at another time, corrected their mistakes, and severely rebuked their follies; and

again, by most painful sensations and burdens, crushed the pride which he beheld arising. "And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure, 2 Cor. xii. 7. It might have been supposed that the recollection of his having been a bloody persecutor, would have kept Paul humble; but the truth is, there is nothing whatever, short of Omnipotence, that can crush pride in the human heart, because, so long as a fallen creature is a fallen creature, it must have the characteristic of a fallen creature, and that characteristic *is* pride. Suppose a writer of the Bible had sat down to write a gospel or an epistle, and that he merely listened, and wrote down every word as it was whispered from within, or heard as it were from without, there would have been nothing in this exercise to keep him humble, but everything to puff him up. He would be bursting with self importance at the idea he was the favourite chosen by Heaven to communicate God's will to man. But sitting down to write as he really did, depending on the Spirit, and yet obliged to use all the powers of his own mind: now coming to a fresh point on which he was ignorant, and therefore under the necessity of entreating the Holy Ghost to enlighten him; then about to write down what he thought proper, but which the superintending Spirit forbade, about to omit something which He by verbal injection commanded to be inserted—in short, reminded at every page of his own weakness, ignorance, and blindness; the writer, instead of swelling out into a Pope, was made to feel, and also to cry out that he was the least of all saints. Any other method of inspiration than this, would have been a curse both to the writer and the world. The writers of the Bible received sharper treatment from the Spirit than we are apt to suppose, because they of all men in the world needed it. A man who had several times wrought a miracle, required a miraculous pressure to keep him from bursting with spiritual pride. However friendly Jesus was with his disciples at some times, at others he *had* to speak in terms which astonish us, "Get thee behind me, Satan." "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee, follow thou me." God in the mount at one time would take Moses by the hand, to assure him he was safe and beloved; at another time he would leave him to "exceedingly fear and quake." Heb. xii. 21. And so with all the writers of the Bible. Each one felt, by the most soothing communications, that God was love, and that love and humility in the creature could at any moment come close to His very heart; and each one also felt by strange and terrible sensations, that pride had better keep far off, or Omnipotence would in a moment trample it under His feet.

Many objections will be urged against the views we entertain, views obtained by the first glance at the subject, but which we

believe to be true. It is well that all such objections suggest their own refutation. Let us look at a few of them.

1st. "If the greater part of the Bible be the product of man's knowledge, renewed heart, and Christian experience, then there may, or rather there must be error, and other marks of human imperfection." This is answered very easily. A boy has to pronounce 1000 words. His father, who has to hear him, may adopt two ways. 1st. He may first himself pronounce the words, and then ask his child, *who has been two years at school*, to repeat them; or 2nd., he may allow the boy to go on himself, and correct him when he is wrong—which is about 20 times out of the thousand. Both methods are the same as to securing accuracy. But which of the two is best for the boy? By the first mode—of verbal injection, you make the child a parrot; by the second, you treat him as if he had a soul, and you develop his powers. God is not a fool. He had too much wisdom to adopt the first mode. He *superintended* the writing of the Bible, and thus procured as true a book, as if He had spoken every word Himself. In some portions He interfered very little, allowing the writer's own judgment to select and illustrate; while in other parts, as in the Gospels, He very frequently instructed, commanded, and forbade. Such a biography as the Gospels contain, never was, and never could be written by uninspired men. When was the life of a friend described without a word of apology, or praise; especially when that friend was wise, compassionate, lovely; possessed of every excellence? God the Spirit took care that the Evangelists, in delineating the life of God the Son, should briefly relate only the actions, without adding a single word of comment thereon.

2nd. "If God contributed only part, and man the remainder, how shall we know which is God's, and which is man's?" And why should you know? A merchant in Glasgow calls his corresponding clerk into his private room, and in a few words desires him to write the agent in Calcutta, in reference to the last shipment sent out; leaving the clerk, from his intimate knowledge to fill up all the particulars. The letter is written, handed to the merchant who reads it, and signs it. What business has the agent in Calcutta to inquire how much of the letter is the composition of the clerk, since it is a letter from the firm, with its well-known signature attached. God Almighty has attached His signature to the Bible. The writers were His servants, acting under his instructions, they preached, and they wrote, and they showed to the world God's signature to their message; which was the *power of working miracles*. Paul appealed to the churches' own eyesight and experience if he had not *truly* wrought the signs of an apostle *among them*, "wonders, and mighty deeds," 2 Cor. xii. 12. The Jewish nation, which had beheld

the miracles recorded in the Old Testament, believed they had been performed, as their descendants have done through all generations down to the present hour. The Primitive Christian Church, which saw those recorded in the New Testament, believed they were performed, as the Church has in every age to this day. Jews and Gentiles, not solitary men but *nations*, have, in every age, affirmed the Bible has God's signature, and we believe the same. We therefore hold God bound to substantiate everything inscribed upon the sacred page, even as we hold the merchant to his business letter; and we know that God, the Omniscient God, the Almighty God, the God of truth, *will*, in defiance of all the hostile efforts of man, prove that the Bible is neither a cunningly devised fable, nor a composition stained with human inperfection, but eternal truth—the instrumental power and wisdom of God, to lift a fallen world from corruption and misery, to everlasting purity and peace.

The very great value of a right apprehension of the assistance given by the Holy Ghost, will be apparent from a few remarks. When placed upon its true foundation, the doctrine of inspiration enables us to answer all the cavils of infidels; to harmonize the whole Bible, and to lay down correct canons of interpretation.

1st. *The writers of the Holy Scriptures wrote only what they knew.* Their knowledge was not infinite, neither was it finitely complete. While what they stated was truth, it was only part of what might have been said; but more they gave not, because the omitted particulars were either unknown, or not remembered at the time they wrote. At the marriage of the Prince of Wales, in 1863, many newspaper reporters were employed to give descriptions to the papers they represented. Not a single reporter beheld all that was to be seen on that occasion, and so not a single report is complete. Some were stationed so as to see only the procession, others so as to see only the ceremony. Each one described what he saw and knew—not what he did not know, or had, during the process of writing, forgot. Each gave truth, but only part of the truth. If infidels, a hundred years after this, compare the different reports, there will appear so many discrepancies that the whole will be pronounced to be incorrect or an imposition; at least, this is what the infidels of this day say of the Gospels. Matthew wrote only what he knew or remembered; Peter dictated to Mark according to his knowledge; Luke collected and arranged the trustworthy accounts of eye-witnesses; and John, with very great help from the Holy Ghost, gave what the other three omitted; but as not one of the four gives all the particulars, and as they paint some of the scenes according to the state of mind they were in as they wrote, infidels declare all to be defective, contradictory, and false.

2nd. *Each writer wrote with a special object in view.* The epistle was directed to a particular church, class of persons, or single

individual, and, therefore, was adapted to the wants of the party addressed. The Galatians were trusting in works for salvation, therefore Paul wrote to them, "A man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ," Gal. ii. 16. The Jews whom James addressed were relying upon their supposed faith, and were neglecting works, therefore James wrote to them, "Faith without works is dead," James ii. 26. The prescription must be suitable to the disease. A physician has two patients—one has apoplectic fulness of the brain, the other congestion of the brain. To the first he writes, "Your great aim must be gradually and gently to reduce the excessive quantity of blood which is in your body, as well as in your head. Diminish your diet; take more exercise in the open-air, and less sleep; bathe in cold water at least once a day, and especially, take the long Sitz bath, in order to draw blood from the organ most oppressed, which is the brain, and send it to the extremities were it will do least harm." To the second he writes, "Though there be excess of blood in the vessels of the brain on account of congestion, there is a deficiency of it in other parts of the body; indeed, on the whole, you have too little blood instead of too much, though too much of it be lodged at present in the head. Your object must be to bring up the general health of the body. Let your food be such as contains much nourishment in little bulk, so as not to distress your stomach. As your nervous system especially is deranged, you must endeavour to bring back its tone by exercise, not carried, however, to the length of fatigue; and, by cold bathing. Take every day, say, one shallow bath to stimulate the nerves and blood vessels of the skin; one Sitz bath for a quarter of an hour, and a foot bath. Keep your mind as calm as possible, for irritation and despondency will certainly increase your disease." If the physician should misdirect these two letters, and the patients follow the wrong instructions, both of them will be killed. The Galatians had too much blood, too much confidence in their works. If the letter written by James had been sent to them, the excess of blood would have become greater, and produced a speedy fatal termination. If Paul's letter had been sent to the Jews, who were trusting in a sort of faith which had no works, that letter would have sealed their fate. Paul told them that they could never be justified by works, and so without works they would have remained—never would they have moved one inch towards heaven.

But, some one will say, why could both Paul and James not say at once all that could be said upon the subject; why not give a complete treatise on both faith and works at the same time? He knows nothing about human nature who speaks thus; for, 1st, It would have been unnatural. A number of travellers are proceeding along a glacier. They approach a most dangerous part on the right, to pass over which would be certain death.

On the left, at the distance of half-a-mile, there is another part, also very unsafe. Between the two points of danger there is a broad and safe path. The guide perceives their proximity to death on the right, and that in the meantime there is no appearance of their going too far towards the left. What does he cry? "Stop—or you will be lost; keep more towards the left, and see that you don't go more than half-a-mile towards the left, for the ice there is just as bad as here." There never was a guide who, in his anxiety to prevent *present* danger, hinted also at danger far in the distance. There was no probability that the Galatians would run from works to sit down on the top of faith; or that the Jews would rise from the soft couch of delusive faith and betake themselves to hard works; and, therefore, it would have been unnatural in Paul and James to have written otherwise than they did. 2nd. If they had in the same epistle enlarged upon the necessity of both faith and works, they would have rendered their advice of no use whatever. If Paul had said to the Galatians, "Ye must have faith as well as works," the Judaizing teachers would have exclaimed, "Ah! you see he admits there must be works—that's just what we told you; you may have faith too, but depend upon it, works are essential to salvation." Because Paul and James wrote like sensible men—like those who knew what they were about—many have asserted that they contradict each other.

3rd. *Each writer expressed himself so as to be understood by those addressed.* His words were those in common use, and the meaning he attached to them was precisely that held by others *at the time he wrote.* To be intelligible was the object of the writer. Paul says, "I had rather speak five words that I might teach others, than ten thousand words if I were not understood," 1 Cor. xiv. 19. Joshua said, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon;" and because he thus spoke like a sensible man, he has given mighty offence to the learned. Men who have picked up a quarter of an hour's acquirements in astronomy have discovered that the Bible and modern astronomy do not agree, and that since astronomy is true, the Bible must be false. Would these astronomical sucklings be satisfied if Joshua had said, "Earth, cease thou to revolve?" If they would be pleased, men of any understanding would be disgusted. For what would have been the use of speaking so that his auditors could have had no idea of his meaning? Infidels would, no doubt, have commended a gentleman who, a hundred years ago, ordered his servant to light the gas, when at that time there was no gas to light, and the servant knew of nothing but oil in the house. We advise them to manifest their superior wisdom to all, by living entirely in the future, and ceasing to have anything to do with the present. To-morrow evening when the sun goes down let them desire their attendants to light the hydrogine (a

substance to be used 500 years after this, when gas coal has become exhausted); if they be not understood now, it will be some consolation that those living five centuries after this will understand, and respect them as illustrious men who lived so far before their time. If Joshua had said, "Earth, cease thou to revolve," then these infidels would have cried him down as a cunning old Jew, who imitated the darkness and hap-hazard style of the heathen oracles. For if the earth had not stood still, Joshua would have lost none of his credit, since no one knew the meaning of the incantation; and if it had ceased to revolve, he could have boasted of his power, declaring that the sun and the earth standing still meant precisely the same thing. If men want to *invent* objections to the Bible, no doubt they will be successful.

4th. *Particular attention must be paid to the mood of mind under which each writer wrote.* Paul says, "For out of much affliction and anguish of heart, I wrote unto you with many tears," 2 Cor. ii. 4. The state of feeling gave a peculiar turn to the sentiments expressed, which must be taken into account. This is a fine field, in which delicate taste and extensive knowledge of human nature, especially of sanctified human nature, will find abundant exercise.

5th. *Sometimes an affirmation is made of* THAT *part at which the writer was looking when he wrote, and which is true of* THAT *part, though not true of the whole.* Thus John, looking only at the seed of grace, makes this strong declaration, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God," 1 John iii. 9. It is quite true that grace does not sin, it is not with its consent that any iniquity is committed. Paul has the same idea, though he expresses himself more clearly than John, "For the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now, if I do that I would not, *it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me*," Rom. vii. 19-20. As "the sin that dwelleth in me" is to be gradually weakened, and at death slain, it is not *the me*, which when made perfect, shall live for ever; and therefore John says, the regenerated me, the me of eternity, doth not commit sin; but the indwelling corruption, that pertains to me—my old man, my fallen-nature, *does* sin, and will do nothing but sin, for that is its nature. If any man affirms otherwise, he lies, for "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us," 1 John i. 8.

Since the Bible has been composed by many writers, since all of them wrote with a special object in view, and very often with an opposite aim, it is not surprising that there is no book in the world that contains so many *appearances*, upon which the most contradictory opinions may be founded. The Bible is a field in which sects and denominations of every description may grow.

But the fault lies entirely with man. Instead of humbly and earnestly seeking to ascertain the *original* meaning of the Scriptures—that which the writer intended to convey—the practical object he aimed at, man first forms a purpose of his own, and then twists the passages to support it. Again we will repeat what was said before—that no one is a searcher after truth, who does not carefully look for all the *appearances*, that he may reject them; and for all the *facts*, that he may infer from them alone. There are so many *appearances* both in the Old and New Testaments, that whoever *desires* to find contradiction shall assuredly find what seems to be such. God, the all-wise, in his sovereignty has taken care that in the Scriptures we shall get what we want. There is everywhere obscurity enough to mislead the perverse, and light sufficient to guide to salvation the meek and willing heart. If so few Jews understood the Old Testament in the days of Jesus, let us not suppose there are many Christians who understand the New, even now. Truth is one and uniform, how then are there so many sects and denominations? But what is truth, and how shall we find it? Speculative truth is the knowledge of things *as* God would have us to know them. Practical truth, is obedience, in such a manner as to please God. To obtain saving truth, the heart must first be given to God. When under a sense of our blindness and weakness we imploringly kiss the feet of the Holy Ghost—the only enlightener of the soul, we observe the countenance of the Eternal Father, to watch his every look, and obey his every wish—to haste joyfully to anticipate His every desire, when we are on the *outlook* for the first tidings of whatever is pure, lovely, of good report, and at the same time with laborious diligence bring all possible knowledge from every source before a calm judgment, and a renewed and loving heart, *then* truth shall stand before us in a living form, and we shall gaze with delight on her lovely brow, that is fairer and brighter than that of Michael, Prince of the Hosts of heaven.

We have said that the church much requires a complete treatise on the "Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Heart," of the heart before and after regeneration—on the influence which the body has upon the mind—on the power which all those manifold agencies which act upon the heart in daily life possess —on the manner in which those varied agencies can be employed to strengthen grace and weaken indwelling sin. Another book which she much needs, is one on the doctrines styled evangelical; showing that all the *facts* are on their side, and that, while they are beautifully rational, the opposite opinions are not only erroneous, but completely irrational. The time must, and will come, when the divided church shall see eye to eye, when, as there is union in the branch of the family above, there will be unison of opinion and feeling in the branch below. It is a pity that the *appearances* in the Bible should have kept Christians so long

separated. God, from the beginning, saw what would be the effect of those appearances, and yet He permitted them. He foresaw that men would be deceived, and be divided into many sects. But they have themselves to blame. The writers of the Bible wrote, as we have seen—in *wisdom*, they gave a special prescription for a special disease, and nothing but spiritual blindness and unwillingness to learn the truth, can prevent the different churches of our day from arriving at the original intention—the true meaning. God, the Holy Spirit, we are persuaded, will throw sufficient light upon the Scriptures, and sufficient love into the heart to scatter all the illusive appearances, and bring belivers into one fold. We would like these two books to be written by laymen, and that for many reasons. The dry style, called the orthodox one, will not do. Unless they are made as interesting as a story book, by numerous and apposite analogical illustrations, they need not be attempted. The style of a layman may be far more varied and easy than that of a clergyman. We have used a freedom, boldness, and almost recklessness, which we would not recommend a minister to adopt, as society would not tolerate in him what would be permitted to a layman. And, again, society will more readily accredit sincerity to a layman than to a clergyman. If a minister were to write the second of these books, men would declare he was merely defending the creed of his own party, and if he said anything against the belief of his party, it would be down upon him in indignation. A layman may be much more independent in his thinking and writing than a minister. It is a shame that the mind of the laity has so long remained dormant. They are quite as capable of writing religious books as the clergy; and the talents they possess should and must be employed. When they begin to use their powers, let them avoid the ecclesiastical style—that which is after a set model—that which is frigid, lifeless, soporific. Let every man retain his individuality.

We have several times used the word *gracious sense;* what is its meaning? In spiritual matters, it is as necessary as *common sense* is in the worldly affairs of life. *Gracious sense* has by far the widest range of signification, since it includes common sense and a great deal more; it is composed of the earthly and the heavenly—that which is natural to us, and that which is bestowed by the Holy Ghost. Common sense may be defined to be "judgment to form a sound decision," "sagacity to propose *that* plan, which, in its *ultimate consequences*, shall give proof it was the best that could have been adopted." Gracious sense is common sense *spiritualised*, endowed with the capacity to judge rightly of heavenly things. Common sense is a sound reason joined to a fallen, unchanged heart; gracious sense is the same reason joined to a renewed heart. There may be great common sense in conjunction with a hard, a harsh, unfeeling, or a putrid

heart; but there can be no gracious sense without a regenerated heart. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His," Rom. viii. 9. Every sane man possesses some degree of common sense, and every believer has some share of gracious sense, which is given him in the day of conversion. We say of such a one he has little common sense, and of another he has strong powers of common sense. The same variety exists among true Christians with respect to gracious sense. Both common sense and gracious sense, require time and experience to bring them to maturity. In common sense, we depend most upon our reason; in gracious sense, most upon our heart. Gracious sense must have the head and the heart in due proportion; the two elements must always exist together, and at the same time; wisdom and love, fidelity and compassion, truth and liberality. Gracious sense is what Adam lost by the fall, is what Jesus Christ restores to us by His grace. Gracious sense is seen to perfection nowhere but in the life of Christ. His wisdom and love form the ideal of gracious sense. This is the indispensable quality which is needed alike by the church and the world. When God bestows it in abundance at the voice of humble loving prayer, then the church shall be led into all truth, then the jubilee of the world is at hand. We shall give a few illustrations to show how much it is required every where and by every one. It will then be seen that two lights are needed to conduct us to truth and happiness; one from the intellect, the other from the heart, and that the greatest, the purest, and the surest of these, is the light from a heart filled with love by the Holy Ghost.

Instead of a sweeping reflection upon the mass in the church who are destitute of gracious sense, it will be better to single out a few of our representative men in the different branches of learning, and fearlessly criticise some of their recently published opinions. If we show little reverence for them, we offer our old excuse—that we cannot help it; because veneration is one of the phrenological organs we do not possess—that part of our cranium being a complete hollow. The world, unfortunately, has always been like a flock of sheep, following the leader; it is time that the leaders were put into the scale and weighed, that men were not deceived by the influence of names.

1st. While we do not agree with the *Scotsman* in supposing that Dr Candlish "means mischief" in his recent views on inspiration and revelation, we cannot but condemn the very unguarded style in which he expresses himself. It is not so much what he has said, as his careless manner of saying it, that has encouraged infidel Unitarians, and Church of England sappers and miners, to pat him on the back as a liberal thinker, and a fellow-worker with them in their mighty efforts to liberate mankind from the thraldom of creeds and superstitions. The great defect

in Dr Candlish's thinking is, that it is only intellectual. Only one light, that of reason, shines on the subject he is investigating; and the principal light, that of the heart, being awanting, not only are the thoughts often false, but even when correct, they are harsh and dry. We have space only for one quotation.

"There must be on His part a certain measure of accommodation. He cannot in His word, any more than in His providence, have things precisely such, and so put, as the standard of absolute perfection would require. In legislating, for instance, for ancient Israel, it was not possible to have the ordinance of marriage, the usages of war, the rights of captives, the relation of master and servant, and other similar matters affecting domestic order and the public weal, regulated exactly as absolutely strict principle demands.

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He may resolve to lay Himself under restraint, or, in other words, may accommodate His procedure towards them to their state and circumstances. Perhaps if He has to deal with them as still rational and free agents, He must do so. That, at all events, seems to have been our Lord's opinion when He told the Jews of His day, that Moses allowed their fathers a liberty of divorce, inconsistent with the original ideal of holy marriage at its first institution, because of the hardness of their hearts. Mark x. 2-9. I firmly believe that God was the author of the Mosaic law of marriage, as well as of the Adamic, and the Christian. And I explain the admitted imperfection in the Mosaic law in this particular, by the consideration that God, having thought fit to assume the character of civil and political ruler and legislator over the Jews, did not scruple to adapt His law and policy, not always to his own perfect standard, but sometimes, and in some respects, to their state and circumstances, and that He must needs do so, if He was to rule over them and legislate for them as rational and free agents. Is this limiting God? Is it at all derogatory to His absolute sovereignty and infinite perfection? Is it not rather a simple assertion of His unlimited power and discretion, as being at liberty to do always what in the view of the case before Him, He judges to be right.

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In determining the manner in which he is to reveal Himself to man, and have His revelation recorded, God must, of very necessity, lay down a plan, and in accordance with it, lay Himself under conditions; and it is a perfectly fair and legitimate subject of enquiry—what is that plan? what are those conditions? Once in giving the law from Sinai, God spoke the words Himself, and wrote them Himself on tables of stone. Even then He must needs adapt His revelation to circumstances. He gave the law otherwise than He would have given it to angels, or to man in paradise. He gave it as made for the lawless and disobedient, (1 Tim. i. 9); nay more, when some forty years after, He gave it again by the mouth of Moses, (Deut. v.), He gave it, as it were, in a new edition, somewhat modified, at least in one of the commandments, to suit the condition in which the new generation of Israel was placed. May not this example show that God reveals His mind and will not as revealing His own perfect ideal of optimism, but, as in an important sense restrained from doing so. And, in truth, is He not thus necessarily restrained if He is to deal with men and things as they are; and so to deal with them as to effect his object in a way accommodated to them, as well as worthy of Himself. What is this but saying that a father must communicate with his children, not according to his own powers and attainments, but according to their capacities and circumstances. Is it not simply what is said of our Lord: "With many such parables spake He the Word unto them, as they were able to hear it."

A grain of gracious sense *if awake, and in exercise,* (we do not say Dr Candlish has none) would have prevented the Free Church

Principal from writing all this nonsense. One grand delusion runs through all we have quoted; which is, "the condition and circumstances of the Jews were such, that they were *not able* to receive a purer, clearer, fuller revelation than that then given; and that God was *constrained* to legislate in such a manner as to meet their inability." The inability of the Jews was *not in the slightest* the cause of a gradual revelation. Man, in no age of the world, is prepared for the moral law in all its extent and spirituality. Why? "Because the carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, *neither indeed can be*," Rom. viii. 7. We are confident that Abraham was as competent to receive the New Testament as any of his descendants in the time of the apostles. We are certain that the Jewish nation, when Jesus Christ appeared, *was less qualified* to entertain the clearer revelation then vouchsafed, than their forefathers were some 1400 years before; for it is said that these progenitors "*Served the Lord* all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that outlived Joshua," Judges ii. 7; while their descendants in the time of Christ were the most unbelieving, cruel, and accursed rabble of that race which ever lived. If man's condition and circumstances render a gradual revelation necessary, why do we go with the full light at once to African savages, Asiatic blinded idolaters, South Sea cannibals, &c.? Why not begin with revelation to them exactly as it was given to the Jews, and advance to the New Testament slowly by degrees? A Jew direct from Egyptian bondage, was surely as intelligent as a Hottentot, or a negro slave. If the "condition and circumstances" of these last do not prevent the New Testament being given to them *at once*, neither did the inability of the Jews *constrain* God to give revelation as He gave it. The truth is, God is not the Being to be constrained by man, or anything about man. This is another of Dr Candlish's most monstrous suppositions. We shall see the true reason when we come to lay down the canons of interpretation in part 4th. God was under no obligation to give fallen man *any light whatever*. For His own eternal purposes, and to manifest to all creation, how a fallen being cannot of himself return to the point from which he has fallen, He resolved to give little by little. After He gave the complete revelation, He has allowed the universe time to be convinced that knowledge of itself cannot restore the fallen. The state of Christian lands at this hour, proves that the mere possession of the Bible cannot regenerate society. God we know will soon (and yet not suddenly, or to a great extent at once,) give grace to show what *He* can do. At the end of the thousand years, that grace will be withheld, and again it will be seen what man is without the help of God.

Dr Candlish deserves a sharp reproof, and we are not in the least afraid to give it. We advise him to refrain from his most

unguarded style of expression. No school-boy could have written more blunderingly than thus—

"*All that is in Scripture is not revelation.* To a large extent the Bible is a record of human affairs—the sayings and doings of men, not always a record of divine doctrine or of communications from God. *Is it infallible when it narrates the wars of kings, and inserts the genealogies of tribes and families,*—as strictly so as when it reports an immediate oracle of heaven, or embodies the religious teaching of prophets and apostles?"

Since he is a believer in the infallibility of Scripture, what occasion was there for awakening doubt by asking "Is it infallible?" &c. But we pass over that slip of the pen to something quite unpardonable. Why write so unthinkingly as to give cause to the infidel to say, "Aye, aye, so it seems the God of the Christians, when he found the Jews, His peculiar people, were not up to the mark, 'scrupled not to adapt' His law to their circumstances and condition. This is fine conduct for a Being infinite and unchangeable in wisdom, power, and rectitude. Since He could come down a bit *then* from His perfect standard, He will be quite able to come down as much now, and He really should; for these Christians, who profess to be His servants and people, seem as far from perfection as the circumcised race before them." What we insist upon is, that since the leaders in the Church are marked men, since they are watched by many thousands, they should be most careful of what they speak and write. But instead of care, there is the grossest carelessness both in the thoughts, the illustrations and the language. Why thus couple revelation and providence in the same sentence? "He cannot in His word *any more* than in His providence have things precisely such, &c." God *could* more clearly and more fully state the law of perfection in His word than in His Providence; and shew His abhorrence of Sin, and love of Holiness. Providence, as a clear indicator of God's will, cannot be compared with the Bible. Would any one say "Parliament cannot in legislation, *any more* than in the daily life of the subjects, have things exactly as might be wished"—when the laws always are a better exponent of the mind and will of the rulers than the negligent conduct of the people? Again, will Dr Candlish tell us what is the difference *in substance* between what he calls the "new edition" of the moral law in Deut. v., and the old edition in Ex. xx. The giving of a special reason for the observance of a commandment was never before by any one, learned or unlearned, understood to be a modification of the commandment. Illustrations with Dr Candlish are really very scarce, when he had to pounce upon "With many such parables spake He the word unto them, as they were able to hear it." It is strange he did not recollect that Christ also spoke in parables as they were *not* able to hear it. He spoke more His audience could *not* hear, than

they could hear. As for His apostles, they were able to hear nothing aright, until, on the day of Pentecost, they were filled with the Holy Ghost. It was not because the Jews were able to receive His doctrine, that Jesus disclosed one truth after another, either under the old or the new dispensation.

2nd. Dr Caird is another representative man, but of a different class. The intellect and the heart work together, but the light from the heart is not that of a renewed heart. If he has gracious sense he allows it to lie fast asleep.

"Now, in calling attention to these transactions in the history of the Church, the first remark I desire to make is, that in all matters of form, ritual, outward organisation and government of the Church, no fixed rule seems to be laid down in Scripture; the principle on which such arrangements were made being merely that of expediency or reasonableness. I do not believe that there is to be found in the Bible any prescribed and definite Church polity, any form of Church government rigidly and unalterably stereotyped for all future ages. I am persuaded that whilst the great truths on which the existence of the Church is based are immutable and everlasting, as the infinite mind from which they emanated, yet that the forms of worship, and arrangements of government and discipline, under which these truths are to be propagated and professed, have been by the great Head of the Church left indeterminate and flexible. So that whilst the grand verities of sin and salvation, of redemption by the blood, and sanctification by the Spirit of Christ,—whilst these and the great practical duties of the Christian life are set forth with such explicitness, and enforced and reiterated with such clearness and frequency in Scripture, that he that runneth may read; in vain will any unprejudiced and simple-minded student of the Bible seek for either Episcopacy, or Presbytery, or Independency, or any one form of Church government imperatively laid down in Scripture. The simplest peasant seriously applying his mind to the study of his Bible will never fail of conviction as to the former; but it requires all the resources of learning, and all the subtlety and ingenuity of practised reasoners, to extract with any show of plausibility a recognition of any one of the latter from Scripture.

"And the reason for this is very obvious. The Church and Church arrangements do not exist for themselves; they are but means to an end. The grand design of God by his Church is to make men holy, to Christianise the world, to convert and save souls. The Church is neither more nor less than a spiritual corporation for putting down sin and making men good. Now, it is a very inferior consideration by what particular means or machinery it accomplish this end, if only it *be* accomplished. It is of very secondary importance by what road out of half-a-dozen I reach my journey's end, if only I get there. It is of minor consequence of what colour, texture, form be the clothes I wear, or of what style of architecture the house I live in, if only they afford me shelter, warmth, and comfort. It matters little in what form the medicine be administered to me, if only it succeed in curing the disease. And so in the case before us. The end for which all Church ordinances and arrangements exist is, I repeat it, to Christianise and sanctify the world; and the question as to the particular means and machinery by which this end is attained is altogether secondary. Whether by the highway of Prelacy, or the footpath of Presbytery, or the open common of Independency, I reach the presence of my Saviour, it may cost me little thought, if only I win Christ and be found in Him. Whether my spiritual home be reared with all the splendour and beauty of the noble cathedral, or with the unpretending aspect of the simplest church or chapel, that is not the main consideration; but it is this,—whether beneath its roof I shall find a shelter from the storms of temptation and trial, a sweet place of rest for my spirit, amid a world of care and sin. Whether the healing medicine for my spiritual hurt, the balm in Gilead, the divine prescription of the Great Physician

of souls, shall be administered to me by bishop, priest, or presbyter, whether I shall be taught its virtues by the voice of learning and eloquence, or by rude and stammering lips,—this is a matter of comparative indifference; the infinitely momentous thing is that I do in very deed receive it into my sick and dying soul, and live. Inasmuch, then, as the end is more important than the means, it is to be expected that in the Bible we should find, as we do, much with respect to truth and holiness, and little or nothing with respect to outward forms and arrangements.

"But, besides this, as the best means are those which in given circumstances best attain the end in view, and as circumstances are always changing, it is to be expected that no rigid and unalterable forms of government and ritual would be found in a religion intended for *all* nations and for *all* times. Truth and religion are suited to all lands and ages, but a mode of teaching and propagating truth, or a form of religious worship or discipline, which might be well adapted to the state of society in Jerusalem or Ephesus in the year 63, may not be the best, may need considerable modification to make it fit for England or Scotland in the year 1863. And the same sound reason and practical wisdom which dictated the adoption of some institution in one age or country, may dictate its alteration or abandonment in another. The mode, for instance, of building houses, towns, cities, that was quite proper in an unsettled and warlike age, would be highly unsuitable in quiet and peaceable times; so that no one dreams of keeping up the strong fortifications and grim, thick walls of our ancient cities, now that safety and comfort can be procured by less impregnable but more commodious edifices. But the end in both cases is the same, not to erect houses and towns, but to afford secure and comfortable dwellings to their inhabitants. Or again, it is clear that law and government are good things for all nations and times, because all men are happier in a condition of peace, order, and security, than in a state of anarchy. But it is not equally clear that one particular kind of government is alike good for all nations and times. On the contrary, from the national temper and character, from the particular state of civilisation, from climate and other causes, what may be a good system of government for one nation, may be a very unsuitable one for another; what may be well adapted to one age, may, as new exigencies arise, and new national characteristics emerge, require great and progressive modification in other and succeeding ages. Absolute monarchy, may be the only sort of rule that will maintain order in some countries and in some stages of national civilisation. Oligarchy, or limited monarchy, or democracy, or a mixed and balanced constitution, may best answer the end of government among others. And the very wisdom that suggested one plan or theory in one case, would suggest its alteration or subversion in another; because in all cases the end in view is not to plan out a theory of government for its own sake, but to promote the prosperity and happiness, the individual, civil, social welfare of a nation.

"Now, in precisely the same way I would maintain that we cannot expect to find in the Bible any rigid, uniform and unalterable form of Church government; for no one unbending form would be adapted to the endless varieties of clime and character, of time and circumstance, for which the religion of the Bible is designed. That is the best style of ritual and government which is best adapted to the particular age and country in which it may be established. We are not, with narrow-minded bigotry, to endeavour to torture Scripture texts into the exclusive recognition of Episcopacy, or Presbytery, or any one form of Church polity which we may favour; or attempt to force upon others, or condemn others for not accepting, that very form, which, though it may be the best for the culture of *our* religious nature, may not be the best for theirs. I can quite well conceive that one man's mind may be so constituted as to derive more benefit from an elaborate ritual, whilst the spiritual needs of another are better supplied by a simpler form of worship. I see nothing absurd or unscriptural in the supposition that one class of minds may be soothed and strengthened by the pathos, the beauty, the completeness of a liturgy or set form of devotion; whilst another class, from natural temper, education, old association, or other

causes, may enter more heartily into, may relish and receive, greater spiritual aid from the practice of extemporaneous prayer. Far from being irrational or latitudinarian, it seems only consistent with Scripture and with those laws of human nature to which Scripture is so marvellously adapted, to suppose that, considering the national diversities of character and history, Episcopacy may be best in England, and Presbytery in Scotland. Nay, I can conceive it quite possible that in the progress of events a gradual revolution or modification might so come over the mind and character of a nation or community—there might be such an advance in education, such a change in civil, social, domestic relations, as to require a gradual and corresponding modification of the form of worship or Church government—a more or less elaborate ritual, an approach or recession from the purity of Presbyterian, or the graduated and stately order of the Episcopalian form of polity. And in such cases to insist on rigid adherence to the old platform, to stickle for every atom of the old ritual or constitution, would be as absurd as it would be to compel men to live in castles and to rear the fortified cities and strongholds of a bygone age, now, in settled times of peace. In one word, the great rule in all Church arrangements is that we adopt, modify, abandon, external forms just as they serve the great end of all such machinery—the Christianising, sanctifying, saving of our own souls and the souls of others."

Dr Caird, Professor of Theology in the Church of Scotland, which is a *Presbyterian* denomination, is persuaded that neither Presbyterianism, nor any other form of church government, is laid down in scripture. This is the conclusion to which he says a *simple*-minded student will come. When he took his ordination oath, affirming his belief in Presbyterianism being of divine institution, of course he was not a simple-minded student; but he has become simple in the course of time—so simple as to be able to write the above—so simple as to provoke many a smile at his simplicity. The proofs of his simplicity are very rich and many in the above quotation. 1st, He asserts that "forms of worship, and arrangements of government and discipline, have been, by the great Head of the Church, left *indeterminate and flexible*." On what ground is this assertion made? Was the form of government which the apostles, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, instituted in the primitive Christian church not approved by the great Head of the Church? If so, on what ground is it proposed to alter it? On that of expediency. Who are to judge of what is expedient? *Fallible men!* The master builders of the Christian church, under the leading of the Spirit, set up a constitution which was the best for the ingathering of the nations; men without the inspiration of the Holy Ghost now suppose they are at liberty to change it as they please! Is there any permission in the New Testament given to alter it? Paul wrote to the Corinthians, commanding them to keep the ordinances as he had delivered them in establishing their church.—1 Cor. xi. 2. *They* were not permitted to alter them, though it seems succeeding generations were. If the constitution of the church can be improved by uninspired men, it is likely they can also make some alteration and improvement in the doctrines. The power we have to change the one, will allow

and enable us to change the other. And since expediency is to be the rule by which the alterations are to be made, any sort of change whatever can be introduced, if it promise to be beneficial, as, for instance, sending an intelligent layman to take the pulpit, and ordering a minister who had mistaken his trade to stand at the plate, or to act as doorkeeper. It would be expedient to give "skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn," some job for which nature had qualified them. 2nd, The simplicity comes to a climax, when he opens his arms from pole to pole, and embraces *all* forms of church government.

"The question as to the particular means and machinery by which this end is attained is altogether secondary. Whether by the highway of Prelacy, or the footpath of Presbytery, or the open common of Independency, I reach the presence of my Saviour, it may cost me little thought, if only I win Christ, and be found in Him."

If a farmer, at a meeting of the Highland Agricultural Society, were to stand up and say, "The getting in of a crop is the great thing; so it matters little whether we adopt spade husbandry, shallow ploughing or deep ploughing, or even the stick of the African, if we only succeed in getting in a crop," every eye would be turned upon him in astonishment, and every tongue would ask *why* the speaker had been let out of Bedlam. Men expect common sense in such small matters as agriculture; but in religion no common sense whatever is required. Sensible farmers think only of how to get the *greatest* crop; but sensible ministers are content with any crop, and so "the particular means and machinery by which a crop is to be matured *is altogether secondary.*" If Dr Caird were not remarkably simple, he would know that the real question is not whether men can be saved under any "means and machinery," (for Pascal and Fenelon were saved even under Popery—that monstrous system of delusion, imposition, and slavery, which has conducted myriads to hell,) but *which* constitution is most favourable to the ingathering of the lost, to the growth and spread of truth, to the development of Christian character, to the liberty, progress, and welfare of society. How dare he, in the same breath, mention Prelacy with either Presbyterianism or Independency? Is he not aware that the Church of England, instead of being a "pillar and ground of the truth," by her errors in doctrine, snares the souls of millions to eternal perdition? God Himself declares, "That in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, *but a new creature.*" Gal. vi. 15. That we may be convinced that baptism availeth nothing, but a new creature, He has given us the test by which to know when baptism is *real.* "For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ, *have put on Christ*"—Gal. iii. 27—have "put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousnes and true holiness." Eph. iv. 24. So little importance did Paul attach to

the sprinkling with water, *that he thanked God he had baptized so few.* 1 Cor. i. 14. He says, "Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel," meaning that preaching, instead of baptizing, was the instrument of making men, through the grace of the Holy Ghost, true members of the church, and children of God. If baptism be regeneration, we will never forgive Paul for his heartless cruelty. If by sprinkling with water he could have saved the soul, and yet thanked God he had baptized but a few, he deserves to stand in the pillory of eternal infamy. But the apostle knew what he said, and what he did. Well he was convinced that the sprinkling with water—a sprinkling not sufficient to wash even the skin of the face—no more secured regeneration, than admitting a man to church membership secures his entrance into heaven; than allowing Judas to be numbered with the apostles, prevented the devil getting his own. And yet the church which boasts of apostolic succession teaches exactly contrary to Paul; so, if there be apostles in the Church of England, Paul was not one. Children are taught to say, "In my baptism I *was* made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." If Catholics need a purgatory, we are afraid those whose *face* has been regenerated, or refreshed by a sprinkling with water, will need a purgatory too. We know there are *some* good men in the Church of England—men like Pascal and Fenelon—connected with a church to which they in spirit do not belong. We refer not to them, but to their church, when we say that Prelacy is the younger sister of Popery—not so guilty or abandoned as the old Harlot of Rome, but still a syren luring to destruction. Let the successors of the apostles in these two churches, *show before our eyes* the signs of an apostle, such as performing miracles, conferring the gift of the Holy Ghost, &c., and, Scotchmen and Presbyterians as we are, we engage to leave our own church, and cling to the one which gives the clearest, fullest, *miraculous* proofs of apostolical succession. It is to be deplored that the apostolic church is so deserted in England, that magnificent cathedrals are empty, while humble dissenting chapels are crammed to the door. So much for getting in a crop. It is also to be lamented that the church which, being apostolic, *alone* possesses the light of the Holy Ghost, should be so tormented with differences and squabbles about doctrines, as to require the aid of men *not ordained* to settle the controversies. Perhaps the primitive Christian church required the aid of civil rulers to decide matters of doctrine, though the Acts of the Apostles is silent on that point!

3rd, Dr Caird is very ignorant, if he does not know *why*, in the New Testament, "there is little or nothing with respect to outward forms and arrangements." Most of the epistles were written to Christian churches already formed. The apostle, having in every city set up the proper organization, *which* no

church was at liberty to alter, (because he who, in the wisdom of the Holy Spirit, had made all arrangements, knew better than those he had taught—than those who knew nothing of the rule and discipline of the church except what they had learned from him,) did not in the epistle require to take any notice of the form of church government. All he had to do was to supply the teachers with sound doctrine to communicate to the people. It was only when Paul directed an epistle, not to a church, but to an individual preacher, that he gave instructions about office-bearers, and such like matters. And so it is to the epistles written for the guidance of Timothy and Titus, that we are to look for information on the subject. And even there we will get little information, because both of them had often been with Paul, and verbally were taught about the constitution and government of the church.

4th, It is extremely foolish to contrast civil with ecclesiastical government, because the church and the state are so dissimilar. God sent forth His ambassadors—men inspired by the Holy Ghost—to set up the Christian church, and fix its form of government; but when did He send forth His agents to appoint a civil constitution for the nations? Human government is the creation of the people, and so they have the right to alter or improve it as they please. The Christian church is not an organization established by human wisdom, and therefore man has not the right to change it, any more than he has the power to change doctrines. It is quite true that one form of civil government may be best for one country, and a different form for another people—that an iron sceptre is required for France, while a golden one will do for Britain. And the reason is, that, in the circumstances, the one form may be better able than the other to *control* the subjects. The object of a civil government is to compel obedience, maintain order, and provide defence. But the aim of a church is not to compel the obedience of its members by civil penalties. Civil government compels obedience to *man*, church government insists upon obedience to *God*. Civil government is every year adding to its prohibitory statutes; church government, in every age, appeals to love in the heart, as *the* means of rendering unto God what is God's, and unto man what is man's. Since love is the universal law—the substitute for all the thousands of laws a civil government requires to make to meet the continually changing condition of its subjects—and since this one law of love is not enforced by the power of man, whether he be King, Emperor, Doge, or President, there is no need whatever to change the constitution given to the primitive church by the apostles. Dr Caird says, "I would maintain that we cannot expect to find in the Bible any rigid, uniform, and unalterable form of church government, *for no one unbending* form would be adapted to the endless varieties of clime and

character, of time and circumstance, &c." What a pity it is that the apostles thought differently from Dr Caird. They were not simple men, and so, instead of framing a constitution for each national church, they unfortunately prescribed only one for them all. There were "endless varieties of clime and character" in the primitive church—bigoted Jews, subtle Greeks, haughty Romans, Parthians, Medes, Elamites, Cretes, Arabians, Ethiopians—men of every nation under heaven—of every national taste, and of every stage of learning; and yet for the whole human race the divinely-inspired apostles had but one stereotyped form. Titus was commanded to ordain teaching elders in *every* city, (Tit. i. 5,)—teaching bishops, not like those in the Church of England, who do nothing, and yet pocket the cash.

5th, Dr Caird says, "I can conceive it quite possible that, in the progress of events, a gradual revolution or modification might so come over the mind and character of a nation or community, &c., as to require a corresponding modification of the form of worship, or church government, &c." We believe the same. We are certain Prelacy cannot subsist in England much longer in its present degraded condition. How galling to an apostolical church to be laughed at by the Lord Chancellor in his place in parliament! to have its supposed powers of convocation made matter of ridicule and merriment by the baptismally regenerated! to have newspaper editors rejoicing that she is gagged, and bound hand and foot! We believe there are some independent men in England, but there is not one in the Church of England. If there was a man with a soul in that denomination, would he, for a paltry pittance, or even for the revenue of the British empire, bow his neck beneath such a yoke? would he not indignantly quit such a herd of state minions, a community of slaves, a gagged and shackled crew, a camp of traitors, a creed delusive and false? Yes, Dr Caird, there *shall* be a revolution; and know that patronage in your own church shall perish too.

"Now, I believe that on this point, slowly indeed, but surely, the Church of our day has been reforming the Reformation. The conviction is gradually winning its way that too much stress has been laid on doctrinal accuracy, and that the relation of the individual soul to Christ—that to which He attaches chief importance, and therefore which in His Church should be the true badge of membership—is a relation not of the head, but of the heart. The essence of religion, it has begun to be felt, is not orthodoxy but piety—not that which a man can learn by a clear or clever understanding, but that which implies a loving and earnest heart. However valuable and important correct opinions in systematic theology may be, it is felt that that is quite separable from what makes a man a true Christian, that there may be the utmost intellectual accuracy where there is little or no piety, and the purest and most fervent piety where there is little intellectual accuracy. If the truth as it is in Jesus were a philosophy, and the Bible a book of reasonings and notions, like a system of metaphysics, then would intellectual soundness of belief be everything, and the tie that connected the soul with Christ be the vigorous application of the critical and logical faculties of the mind to propositions and demonstrations.

But it is not so. The Bible is no philosophy. Its glorious truths are to be apprehended not by the critical intellect, but by the humble and loving heart. As a man may perceive and love music who knows nothing of the theory and laws of sound or of harmony, or whose perception of that theory may be imperfect or erroneous; as a man may have the faculty to perceive and relish the loveliness of nature who cannot analyze and construct his emotions into a theory of beauty, so a man may know and delight in the things of God, whose theoretical knowledge of theology is of the slenderest or the most inaccurate."

In the first quotation we gave, Dr Caird thinks any kind of church government will do; and now he declares any kind of knowledge may be the foundation of true piety, even though the knowledge be "the slenderest *or the most inaccurate.*" He seems determined to establish his claim to being a simple man. What is true piety? The obedience of a *changed* heart to God. Obedience depends upon knowledge. If we know not what we should do, how can we do it? Obedienee will take its complexion from the nature of our knowledge or belief. True piety, then, can grow only on the root of sound knowledge; but Dr Caird has made the wonderful discovery, that the root of "*the most inaccurate*" knowledge will yield sound piety! This discovery will save the various missionary societies an immense amount of money. Missions may now be declared to be quite unnecessary.

We said that if Dr Caird has any gracious sense he keeps it fast asleep. The defect in his thinking is, that he is misled by his heart, even as Dr Candlish is misled by his head. In neither of them do the two lights shine in the just proportion, so as to preserve from error. But we must go deeper. It is not so much the predominance of heart in Dr Caird's thinking that we lament, as the absence of that sound, gracious sense which a renewed heart possesses. A renewed heart of several years' growth, *if it were awake,* while he wrote, would have prevented him writing so carelessly, for it would know that the Holy Ghost, in the day of conversion, *enlightens* the soul. God is light, and He brings all His children into the light. We affirm that an uneducated man who has been regenerated, and has had several years of Christian experience, has a truer knowledge of divine things than the most intellectual professor of divinity, whose heart has not been changed. Just as a man who has not an acquaintance with scientific botany knows better about a fruit in South America, of which he has tasted, than the ablest naturalist does who has never tasted it, and who yet can arrange it in its proper place in his system of botany. True piety may exist where there is little knowledge; but we deny that the knowledge of true piety is ever of "*the most inaccurate*" description. *The* axiom in religion is, "feel right and you shall know right." Pascal and Fenelon felt right, and therefore did not believe in the dangerous doctrines of the Church of Rome. His having prefixed the word "theoretical" will not shield Dr Caird from our

criticism. Suppose a man believes he should pray to Mary the mother of God instead of to Jesus Christ, his most inaccurate knowledge will prevent him having true piety; and so with every other false doctrine. *Feeling rests upon belief;* false belief *will* produce false feeling, and false action. If theoretical or systematic theology be a number of erroneous propositions, "the errors in the brain *shall* lead to errors in the life." False knowledge misleads man—conducts him to destruction in the affairs of time, and equally so in those of eternity.

We complain of Dr Caird's imagination as being too juvenile. His heart enthusiastically grasps at a seemingly beautiful shadow, and then his intellect comes forward with false analogies to give reality to his phantom. What was the use of dragging in a reference to the *theory of sound* in his illustration of music? A knowledge of the mode by which sound is carried through the air is no part of the science of music. No composer will be in the slightest assisted in composition by knowing that sound travels 1142 feet in a second, or that the middle C is produced by 256 vibrations per second. His sentence ought to have ran thus —"As a man may perceive and love music who is ignorant of the rules of that science, or the exact relation which subsists between one note of the scale and another, in melody or in harmony, or whose perception of such may be imperfect or erroneous," &c. Now we will not permit him to institute *unfair* comparisons. When speaking of piety, he refers to *correct* feeling; so, when speaking of music, he must also refer to correct feeling, not to that which those have whose ear for music is utterly false. Here, again, we affirm that correct feeling will give correct knowledge—certainly not knowledge the most inaccurate. Bring before us 100 persons whose ear or feeling is true, and we shall speedily prove they know true. If we, on an organ, or other instrument which sustains the tones, sound the major third C E, tuned on the system of equal temperament, every one of them will complain of the offensive beating, though none of them may know that the third is as much as ·63 of a comma (which is the difference between a major and a minor tone) from the truth. If we then sound the third, tuned according to the mean tone system, or that of equal harmony, the ear will be better pleased, and if we, lastly, sound it in perfect tune, every ear will perceive and delight in the difference. It was a correct ear—true feeling —which constructed the rules of music, and defined the relation which one note bears to another, both in melody and harmony. In like manner, it was correct feeling which gave John Bunyan his knowledge of divine things. Let us put a dozen questions on Christian experience, or on some doctrine upon which experience throws light, to a converted tinker, or any other unlearned tradesman, of several years' standing in the divine life, and also to a professor of divinity with an unchanged heart, and we

know assuredly, that the poor working man will give the most correct answers, though not expressed in the same array of language as the other.

We know Drs Candlish and Caird intend no evil by what they have written, and yet evil has been the result. There are so many in the world who are *waiting to be misled*, that they eagerly seize upon everything which supports them in their errors. It is on this account we have been so severe upon them, in the hope that the leaders of the church, and teachers of our students, will carefully consider what they say. It will not be to their credit, if poor working men, who were never within a theological hall, have to take the pen against them—if the factory has to begin to teach the university. Dr Caird might have suspected that his seemingly liberal views would be hailed by men who desire to believe anything. It seems we are to have a church of the future, which is to enclose within its ample arms men of every creed; which is to liberate the world, and regenerate society, by allowing full scope to every heated imagination and eccentric brain. The permission to turn Christianity upside down, to add or diminish, to reject or receive, is called liberty of conscience. To doubt is now counted rational, and to cast contempt upon existing creeds and confessions a mark of superior enlightenment. Something is soon to lift up the human race, but what that something is none of the doubters know. To show how *simple-minded* the dreamers about the church of the future have become, it will be necessary to give specimens of their simplicity.

"The object of this association shall be to manifest the Unity which exists among the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, *irrespective of denominational distinctions*, by communion on a basis clear and simple, which, while embodying all the essential elements for salvation, shall yet be broad enough to embrace in one, all who love the Lord in sincerity and truth.' Only those who acquiesce in the following formula can be admitted as members—'We believe in one God, rejoice in the faith of one Divine Redeemer, depend for illumination on one Eternal Spirit, appeal all to one Inspired Record of Truth, look forward, in assured hope, to a glorious Resurrection and Eternal Life, and desire to love the Lord our God with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our mind, and our neighbour as ourselves.'"

Such the object, and such the creed of the Church of the Future. The creed itself is very brief, and is as fine a specimen of Jesuitical composition as the devil himself could frame. It is expressed so as to catch Trinitarians and Unitarians, Socinians, Morisonians, and Calvinists, believers in plenary inspiration as well as the deniers thereof, Prelatists, Independents, Presbyterians, Romanists, Methodists, Baptists, Anti-Burghers, Cameronians, the Church of Scotland, both Bound and Free, Irvinites, Glassites, Latter-day Saints, and New Jerusalemites, Jews and Gentiles, Quakers, Shakers, and Jumpers. The idea is to provide an ark in which all animals, *irrespective of species*, are to be

huddled together. How the animals are all to live upon the same kind of food, (the words which proceed from the same mouth,) doth not yet appear. How the carnivorous are to chew the cud along with the herbivorous is unknown. How they are to be kept from devouring each other, or *rather their preacher*, is also unknown. That we have not misrepresented the creed, is plain from the language of the apostle of the new church.

"On what foundation then, it may be inquired, should such association rest? *Morally*, on the highest spiritual toleration and universal recognition of the right of every man, without censure, without offence, without drawback, without implied criminality of any kind, to believe and profess only what God enables him—no faith beyond that being of any value. *Practically*, and more definitely, on certain recognised conditions of agreement or of possible agreement, intelligible and so far satisfactory to all; in proposing which the utmost delicacy and liberality would be required."

To show that the Church of the Future does not know yet what to believe in—has learned nothing but that all existing ecclesiastical organizations are worthless, effete, and dead, we give the following splendid quotation:—

"To predict with dogmatic precision what the future will be would be presumptuous, yet the wise will never cease to think of, and to imagine it; to consider what it will require—how it should be provided for, and welcomed; how the loins should be girt, and how the lamps should be trimmed and burning; how the souls of men should meet it, *for edification and not for destruction;* how the church that will embody its yearnings, and realise its necessities, and ratify its demands, is to be composed and governed; how, rather, in the first place, it is to be collected, instructed, organised! For a Church of the Future there must be, like the future itself—or why shoud the future come? '*A Church of the Future?*' Undoubtedly! Things cannot remain eternally as they are, even if you desired it. Then in what respect? you again inquire:—In almost all respects—in character and capacity; in privilege and provision for human souls—in contradistinction to all others which are merely hereditary, and foreclosed by the entail of creeds to the introduction of all new ideas. But is such an organization required? Is it necessary or possible? or has not the church hereditary already attained the maximum of intelligence and perfection, so that there is no futurity of enlargement or of beauty needed for her? Are not men so entirely satisfied with the House of God as it is—with its partitions of iron, and its narrow lights of 300 years, that they will not so much as suffer them to be removed or cleaned? With an orthodoxy built upon quotations, destitute of life? with a communion illiberal, sectarian, and exclusive? and with a table of the Lord fenced with certificates? with a creed limited by dogmas, and entailed upon the conscience like a barren estate? with a conscience itself corroded by bigotry? with the stereotyped and unexpansive Protestantism of fixed traditions? with a faith founded on terrorism, on moral or intellectual coercion—growing out of the Schoolmaster's rod, enjoined at every examination, and prescribed to the whole community in printed forms? with religion that relies for authority on Acts of Parliament, or Assembly? That bears no fruit, that propagates no idea? With a morality corrupt? With a name to live, whilst we are practically, positively dead?"

So strong and glorious is the light which has already burst in upon the Church of the Future, that it has consumed every atom of common-sense.

"Doctrines, precepts, discipline, and traditions have been provided for, but not the human soul; salvation but not progress, orthodoxy, but not revelation, communion of the schools, but not of the third heavens. In our whole ecclesiastical horoscope of rules and regulations, the eternal is omitted."

Existing evangelical denominations have according to the above confession provided "salvation and orthodoxy" but have not taken their people up to the third heavens! We only wish this prophet may manage to take all the cattle in his ark up to the third heavens at last; we are afraid that, like the first ark, it will settle some place lower. If *he* provide salvation and orthodoxy for them, we are grievously mistaken indeed. Dr Caird would no doubt shudder at joining such a motley crew of maniacs, as may be found sufficiently deranged to compose *such* a church; yet these delirious dreamers hail him as a brother, and point with satisfaction to his own article from which we have quoted. The closing sentences we must also give.

"It is beginning to be regarded as the true mark of fidelity in a Church to her Great Head, not when she can strain at every gnat of so-called heresy, but when she can contrive to embrace within her pale the largest number of men who, *whatever their diversities of mind*, are on the way to heaven. The ideal of a Church platform which commends itself to all but bigots is that not which presents the longest array of articles and points of belief drawn out with the most keen-eyed logical subtilty and minuteness, but that which, under a creed or confession of the simplest form,—enunciating but those grand facts and verities of God, of Christ, of sin, of Salvation, on which the great mass of Christians are agreed,—can comprehend the largest range of opinions in the sympathies of a common faith and love. Thus after the lapse of ages, are we returning to the principles of the Reformation, but on a higher level, making individual relationship to Christ our first aim, but that a relationship the essence of which is in the heart. Thus are we doing what is better than any reviving of the past,—anticipating the glorious Church of the future, the bright era to which all earnest souls are looking on, when truth shall be no longer a watch-word of contention nor purity a ground of strife, when individualities shall only contribute to a deeper and richer concord,—when, as the many voices of a great host are gathered up into one grand choral harmony, we shall 'lose our dividual selves to find our true selves in that distinctness where no division can be,—in the Eternal I Am, the Everliving Word, of whom all the elect, from the archangel before the throne to the poor wrestler with the Spirit until the breaking of the day, are but the fainter and still fainter echoes.'"

Oh, Dr Caird! Dr Caird! we really pity you. If this be the style in which you teach your students, God Himself protect them. Many of them no doubt will ruff mere sound as fast as sense, will derive almost as much pleasure from your last climax of absurdity—simply because it is euphonious, as they get from pelting their professors with peas. Know, Sir, that the Eternal I Am, is the God of truth, that the "dividual selves" of error *shall not* lose themselves in Him, that the braying discords of Unitarians, Socinians and Christian infidels of every name who all assert they are on the road to heaven, never, never shall form harmony, either in this world or that which is to come. Jesus Christ Thyself tell us what shall lead the world to liberty and

happiness. "*And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free*, John viii. 32; "Hold fast the form of sound words, and earnestly contend for the faith *at first* delivered unto the saints," 2 Tim. i. 13; Jude 3.

3. We hereby return our deepest thanks to Don Colenso, for the great satisfaction we have derived in perusing the account of his adventures among the books of Moses. We never got half the laughter from reading the wonderful deeds of his immortal predecessor, Don Quixote. The imagination of the Spanish Knight was as cool as an icicle, when compared with that of Don Colenso. We venture to affirm, that there is not another brain either within or outside of a madhouse in the three kingdoms, capable of such conjectures as Colenso has made. When on his journey through the books of Moses, he comes to the command to the priest to convey the remains of the bullock beyond the bounds of the camp, Lev. iv. 11–12, he immediately fires up at the horrible idea of compelling a priest to carry a whole bullock *on his back*, without the camp. "In fact, we have to *imagine* the priest having himself to carry on his back, on foot, from St. Paul's to the outskirts of the metropolis, the skin, and flesh, and head, and legs, and inwards, and dung, even the whole bullock." Oh! that the Don would write a new English Dictionary! Then the word "carry" would be restricted to "bearing *on the back*." Webster was a very simple lexicographer, for he has given to the word 21 meanings, and not one of them is "bearing on the back." Since the *fact*, that the book of Leviticus gives a command which it was impossible to execute; it being out of the power of a priest to carry *on his back* a whole bullock, and he not being allowed to convey the animal on a cart, with the aid of his servants—it conclusively follows, that Leviticus is to be condemned. Therefore we have got rid of one of the five books. If the Don had not been sometimes nodding while going through Genesis, he might have disposed of that book also, by the same simple word "carry." Jacob commanded Joseph to carry his dead body out of Egypt, and lay it in the burying-place of his fathers: "Thou shalt carry," &c., Gen. xlvii. 29–30. Had Colenso got his eye on that magical word "carry," he would have laid the world under everlasting obligation by this sublime comment. "In fact, we have to *imagine* that Joseph had to carry *on his back*, on foot, the corpse of Jacob, with the embalming spices, and drugs, and encircling linen, and the coffin, out from the land of Goshen in Egypt, to the cave in the field of Machpelah in the land of Canaan; a distance of 213 miles, 5 furlongs, 17 yards, 2 feet, and $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches." As this was a feat beyond the strength of Joseph, it is obvious that a book which records such a command, must be an imposition. Equally happy is Colenso in many other of his conjectures. Nothing can be finer than his conception of all the sucking

babies in the Israelitish camp being assembled together to hear an address from Moses and Joshua; and of their united cries being sufficient to put the two speakers to the rout. It is, indeed, a conception unequalled in literature, and rests on a firmer basis than any other, seeing that Moses and Joshua addressed the *whole* congregation. So inestimable have been his exploits among the books of Moses, that we hope he will attack, and in like manner demolish, the four gospels. That will be an easy task since he has discovered the potency of the little word "*all*," as in every instance signifying *everything, without an exception*. No other mortal intellect could have hit upon the new and splendid mode of overturning the doctrine of Inspiration, by the use of the omnipotent monosyllable "all." "*All* Scripture is given by inspiration of God" says Paul; but in a moment, the Don's eagle-eyed mind perceived Paul's assertion to be false, because the clergy, in preaching, do not take their texts from *all* the verses, and *all* the words, and *all* the letters in the Bible. If they really believed that *all* Scripture was inspired, would they not preach from all parts thereof? as, for instance, the long tables of Jewish genealogy. Some of these lists could afford good texts for a year at the least. Unless the clergy wish to abandon the doctrine of Inspiration, they must shew their faith by their works. A proper list of texts will be drawn out, such as will be the foundation of most edifying discourses, as:—1st. Num. xxxiii. 22. "And they journeyed from Rissah, and pitched in Kehelathah." 2nd. Verse 23. "And they went from Kehelathah, and pitched in mount Shapher." 3rd. Verse 24. "And they removed from mount Shapher, and encamped in Haradah." This 33rd chapter of Numbers will give some forty valuable texts about removings, pitchings, and encampings. 4th. Sermon on Joshua xii. 11. "The king of Jarmuth, one; the king of Lachish one." 5th. Sermon on verse 12. "The king of Eglon one; the king of Gezer one;" and so on with the names of all the thirty and one kings mentioned in the chapter. 6th. Sermon on Jos. xv. 29. "Baalah, and Iim, and Azem." 7th. Sermon on verse 42. "Libnah, and Ether, and Asham;" and so with the names of all the cities and villages in the list. It is undeniable *these* names of kings and cities *are* profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, because they are in the inspired Scriptures, and *all* Scripture was given for these objects. What *fresh* stores of edification has the immortal Knight not opened up to the religious public by this far-reaching thought. Paul, when predicting the coming of men like the infidels in the Church of England, winds up with, "But they shall proceed no further: for their folly shall be manifest unto all men," 2 Tim. iii. 9. We do not believe it possible for infidelity to go further in absurdity than it has gone. A Don Crosskeylino, an infidel Unitarian preacher and liberator,

in his travels through Genesis, speedily found out that it was a villanous concoction, because it declared a rib was taken from Adam's side, whereas he had it on the authority of anatomy, that man has as many ribs on the one side as the other. Whereupon he published the discovery; but unfortunately forgot to caution all men or women with only one leg or arm not to marry; as their offspring would to a certainty be also minus a member—it being a physological fact that *accidents* to the individual, affect the whole species to the latest generations. Cutting an inch from the tail of a horse, or a dog, will for ever deprive the species of exactly an inch of tail.

We have frequently remarked that men have common sense in the affairs of business, but not a particle in those of religion. The treatment which Don Colenso has received from not a few literary hacks and newspaper gods is a proof of our assertion. If an officer in one of our regiments stationed in India, were to change in his opinions regarding the right of Britain to hold such a vast territory in subjection, and, *while receiving the pay of Britain expressly to uphold her influence in that land*, were to write articles fitted to bring her into contempt, and to raise rebellion: would the public press of Britain applaud that officer as a man who could think for himself, and had the courage and independence to publish his views? Would not every man who could grasp a pen condemn him as a traitor? But, if the traitor be not a soldier, but a bishop, the case is quite altered. Men expect fidelity in an officer, but not in a bishop! They believe, that when a soldier takes the oath, he does it without any mental reservation whatever, and therefore will keep it; but they have no such confidence in a bishop. They not only do not expect fidelity in a bishop, but rejoice in his treachery. The public press declares that the highest proof which a bishop can give of sincerity, is to take wages for teaching one creed, and then teaching exactly the opposite. Would those men in the Church of England who do not believe in her doctrines remain in her communion one hour if they had the slightest feeling of manhood? O, cursed Iagoes! for a place and pay to kiss the cross, and then turn round and stab religion in the dark. Come out, ye vilest hypocrites, ye basest traitors, ye sacerdotal thieves, and take the arm of Mr Holyoake, and then the world will give you credit for sincerity. But to *such* knaves, we know 'tis vain to speak. Will treachery like yours prepare a pillow for your dying hours?

Some weak-minded Christians are afraid of the attacks of infidelity, not perceiving that an infidel in arms against the Bible, is like a mouse nibbling at the base of a rock. Possibly Don Colenso feels his mouth sore, while the rock remains uninjured. Let the Bible, the Ark of our testimony, get down among the literary Philistines, and, as God liveth, they shall be glad to send it back, after it has smitten them terribly, and

disclosed to all men their malice, blindness, and imbecility. Infidelity never can contend with Christianity. The essence of Infidelity is *doubt*, and doubt is the grave of hope; but man cannot live without hope. On the side of the infidel, there is nothing but negation, which gives no strength; on that of the Christian, there are hope and the omnipotence of God, the two strongest forces in the universe. No one ever heard of an infidel dying at the stake for *his* opinions, or going as a missionary to enlighten the heathen. Are the works of Hume, or Bolingbroke, or any other infidel, published in as many languages and editions as the Bible? Are infidels really so blind as not to perceive they do not prevail? All the powers of earth and hell combined cannot suppress Christianity. They have tried it in the ages that are past—and failed. He who every spring renews the face of the ground, who causes grass, and herbs, and flowers, and trees to grow without the aid or will of man, shall every year renew some souls, who shall believe the truth, and send it down through all the ages yet to come. All the efforts of the human race could not extirpate the seeds of vegetation, or prevent their growth in spring; so all the power of man shall not arrest the growth of seed divine. The human race shall perish sooner than the Bible. "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever." Is. xl. 6-8. How He who sits in heaven laughs at the thoughts of man with respect to divine truth! Before Him all created intellect is nothing, and less than nothing. When the deranged soul of little man grasps a conception, which it rejoices over as fatal to Christianity, Jehovah, the inconceivable Jehovah, smiles in scorn and yet in pity at the worm's insanity. Well He knows He has only to say "*Return*," and that worm bites the dust. It is strange that a Christian who believes in the infinite weakness of man and the omnipotence of God, should feel the slightest alarm for the cause of Jesus Christ. What though all the Church of England were to rush into the arms of Popery or infidelity to-morrow? What though all Protestant professors and clergy were to prove false; would that affect the stability of truth, or disturb the Almighty God? Though there were but one Christian left in the world—by him Omnipotence could gather in the human race—by him Jehovah could crush all error, and o'erpower the hosts of earth and hell. Let us cease to look at man—the creature of a day; gazing on the Infinite, and standing by His side, the human race in arms will seem as nothing, and the heart triumphantly shall say, "We will not fear, though earth itself remove." Let infidels write on. Whenever they attack

Christianity, a Christian with gracious sense always knows there is a blessing at hand; that God will bring good out of man's evil intention. In our opinion, the very strongest evidences of Christianity are the writings of infidels. Lay them alongside the Bible, and in a moment the difference is seen between the human and the divine.

4th. The want of gracious sense amongst the men of science of our day is very great. If they had even an average share of common sense, we would not pity them so much. A man of a truly scientific cast of mind is a phenomenon. Science is a systematic arrangement of *facts* only, not of facts and appearances mixed together; it is a body of truth without error. He is the scientific *philosopher*, who can discover and classify the facts, and who has the wisdom to perceive and describe how the facts illustrate the character of God, and promote the happiness of man. To grasp the facts, and draw from them an erroneous conclusion, is an indication of prejudice or hostility to the truth; and yet nothing is more common than this infatuation. It is well that the number of philosophers is exceedingly small, and that both them and their conjectures are quite unknown to the mass of mankind. What some call philosophy, may be defined to be "the want of common sense." Some men have got so far in advance of their race, that they have discovered they are only fully developed apes. Such philosophers should emigrate to a gorilla settlement, as instructors of their undeveloped brethren. Others, after measuring Jupiter or Saturn, think Earth too small a spot to be the theatre of God's greatest work—that of redemption; as if either God or man delighted most in enormous bulk. These should persuade men to abandon their ridiculous preference of small creatures, and introduce into their dwellings an elephant to supplant the dog, to substitute a condor for a canary, and a whale for a gold fish. Professor Owen, in a recent lecture to the young men of London, made the remark, that physical death existed in the world before the fall of Adam; and that, therefore, sin was not the cause of the physical death which took place before the creation of man. If both had possessed a little gracious sense, this fact could have been so stated, and so received, that no offence would have been intended or taken. Give gracious sense the *facts* of geology, or of any other science, and very speedily it will find the way to the right conclusion. It is true, that physical death was in our world before the entrance of sin; we accept the fact, and rejoice in it. It gave angels joy. From eternity God purposed the human race should exist; should, at the appointed hour, appear upon this scene. Long before that hour His elder children, the angels, were rejoicing in the manifestations of their Father's power. World upon world of dead inanimate matter lay stretched in boundless profusion before their view.

Will that infinity of matter for ever remain inactive, motionless? was the question which they put one to another. Shall they have to wait for the answer till the material frame of Adam show how matter can live and operate upon matter most wondrously? Jehovah determined otherwise. Instead of waiting till the fulness of the times, when at His word man would spring from the dust, He resolved to begin far down in the scale of material being, and gradually approach the highest order of animated matter; the only order which could bend matter to its will; the order to which all others would be subject, the order which Divinity loved so much, as to purpose to ally Himself to it for ever in the person of Jesus Christ. If, in approaching this, His final idea—of uniting Himself to matter by becoming the brother of man—He made earth to pass through ten thousand epochs, each with its own peculiar class of irrational and *therefore transient* creatures, we would not have objected. There was nothing improper in His removing the inhabitants of one era to make room for those of a superior order. He thus only commanded animated matter back to dead insensible matter. The destruction of one race, foretold the approaching existence of another; one higher up in the scale of life. By the repeated changes He effected upon our globe and its inhabitants, He showed how boundless were His resources, how vast the variety of design which springs from His infinite mind. He advanced towards perfection slowly, through choice, not because of inadequate knowledge or power. At last man appeared. But is man perfect? Can Infinity go no further? Can matter not be made to assume a finer form than the body of man? Could a creature not be constituted with far greater power over matter than man possesses? Mighty as is the power of man over matter, as his manufactures in every branch of trade attest, he is but a worm compared with what Omnipotence can yet bring forth. The Creator can and shall yet fashion a creature far more glorious than finite mind can draw, or human heart desire to see. The sun as he shineth in his strength is but a faint resemblance of the brightness of that living creature upon whom Jehovah shall expend His highest skill and power. That creature is man in eternity—the germ of that creature is man in time. The nature which Jesus Christ has assumed, is the nature which shall yet be lifted as high as God Himself can raise it.

We are not in the least disturbed at the fact that physical death existed before the Adamic era, for it was necessary to make way for a nobler life—all the changes earth has undergone were required, to prepare it for being a fit residence for man. Nor are we in the least disturbed at the thought that now, after the fall, death is requisite to introduce us to a higher form of life. Had Adam continued to walk with God, Omnipotence would have shielded him from all accident, peril, disease, and pain,

and at the fit time, transformed the grosser into the more spiritual matter, and translated him to a more magnificent scene of being. But since the fall has occurred, we are quite willing that the body, which has sinned, should be taken down, and re-solved into inanimate elements; so that the purged soul may at the last inhabit a fresh creation—a house cleansed and undefiled, as beautiful in its purity as in its immortality. If men, called philosophers, dream that man would have died even if he had not sinned, and that he is too trifling and insignificant to be destined to eternal duration, we will dream in exactly the opposite direction. Let us for a moment dream—about what?—the death of Abel, which was the real beginning of his life. When rudely slain by his brother's vengeful hand, two that shone like orbs celestial, seized the soul, the gory clay released, and bore it upwards with the speed of light. Through sky on sky, through firmaments ten thousand, each more lovely than the last, they sped their way. And now a city is in sight, no mortal eye could rest upon. No vision, not prepared by grace, could bear the light at once so holy, sweet, and strong. The walls and gates were pearls, such as earth ne'er saw; not grains as here, but mountains luminous with all the love, the purity, the joy, that there doth ever reign. No clouds were on its sky. It was a dome on which the eye could ever rest, for God Himself shone there. Ours is but a little seed devoid of beauty; it, the stately full grown tree. Quick, as if joy moved them, the celestial gates wide opened. Heaven saw the three and ceased from all pursuits to gaze. One was a spirit fair and young, less tall and strong than those who bore him there. His beauty was the charm of boyhood; theirs of riper years. He started back as if amazed at glory indescribable. They smiled, and led him on to one who from His throne arose to meet the visitor. He seemed both God and man, the very soul and life of all the joy in heaven. At His feet the martyr spirit knelt, and watered them with tears of gratitude. And now a song—for 'twas the hour of evening praise—burst forth, that filled the dome, vast as it was. Cherub, seraph, and angel, swelled the harmony, so heavenly sweet, ecstatic, and ennobling; mortals in highest reverie never dream of such; while archangels' mighty voice sustained the pedal notes, "*are nothing in Thy sight,*" till the walls of the celestial temple shook, and the foundation of the throne of God was moved with gentle tremor. Thus they sang:—

"Triune God,
Eternal, independent, source of life,
Infinite in thy joy as in thy pow'r
Before thy word commanded us to live
And share Thy bliss. Thy goodness brought us forth
To bask for ever in Thy smile of love.
By Thee we live, and move, and breathe, and shine;
By Thee our thoughts pierce heaven, and earth, and hell,

And time, and space, to see Thy glory there.
On Thee we hang dependent; *are nothing*
In thy sight; and yet Thy home, Thy heart, Thy
Boundless empire, and eternity are ours.
Thy life, Thy thoughts, Thy plans, Thy wondrous works,
Are for our growth and joy. Therefore, to Thee,
Almighty God, Creator inconceivable,
Father of our life, we, in the highest
Do ascribe glory and pow'r, wisdom and love,
For ever and for ever."

They ceased—the martyr spirit, from an overflowing heart, addressed his Saviour King. Feeble compared with theirs his voice, and yet more sweet, with tenderest emotion fraught, and sweeter far his song. The pathos of its ardent love drew tears from angels' eyes, and thrilled the very soul of God.

"Thou hast redeemed me with Thy life, Thy blood,
O spotless Lamb of God! Thou hast loved me;
Upon my soul how often hast thou breathed
In mercy; made my swollen heart rejoice,
And banished all my grief. Dispelled sad thoughts
Of Eden lost, and with mysterious touch,
Awakened hopes of yet a nobler paradise,
Which made my face to smile and beam with joy
Unutterable. Then my sweet words of hope,
Dried up my father and my mother's tears.
Through that short life I led on earth below,
Thou wert my guide and joy; my pardoning,
Strengthening God. Oft as my soul wandered
From Thy side, Thou gently didst restore it;
Pillowed my troubled heart upon the peace
Of Thy forgiveness, and bathed it in
The sunshine of Thy love. And now, through faith
In Thee, my soul's trust in Thy saving blood,
(The type of which I offered with acceptance
For my sins), I here am brought, when all around
So glorious seems, I know not I exist.
My soul for ever at Thy feet shall bow;
Yea, rather, on the footstool of my heart
Shall Thy loved feet for ever rest. My Priest,
My King, my Teacher, and my God, this soul,
The purchase of Thy life, shall sound Thy praise
In love, while everlasting ages roll."

All heaven stood mute. Every eye was moist. The God-man, with a touch and tone more soft than angel ever knew, raised up the weeping, happy child, entranced with joy, the joy of gratitude. "Weep not," He said, "for thou art mine, and mine shall never weep, in this their everlasting home. Not to my feet, but to my heart thou ever welcome art. See, these thine elder brothers long to greet thee—mix with them awhile, and make their bliss complete. But stay not long away. This is thy seat nearest my throne—come freely to my breast as often as thou wilt, and then my joy shall greater be than thine." From that hour archangels pressed the solo singer to their heart,

as mother does her babe, snatched from the jaws of death. The presence of that young human spirit in their midst, was like a lovely woman's among men. Their soul was touched with softness never felt before. They gazed, and still they gazed on beauty perfect as their own, for power divine had washed the heart from sin, and decked it with imperishable loveliness. He was a solo singer then, not now; for myriads out of every clime surround the throne, and swell the glad salvation song. Their elder brothers envy not their bliss, their thrones contiguous to divinity, their priestly robes, or regal crowns. As in a family below, the elder ones rejoice when kind parental care is heaped upon the young, so in the family above. The ministering spirits find a joy in witnessing the honours paid by Christ to man, the youngest child in heaven, and yet the heir of God. No greater joy they seek than hovering o'er a dying bed, to bear a ransomed spirit home. They know the song that Abel sung, the song that tells that *God is love,* that justice smiles approval upon mercy's sacrifice, is sweeter in the Saviour's ears than their own mighty thunderings of praise. They still remember how He looked when the first blood-bought one knelt in gratitude; how then upon the sky of heaven there burst a star, whose radiance lightened every soul; whose beams ineffable dispelled the darkness justice threw around the throne of God, and made archangels gaze upon the heart of the Omnipotent without fear. That evening star, (called Mercy), shall for over shine above, the sweetest in the firmament of heaven. And Jesus remembered that hour, when as He trode our earth, and thought of Calvary, "He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem, there to be offered up." Luke ix. 51.

What joy do men of science deny themselves, by questioning nature without a reference to God. To the heart that loves the beneficent all-wise Creator, nature whispers her secrets, in her soul-subduing tones. How happy the astronomer who, on scanning the brilliant brow of night, and sending his thoughts to the remotest fields of space, can thus address the Infinite, and the stars which tell His power, to fill the heart to overflowing in the life to come—"And these glorious orbs are all mine, Father, for they are thine, and all thine is mine—creation to its utmost bound is for thy children to enjoy. How great they are, and yet how small they seem; in this they are the emblem of my own immortal soul, my bright eternal destiny. Lovely stars keep whispering to me night by night, that little though I now appear, I mighty am—small in this corner of the universe, a feeble glittering speck in time—I shall be glorious, more glorious than ye, when in eternity I dwell beside my Father's throne. Little now I seem like ye, because I am so far away from Him, my being's life and joy. If ye, in vast dimension, and innumerable hosts can swell my soul, what can He not do whose span's your

orbit, who called you forth in beauty with a word." But instead of thus revelling in holy delight, some men of science appear content to live without hope, for they are without God in this world. In the ranks of Science and Philosophy, how many are there who cannot conceal their contempt of the Bible, which alone hath brought immortality to light, and thrown around the future life an undecaying glory. With what eagerness they seize upon every *appearance* in nature, which seemeth to contradict the references in Scripture to the material world. Poor silly men, caught in a snare—and justly caught—their head beguiled, befooled, and blinded by their heart. God the Omniscient knew well the fallen human heart, and how to test it. He hath filled nature, providence, and the Scriptures with *appearances*, for the very purpose of laying bare "the thoughts and intents of the heart." He could have so expressed himself in the Bible, that it would have been difficult to fall into error, and yet in wisdom, He permitted sufficient obscurity to mislead His enemies. As we have seen, not a single Jew understood the prophecies concerning Christ, until He came and made their meaning plain. Not a man living, can now interpret the book of Revelation as those will do who live to see the prophecies fulfilled. That book may not be fully understood for a thousand years to come. The very same darkness that envelopes the predictions, surrounds the references in the Bible to our globe. God knew to a certainty man would misunderstand Him, and yet He heeded not; for He also knew that science, *when at maturity*, would lift the veil, and give the true interpretation. God will raise up some men to discover, and others to apply the *facts* of science, so as to prove the voices of nature and of revelation are but one. What is it that moves some pretenders to scientific knowledge, to endeavour to make the material and the verbal revelations clash?—nothing but an alienated heart. They may save themselves the trouble; they need not publish at once their ignorance and their hatred of the truth. Other men shall follow, who shall search them out and lay them low. We hold God, the infinite in knowledge and in power, bound to substantiate His written word; and He shall do it in the course of coming years, though not at the command of worms. Darkly He spoke to Moses on the mount, in telling how the heaven and earth burst out of chaos at His voice. He knows the hour when at His word, some master spirit shall arise, shall gaze on nature, then upon his Father's face, and tell to man the story of creation. Until science be fully grown, till all appearances are fled, till facts alone are held and classified, men would do well to let the Bible point to heaven, not earth. In a dying hour a knowledge of the different strata of the earth we are leaving for ever, will prove a miserable portion for the life to come. Strange that men will think of the land they leave, but not of that to which they go. Strange that

men will shut out God from His own world. According to philosophical speech it is not God who upholds all things, it is the laws of nature! What is a law of nature? A certain power possessed by *matter*, dead, unconscious, and unthinking matter. How wonderful that power—how far surpassing all the faculties of the highest created mind. The sun shines year after year with undiminished strength—men could not keep a lighthouse lamp thus shining. The sun is the true chronometer; man can secure perfect accuracy of time, only by depending upon dead matter, which acts without his will! All the created mind in the universe could not fashion the body of an infant. Man, angel, and archangel, would attempt that task in vain. But what of that, since unreflecting matter can easily do it, since matter possesses a higher intelligence than mind! There is no design on the part of parents; yet millions of infants are produced by the design of a law of nature. How stupendous are the powers of matter! It can select the proper atoms for the eyes, the brain, the hands, the feet, for every member; assign each fibre its own functions; give to each part the just proportion, the exquisite relation to another; make the ten thousand parts accord in harmony; prepare a palace for the soul, and place it there; create, in short, a myriad wonders, mind hath never yet disclosed; wonders before which anatomy stands dumb. And what a memory has matter; it can remember all the countenances of the myriads in the generations past; their form and shape, their voice and gait, their individuality, so as never again to make one man the exact copy of another. How vast its knowledge! It knows how many sons and daughters are in every family on earth, and distributes them in the just proportion, so as to preserve in every land the true equality between the sexes. A law of nature then has skill most wonderful; power to execute its plans; wisdom and goodness, memory and universal knowledge. It has, indeed, every attribute of God, and yet it is only unthinking, unconscious matter! Satan should rear a monument high as the roof of Pandemonium, to the fool of fools who first used the phrase "law of nature" to signify a power of nature to act independently of God. The memory of such a blind adorer of the dust, hell should ever cherish. A law of nature is God acting upon matter according to the pleasure of His will. Unseen by us He commands every atom to assume the form His infinite mind desires. The alienated heart may not perceive His ceaseless action, but the soul that leans upon His bosom, sees His wonder-working hands in constant operation. He is truly a God that concealeth Himself. He hides Himself beneath the uniformity which men ascribe to nature's laws. The duration and degree of that uniformity, depend on God alone—every atom in the universe is obedient to His will, subserves His everlasting plans.

We regret that there are some Christians who seem afraid of the objections raised by men of science to the Bible. These Christians are only babes in knowledge and in faith. Did God from the beginning of the world not foreknow all the objections to His word, which the rebellious heart would make in every age, and is He, since He knows the thoughts of His enemies, not able to defend His own cause? God be thanked for all the opposition of infidels, whether they be preachers or professors, learned philosophers, or uneducated members of the common herd. Whenever men assail Christianity, there is always some blessing at hand. The attack stimulates the church to ascend to a higher elevation of knowledge and purity. All the objections raised by dabblers in science rest upon *appearances*, which have the power to deceive only until the sun of facts arise. A man with a little gracious sense will calmly stand by the side of Omnipotence, and let God fight His foes. Jehoshaphat was a very sensible man. He thus addressed his God, "In thine hand is there not power and might, *so that none is able to withstand Thee.*" 2 Chron. xx. 6. God rewarded his faith by sending madness within the camp of the opposing army, so that every man within it "*helped to destroy another.*" 2 Chron. xx. 23. Christian, "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord," Ex. xiv. 13; for He will make infidel to strike down infidel. Sometimes within the same mind are held ideas which are mutually destructive of each other. Thus, some who pass for being learned, and whose weapons against the Bible are *appearances*, believe, 1st, That the laws of nature are uniform and unalterable, and that, therefore, miracles such as those recorded in the Bible, were, and are, impossible; 2nd, That the fossil animals of the different geological epochs lived and moved upon our earth. Let us play a little with these two propositions. 1st, It is contrary to the experience of men in this age, and all preceding ages, that these fossil creatures lived and moved—for no man ever saw them in life, therefore they never lived. This is quite as sound reasoning as that of the sceptic concerning the miracles in the Scriptures. Thus to bring a dead man (as Lazarus) to life, is contrary to uniform experience; therefore that supposititious miracle never was performed. 2nd, The laws of nature are uniform and unalterable; there are no such deposits of living creatures now taking place, in rock or stone; therefore, when geologists conjecture that such deposits were really made in bygone eras, they only dream. Or, 3rd, To make the second proposition strike down the first, geology proves that in successive epochs, long past, creatures existed on this globe, which could not now exist, on account of their organisation requiring a different constitution from that which the earth at present has, therefore the laws of nature have not been uniform and unalterable in epochs long past, nor even in our own epoch, as the

deluge proves, but have repeatedly been changed, modified, and suspended, by an agent possessed of power to effect such changes. When Hume published his celebrated Sophism about miracles, the church took the alarm and buckled on her armour. She might have sat still and laughed. Infidels, before his time, had asserted man was not created by God, but has existed in an eternal series. Of course they allowed that there would be a first pair at the top of the series. Hume engulfed the whole generation of such infidels; for, since the laws of nature are uniform and unalterable, and every pair has a father and mother, the first pair at the top of the series must have had a father and mother, and so the first pair was not the first pair. Indeed, Hume's sophistry showed at once that there never could be a first pair. For a long time this admirable sophistry extinguished the Bible, and almost prevented any more copies from being printed. Then when geology began to mutter its discoveries, infidels rejoiced that Christianity would be speedily and for ever crushed; but alas, alas, the rocks crushed only poor David Hume and all his tribe. The rocks showed that Deity *had* operated on our globe in far distant ages, according to the good pleasure of His will; that the laws of nature were not uniform and unalterable, and that He who has changed them thrice, could change or suspend them ten thousand times; that their uniformity and unchangeableness depend on God alone. One generation of infidels *shall* strike down another. Thus cover with confusion all thine enemies, O Lord. These men act as if nothing would give them greater joy than to be able to prove the Bible false. Deriving no comfort from its great and precious promises themselves, they are irritated at others finding it a fountain of peace. But in a world like this, man requires hope in the future, to sustain him in the present. Where will he find a substitute for the Bible, as a solid ground of hope?

The laws of nature are sufficiently uniform to enable God to conceal Himself, and sufficiently often changed, modified, or suspended, to enable a loving heart to behold its Father's omnipotence and wisdom preserving the universe. A close observer of nature, especially of vegetable and animal life, will see such indications of departure from law (as for instance in the case of the potato disease; children with faculties surpassing, or inferior, to what physiologists would judge their parents capable of producing), as to convince him the finger of God has been there. Doubtless, were we fully acquainted with the planetary system, and the changes effected upon the different globes, by a God who is for ever at work, we would see that a law of nature was neither more nor less than matter at the command of God, acting in a certain manner, during such length of time as He desired.

Paul says, "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called" (1 Cor. i. 26) to know God as their reconciled Father in Jesus Christ. Many men of learning and of great intellect seem quite content to remain strangers to the God of the spirits of all flesh. So satisfied are they with their acquirements and supposed greatness, that to become an heir of the infinite Jehovah, would not add to their importance or happiness. So long as they resolve to do without God, He will manage to do without them. They will wait an eternity before they find Him on His knees entreating their favourable consideration. We would rather have Him cease to exist, than behold Him bowing down before worms, finite in their capacity; uncertain, conjectural in their knowledge; and yet almost infinite in their presumption. There is no depth to which Jesus Christ will not stoop to lift the humble up. He will go anywhere to call sinners to repentance, but the whole who need not a physician, the self-righteous who need not a Saviour, the learned who need not a teacher from God, shall be left alone to perish. If men called philosophers do not now feel they are nothing in the sight of Omnipotence, the proof is not far distant, it shall meet them on the other side of the grave. One is most sad at finding such an intellect as that of Sir William Hamilton could write on the impossibility of our knowing God in this world. If we love God we shall know Him exactly as we know each other. No man knows the *nature or essence* of his friend's soul; we are acquainted only with the outward manifestations of the heart. A knowledge of the body is nothing; the soul, not the body, is the thinking feeling man. God is a Father, and makes Himself known in this relation as fully as an earthly parent. 1st, A wise earthly father conceals some of his information from his children, because it would be neither kind nor prudent to entrust their undeveloped capacity with it all. So the Father in heaven has hidden many curious points of information from His children on earth, because these are either above their present range of thought, or would be dangerous and destructive of their peace. It would do us no good to know the size, appearance, weight, colour. &c., of God, the nature of the resurrection body, or of the soul's existence, until clothed again with its renewed body. Every thing which would gratify our idle curiosity, would draw away our attention from our duty. Even in heaven God wisely conceals many things from His most beloved children. Neither Michael, Gabriel, nor any other most favoured servant, knows the exact day when the trumpet of doom shall declare time shall be no more. God will never inform any of the hosts of heaven in what manner the Son proceeded from the Father, or attempt to give an idea of what kind of power is required to make worlds out of nothing. Farewell for ever to peace in heaven, when the happy spirits there allow their

thoughts to dwell on themes which the infinitely wise God knows it is necessary to keep concealed from the creature mind. The spirits of the blessed must keep to their proper orbit of thought, or a fall and all the consequent misery of a fall would be the certain result. There is no danger of a fall, however, for God will make each soul so happy from legitimate objects of thought that none will ever seek to roam in foolish speculation. 2nd, A loving earthly father communicates to his children such knowledge as is for their benefit and happiness, and so does God. Both the natural and the spiritual parents seek to make themselves known to their offspring by displaying the qualities of their mind. Both show kindness, gentleness, pity, love, displeasure at folly or sin. The manifestation of God's disposition to a Christian is not less real than that of an earthly father to his child. The only difference is, that the father according to flesh can reach the heart of his son or daughter only indirectly through the bodily senses, by the kindly look, or word, or fond caress, whereas God has the power to operate *directly* upon the mind, without the medium of the senses. The nature of God is known from the nature of His working upon the soul, a work which though concealed from the gaze of men, is as sensibly felt as the heat of a fire. Suppose at a pic-nic party there are twelve persons sitting on the grass with their backs to the sun; a person behind them holds a burning glass in such a position as to throw the concentrated rays upon the bare neck of one of the twelve. The unusual sensation of heat instantly makes the person acted upon to turn round. He is perfectly certain that such a feeling of warmth could arise from no common cause. So when the Holy Ghost breathes upon the heart, the soul knows some one is touching it, knows it is a kindly touch, a touch of love. There are some men and women who can truly say they have known God better than ever they knew their father or mother. Many long years' experience of the fatherliness of God has taught them His character, has taught them all those qualities of His, which promote the soul's growth in self-knowledge, purity, power, and happiness. His dealings with them proved He possesses wisdom, hatred of sin, patience, forbearance, long-suffering, compassion, forgiving mercy, and most tender love. At one time He would withdraw His hand, and allow them to stumble, that the fall might convince them of their weakness, proneness to evil, ceaseless need of the Holy Ghost, and the odiousness of sin. He would send such chastisement as assured them sin would not dwell with Him, nor even folly find a covering before Him; and then He would kindly lift them up, bestow more grace, and breathe over the heart His forgiveness, making it water His feet in gladness, as it felt He was reconciled to it again. Constantly He showed that as a Father He knew how to educate and provide for His own. How

often in difficulties He opened a door of escape, and gave deliverance. There is not a touching scene in the experience of the child under the parental roof, that has not had its counterpart in the life of many believers. Sometimes a wanderer from the home of his childhood, a smitten down prodigal son, has returned with broken constitution to linger on a while, to lay him down and die. His mother, with a depth of tenderness and delicacy peculiar to a woman's love, would smile upon the faded face, and try to cheer the heart that crouched in desolation; but she tried to feel at ease in vain, for well the wanderer saw that the eyes which beamed unutterable pity, when out of sight, allowed the tears to flow for him without restraint. So when the soul has strayed far from the path of life, when peace has gone, and hope has almost fled, when all on earth was dark and heaven frowned deep displeasure, there suddenly has come a glow of such relief, a whispering of such words of hope, a feeling as if God Himself had played the mother's part, that the swollen heart has burst out in a flood of tears, has kissed the feet of Him whose name is Love, has laid itself upon His breast, and said, "I know thou hast been weeping for me in thine Infinite sympathy, my God of love. Oh, are all my wanderings now past, my Father; all my aberrations ceased? Shall not my soul now cling to Thee for ever? Oh Holy Ghost, bind me to my Father's side for ever with Thy grace."

Jesus Christ said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," John xiv. 9. "If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also," John viii. 19. To know Jesus Christ was not to see Him, to hear Him, to behold His miracles. It was through a loving heart to comprehend His character, to perceive the heavenly wisdom, gentleness, meekness, abhorrence of evil, and yet compassion and love for the sinner, which the eye of the heart could discern in all His actions. Jesus Christ was known then not by the natural eye, but by the heart; not by seeing, but by feeling; and in this manner alone will God ever be known either in earth or heaven. The dry intellect of a philosopher will never attain to a knowledge of God. But with the humble and contrite spirit God has promised to *dwell*, and if He dwell in the soul, *that* soul *must* know God. It does not require to see Him, feeling is all that is necessary. A blind child, by sensation, may be as conscious of kindness received as any child with sight. Of course no mind in which God does not dwell can know Him. The manifestation of God to the heart, "the *hidden* manna He gives it, no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it." Rev. ii. 17.

Not know God; why that's most strange! Out upon philosophy, hell born, that seeks to sever man from God. It is the midnight hour; the sufferer on his couch is softly slumbering. A woman's form appears before the shaded bed. She stoops to listen to his

feeble breathing, to gaze upon his pallid cheek. She lingers still, anxious to place her hand upon his fevered brow, to learn the temper of his sore disease, and yet afraid the gentlest pressure might disturb that faint repose. Her hand comes near and is as oft withdrawn. At last she feels the dew drops on his brow. He wakens, but he shows it not. Softly as a shadow, she retires. He saw her not; he heard her not; to him she was invisible as God; but that soft touch proclaimed her ever watchful loving care, how deep the fountain of affection sweet was in his own wife's breast. So, O Christ, eternal God, Thy touch upon the heart is quite enough, is all we seek to know. Jerusalem saw Thee, and was lost; we see Thee not, but *have* Thee in our soul, and thus rejoice with joy that's full of glory. Ah, Sir William Hamilton, had you been reconciled to God, through the atoning blood of Christ, you *would* have known Jehovah, known Him in those attributes which *now* can make, and shall for ever make the creature blest. All other knowledge would not yield an hour's delight to man. Is it said that the saving knowledge of God in this life is a delusion? Then call it the *strong* delusion, for it had a strength which enabled the primitive Christians and millions more to face death in all those terrible forms at which our nature shudders. Bear witness Rome. Enveloped in a sheet of flame these martyrs stand undauntedly before their foes, their life blood mingling with the liquid brimstone stream. The crowd have filled the arena; a crowd the most barbaric on the earth, have come to see the strong delusion brave the hungry lion's gleaming eye, to see it calmly gaze on heaven, even when the wild beast's roar proclaimed that death advanced. The attendant slave draws back the bolted door. There lies a simple peasant youth in sweet repose. All night he heard the wild beast's call for food, and knew that in the morning his own blood would quench its ravenous appetite. He breathed his soul's desire into the heart of God.—"Now let me nobly die for Thee, who gave Thy life for me." The crucified One heard the prayer. He lulled that suffering body into sleep. He bathed that trusting heart in heavenly bliss. A holy smile lights up that peasant's face. The parted lips, the eyebrows slightly raised, as if in wonder at a glorious scene, tell that the soul is far away while its companion rests upon the heap of straw. He is gazing on the crown held in the hands of Christ, the garden with its tree of life, the throne round which archangels stand to honour the redeemed, the open arms of the Almighty God welcoming the martyr spirit to an ineffable embrace. Haste! Rouse the dreamer; call the lions forth, and see how faith in Christ can overcome, can make a man a God. A delusion! Then call it the sweet delusion. Some of the city's filth we have seen, as these pages testify; we have also seen some of its loveliness; how grace can

ennoble poor fallen human nature. We have seen this delusion solace the afflicted; rob disease of its pain, poverty of its hardships, disappointment of its sting, the dark valley of its gloom, death of its terrors. We have seen it a soft pillow of peace for the departing, both in age and youth. Lately, a girl, ripening into womanhood, surrounded by every comfort, by all which could make life to be desired, longed to be away, to be with Him she loved. When within a few moments of dissolution, she, feeling nature about to be overcome, nerved her soul with strength, by clinging to the sweet delusion, "Mother, sing There is rest for the weary!" While their voices sang of "the green fields in Eden where the tree of life is blooming," her gentle spirit fled away to everlasting rest. A delusion! Unless all the volunteers of the training division are under its most blessed influence, their labours will have little effect upon our city's crime and woe.

5th. The majority of our literary writers manifest a most lamentable want of gracious sense. While paying homage to the vices, follies, and opinions of men, especially of their own circle, they take care to show they are independent of God, and indifferent to the duties which man owes his Maker. It is a terrible revenge which He takes. It is to leave them to themselves. He has left even our greatest writers to confess at the termination of their career that life was the dream of a dream. If we had stood at the death-bed of the idols of the world, as Byron, Burns, Walter Scott, and too many more to be mentioned, would we not have turned away from the saddening sight, and breathed out—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like His." It is most painful for a Christian to read the remarks in a newspaper on the decease of some well-known writer or man of eminence—"how he submitted with resignation to *his mournful fate*," &c. Such words tell us the person who wrote them did not believe the departed had entered into unutterable glory—that the light of the gospel did not irradiate the tomb. The departed cared not for God, and God took care that he should have no *triumph* in his death, and that the survivors should have no joy. But then a bust in Westminster Abbey—raise a monument to the inhabitants of Jupiter, and calculate how much it will increase their happiness.

We do not expect gracious sense from newspaper editors. A newspaper is a commercial speculation. The proprietor insists it shall be conducted in such a manner as to pay. Men in the mass do not desire to know the truth, and nothing but the truth. They will endure only those who will flatter their prejudices and *tone down* (to use an editorial phrase) the truth to square with their own opinions. Hence a truly independent man—a thorough slave of Jesus Christ, would, unless possessed of very great mental power, either be speedily dismissed, or bring the paper to a

starvation death. A thorough slave of Jesus Christ would be free as the winds, as the angels in heaven, of the fear of man that bringeth a snare. Before lifting his pen, he would look in the face of God and breathe out—"Father, keep me from writing what will displease Thee, what will arrest the progress of the truth or the happiness of man, for the cause of humanity is Thine." He would not prostitute his soul for favour, friendship, fame, honour, wealth, for earth itself, though all its mountains were of gold. He would know his editorial articles, though ephemeral on earth, would meet him in eternity. Were it possible to get such a man appointed to be the organ of any one church, a collision between him and its leaders would soon occur. He would deem it necessary in the cause of progress to point out the defects of his own denomination as well as of others, and with a manly breadth of soul acknowledge excellence wherever found. But this very nobleness of soul men in the mass cannot bear; they will pay for tools to prove that wrong is right, that they themselves are right. Too often an editor is the mere tool of a party. We pity editors, for they have not time to collect information, to discriminate, to write; we pity them, for they have no home. While other men are with their families or asleep, their weary brains are at their task, frequently spurred up with alcohol to dole out length, not sense. Their treatment by society reminds us of a story we heard in our youth. Two Italians paid their addresses to the same fair girl. Of course, only one was successful. The disappointed suitor vowed a deep revenge. Nothing but the heart's blood of his rival would quench the fire of deadly hate. To escape the dagger's point, the married pair changed city for hamlet, and village for town, but all in vain. Scarcely were they in a new habitation, when the dark face of sleepless revenge was seen upon the track. At last the husband one night, after having reached a city to which he dreamed his enemy would never come, set out on business a short distance from his home. In the dark, in a moment, a powerful hand laid him upon his back, a strong knee on his breast pressed him to the ground, a poniard gleamed before his eyes. "Oh, spare my life!" "Yes," said the demon, "I will spare your life if you deny your God." Nearer the point approached the heart until the trembling lips denied their God. Then with a look of triumph fierce, infernal, the fiend exclaimed, as he plunged the weapon home, "I have damned thee in the life to come, and now I damn thee in this." Society first demands of those who conduct newspapers—"Deny your God, bring in your workmen on Sabbath afternoon (yet not until we have got home from church), so that on Monday morning our newspaper may supplant the Bible on our breakfast table. Be our representative—not the representative of truth and God." And having got compositors, steam engines, and printing presses set agoing on the Sabbath,

it then remunerates the tools with such a pittance, that they are driven out of existence, the income being less than the expenditure. The church is often irritated at the loose tone of the newspaper press on the subject of Sabbath observance. Can she really be so insane as to expect that those who keep their servants, engines, and presses going, to meet the wishes of the members of the church, will advocate the hallowing of the Sabbath day? If a newspaper were to be started on proper principles, avoiding Sabbath labours, and *endeavouring to judge on every subject as God judges*, so as to hasten the oncoming of the millennial rest, would the members of the church pay one farthing more for each copy than for a paper managed as at present? Verily, the majority would not. And, yet, such newspapers we must have, if the world is ever to be lifted up. The press, as an educational agency, is more extensively at work than even the pulpit. We are not sorry at the decease of the *Scottish Guardian* and the *Witness*, if their successors be the organs, not of one denomination, but of all the evangelical churches. It is time that those who care for the moral and religious elevation of the people, were endowing at least one daily newspaper which would make itself felt, and one weekly periodical for the working-classes. This last would be the organ of the Volunteer missionaries, and should combine the attractiveness of the London penny weeklies, the excellencies of *The Leisure Hour*, *Good Words*, &c., with articles of a more practical character on social reform than any of them contain. If the piety and intellect of Scotland were contributors to these two, and if they were conducted by thorough slaves of Jesus Christ, they would prove of incalculable benefit in the reformation of society. Would that some wealthy members of each denomination, would subscribe the requisite sum to secure success and permanency. They would thus bless their country more than by endowing twenty churches or a hundred schools.

For many years past the church has sounded her trumpet against Sabbath desecration, and (*in the first place*) has sounded in precisely the wrong direction. It is the old story about the beam in our own eye, and the mote in our neighbour's. The church has always looked *without*, instead of, in the first instance, looking *within*. So indiscriminate has been the admission of members that the majority *are* Sabbath desecrators. We challenge any one congregation in Scotland to produce a hundred members who, sincerely on the Sabbath, pray that their eyes, ears, and tongues, may be turned away from vanity, Ps. cxix. 37, and who manifest their sincerity, by refraining in their conversation, from unnecessary reference to the passing news of the day. Many presbyteries are at this moment very properly condemning pleasure-walking on the Sabbath, but do ministers know that a large proportion of the pedestrians are their own

hearers? What can the world do but follow the example of the church? Why are the majority of church members Sabbath desecrators? *Because they find no joy from their religious profession.* We must begin to recognise it as an axiom, "That the human heart *will* follow that which pleases it most." Sabbath observance depends upon the state of the heart, not of the head. If a man have strong love to God he *will* keep the Sabbath, if he has no love, all the good advices in the world will not make him keep it. To a certainty the heart will follow that which gives it the greatest pleasure. To effect a reformation in the world, the proper method is to begin with the church. Show the members how they can get more joy in hallowing the Sabbath than in profaning it, how the company of God is sweeter than that of man, how the heart in Heaven, by faith, swims in a holy delight, which, while creeping on the earth it can never know. It *is* the want of spiritual joy which is the cause of our Sabbath desecration. And the church confesses her want of joy, by doing all she can to impress the world with the notion that Christians are of all men the most miserable. The members sit at the communion table with faces as solemn and sad as if they were going to be executed. Ministers, at the close of the year, give doleful harangues like the tolling of a funeral bell. If a minister, who felt he was a son of God, were, in a New-Year's address, to look up and smile in the face of Him, gazing on the congregation, and to say, "We are glad, Father, we are a year's march nearer home," such language, look, and tone, would convince the onlookers that true religion gave a sweet holy peace, gave to the believer a charmed life, made him ready at a moment's notice for bidding farewell to earth. More joy we must have; yet let us not affect it when we have it not. Such hollowness would soon be seen. One envies the primitive Christians. They dwelt in a sunny clime. The warm beams of God's love beating on the heart made the graces grow luxuriantly, made a paradise within. These first disciples "were *filled* with joy and with the Holy Ghost," Acts xiii. 52. As with David, God was their chiefest joy, and so delightful to them was the Sabbath-day, lovely the house of prayer.

While believing that we should turn our attention *first* to the church, and spend twice as much time in praying for grace to the world as we do in condemning its conduct, we would not let those escape who, week after week, write senseless tirades against our Scottish Sabbath, and our national austerity, hypocrisy, and gloom. Hypocrites are we! Yes, we are hypocrites, for there is not a man on earth who is not a hypocrite; every member of the fallen race *has* the faculty of concealment. But there are some hypocrites who lament over their imperfections and shortcomings, confess them to God, and strive to do better; while there are many hypocrites so putrid, that they know it is

needless to try to hide their nature, and so they make no profession. There is some hope of a man who speaks out for the right, though his own life may be behind the conviction of his reason and conscience; but woe to that man who first does wrong, and then unblushingly defends it. We cannot be angry at those who hate our Scottish Sabbaths, for, alas, they speak as they feel; they confess they are strangers to heavenly joys.

Yet spare us our Sabbath! ye pretenders to philanthropy. Howard the angel of philanthropy, Wilberforce, and all the mighty dead who felt for man aright, all around whose head celestial glory gathers, hallowed the sacred day.

Spare us our Sabbath! ye who quote old Scotia's bard; ye who admire his noble independence, his universal sympathy, even with the meanest of God's works; his recognition of the brotherhood of man. A bard, who, if possessed of gracious sense, had stood beside the sun, and poured the light of genius true and brave, on all that God approves, on all that man holds dear. Was Burns a canting hypocrite, when he penned these immortal lines, descriptive of preparation for an approaching Sabbath?

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion wi' judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

. . . . . .

Then kneeling down to heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

. . . . . .

Then homeward all take off their several way:
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm request,
That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

Spare us our Sabbath! *For the world's sake.* Who are they whose ears are ever open to the cry of suffering humanity, who found in all our cities those institutions of beneficence, which are the offspring of Christianity, and the ornament of civilisation, but they who keep holy the day of rest, but they whose heads like lofty mountains pierce the clouds, and bring to earth the riches of the sky.

Spare us our Sabbath! *Ye know not our joys.* The Sabbath is the angel that invites us to ascend and look upon the bride in glory. Rev. xxi. 9. Entering by faith within that great city, the holy Jerusalem, Rev. xxi. 10, we stand beside the spirits of our race made perfect, beside those brighter spirits, the beginning of Jehovah's might; we gaze on Him who is at once our elder brother and our God; upon our Father's throne, around whose base impenetrable darkness reigns, yet from whose top shekinah rays of glory beam; fit emblem of the unsearchable, the inconceivable, and yet the enlightening God. We gaze on sights which hold the breath, entrance the soul; we listen to that voice which taught on earth; we join in strains of deepest adoration, joy and love, sustained by all the hosts of heaven. We hear His gracious words, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and soon will come to take you to myself, that where I am ye may for ever be." We see His smile, we feel His Holy Spirit's quickening touch, and thus our hearts o'erflow with joy that never sprung from earth.

Spare us our Sabbath! *Is it to France you point us?* Is that the land where Sabbaths are enjoyed, where human life, in sunshine, sweetly passes on? What mean, then, these thousands of the dead, dragged yearly from the Seine? When Sabbaths were such times of bliss, why fled these to the river's bosom for relief? Why not prefer the witching music of the living string; the melting, gay, voluptuous, lust-awakening waltz; the glitter and parade of mortals aping butterflies; the imposing grandeur of an armed host; a grandeur which makes death and hell deride the littleness of man; or better far than these, the living flowers and trees, compared with which even all the pomp of Solomon was dust; why not prefer all these, together with the cheerful light of day, to the foul filth that lines the river's bed, to the dull unchanging murmur of its flow? Had that river a voice, to all creation it would cry, "Behold the end of Sabbath desecrators." Not one of these thousands of self-murderers kept the Sabbath-day.

Spare us our Sabbath! *Bring it to the test of ages past.* Our fathers sanctified the holy day, and it gave them strength to "foil a tyrant and a bigot's bloody laws;" to bear the winter's storm and might, in solitudes and caves; to brave the torture and the stake; to consecrate with blood their native soil, that it might be the home where freedom would for evermore delight

to dwell. For which self-sacrifice, their names, like that of Antipas in holy writ, shall ever fragrant, ever cherished be. If ye were tried with fire, would ye who advocate the loose observance of the Sabbath stand the test?

Spare us our Sabbath! *Bring it to the test of life's last hours.* When sinking nature tells the end is near, then bring thy Sabbaths that are past to bear thee up. No Sabbath joy is real, which has not power to cheer the soul in the last hour. *Take this true test, apply it now.* Call back the joys gone by to comfort thee, and make the valley bright. Hush, he's dying; we'll give him joy, the joys he thirsted for in balmy health. O sing the songs he loved to hear; let now the merry raise the glee; let now the witling call loud laughter forth; let youth and beauty smile, and move like fairy beings in the dance, before his glazing eyes; bid fancy paint the pleasures of the flesh, as luscious and divine; until the quivering pulse beats hale and strong. O do regale poor waning nature with the charms she sought in other times. Ha, how disease doth laugh at sense; doth mock the pleasures of this dusty frame; doth prove to every weeping eye the joys of time and sense are treacherous and false; are tasteless, voiceless, blank and rayless, when we come to die. They leave the wretched heart deserted and alone. Does this savage mockery alarm and start thee? 'Tis meant in mercy; know that death shall start thee more; know that only eternal joys can cross time's threshold; can dispel the gloom that lies so thick before the entrance to the tomb.

Spare us our Sabbath! Bring it to the test of life's last breath. For all who, on the Sabbath, raise their eyes to heaven, "angels will hover round their bed to waft their spirit home;" while those who keep their eyes on earth, and feast upon this passing scene, shall, like the doomed within the pirate ship, be forced by death to walk the plank, and drop into the depths below.

Spare us our Sabbath! for eternal wisdom placed it in the midst 'tween heaven and earth, 'twixt duties owed to God and man; because it is *the keystone, the keystone, the keystone,* of the bridge of duty and of life, and when removed the edifice is gone, and to each soul their cometh ruin, death, and hell. O poor world, God is the witness that those who really hallow the Sabbath, are not angry with you for your thougtless contemptuous attacks, but for your sake burst into tears.

We admit that the national piety of Scotland is different from that of other lands, and corresponds with her soil and clime. It is more intellectual than that of any other people. It delights to stand on the mount of contemplation. Her strong grasp of doctrine has made her resemble in stability the everlasting hills, has carried her successfully through greater sacrifices for religious freedom than any other nation on earth has ever made.

Piety, as we have seen, should rest upon two pillars, the intellect and the heart. It is best when both pillars are of equal strength and height. Scottish piety (not Scottish profession) is, we believe, better proportioned than that of any other nation. There is the far reaching glance which intellect obtains when seated on the mount of knowledge, and there is also the *still, calm, concealed joy* which the prospect affords. If we be not so *outward* in the expression of our joy as either English, Irish, or French, it is because ours is deeper, and sweeter. Our exterior may correspond with the coldness and gloom of our climate, but there are recesses in our hearts as beautiful as the vales of our mountain scenery, as beautiful as earth contains. There are four groups before me. A party of young men are leisurely rowing on the Forth at Stirling. The girls in the little boat waft music's silvery sounds to the delighted ear. Another group, a band of children, with wild flowers in hand, are joyously chasing a butterfly. Their varied tone, ruddy glow, ringing laugh, and bounding steps, arrest the eye of even dull old age, and change the wrinkles to a smile. A third party of middle aged persons are stretched upon the grass, near the banks of the river, finding amusement from gay small talk, and remarking upon passing objects. The fourth are within the castle, standing motionless, looking over the parapet, in the direction of the links of the Forth. Which of the four groups has the greatest joy? *The one which shows it least.* The party standing on the eminence, and having the magnificent prospect before them, give no sign of joy. The eye wanders in calm delight over the lovely scenery; it drinks in beauty silently. If Scottish piety, on the mount of hallowed thought, upon the Sabbath, speak not out its joy, let English critics not suppose our hearts are dead within. Are our mountains bleak and rugged? Does a southern eye turn away from their repulsive sterile sides? They are more fruitful than the plain. They feed our lakes—and Glasgow knows the value of a Highland lake. So, though our Scottish piety seem dreary, barren, cold, within its heart are rills of living water, sweeter to the taste than may be found in southern climes. If there be any national piety destined yet to bless the world, it is Scottish piety. We have seen it as genial as heart could desire. We have known faces so spiritualized by sweet holy grace as to become transparent—the soul so filled with heaven's own peace, as to preserve the constant placid smile. But these cases have been very rare; only four such have we seen in all our life. Unlike many critics, we do not complain of the *character* of our Scottish piety, but of its *scarcity.* If there was more piety in the church, the world would pour less contempt upon our Sabbath. It is too true that the majority of the members do not love God, and therefore have no piety, and therefore they cannot keep the Sabbath holy. Nothing but love

to God will sanctify the sacred day. Nothing but love to God will teach us how to act towards our children, and the world, with reference to the Sabbath. When a man loves God he sees his own defects, and so is very gentle to the faults of others. How often does a spiritually-minded parent get a lesson from the waywardness of his children on the holy day; how often has he, looking in the face of God, to sigh out, "Oh, my Father, give me patience with my child, its folly and disobedience are far less than my own; the wandering of its mind is visible to me, and so is the wandering of my own to Thee. My God, place Thy holy grace within its little heart, and then it shall delight in the Sabbath-day." A parent who loves God, will, on the Sabbath, represent God to his children as amiable, loving, kind; whereas, the majority of the members of the church, not loving God, do only frighten their children, by telling them where all children who break the Sabbath go. This want of love to God makes our slavish solemnity a punishment to our families, and our heartless profession intolerable to the world. Christians *must* have more joy on the Sabbath, in order to convince the world that our religion is not sour visaged hypocrisy; and the only possible way of getting more joy is to love God more. Loving God more, we shall love the world more; we shall more gently condemn its Sabbath profanation, and more diligently labour and pray for its salvation. How shall we increase our joy? Without taking space to show it is God that works in us both to will and to do, and that at the same time He expects and commands us by reflection and effort to contribute to our own growth in love and joy, we will remark that in spiritual, exactly as in natural affairs, "the hand of the diligent maketh rich." If we would have much joy we must be slaves of Jesus Christ. If we desire a joy so soothing, so triumphant, so soul-entrancing, that we would not part with it an hour to obtain possession of all the stars that sparkle in the firmament, with their countless dependent worlds; a faith so strong that we could stamp all the powers of darkness under our feet; we must lie, for ever lie, under the soles of Christ our God. We must waft to him glory in every thought, in every wish, in every act, and that in every moment of our lives, till, on angels' wings, we be carried to see Him as He is. We must seek His honour in buying and selling, in eating and drinking, in waking and sleeping, in working and resting; and that in all the chequered scenes of our pilgrimage below. And when we thus breathe only to and by Christ, the crucified for us, we may call creation ours, we may call archangels our fellows, we may call things past, present, and to come, ours; for we shall be heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ, of all the Father's infinite and everlasting empire. Will we not then try, by that holy life which convinces, by that purity which draws, by that kindness which melts, by that charity

which is ever gentle to the fallen and wayward, by that joy which is wealth, by that contentment which is gain, and by that temperance which watches a father's every look, and joyfully hastes to anticipate his desires, to honour our Saviour God. Then we would hear no more from the world about hypocrisy, or the gloom of our Scottish Sabbaths.

There are some verses and some phrases in the Bible that fascinate the soul. One of them is "a slave of Jesus Christ." The apostles rejoiced to call themselves servants, or slaves of Jesus Christ. Who shall fathom its meaning? Amazing thought! for me to be a slave of Jesus Christ, means, Jesus Christ to be my slave for ever. My slave, who kept the law for me, who "hath borne my griefs, and carried my sorrows;" whose hands, feet, and side, shall for ever bear the marks of His sufferings for me. My slave, who hath watched over me ceaselessly since I drew the breath of life, who provides for all my wants, who waters my soul with grace; who soothes me in trouble; who takes the sting from disappointment and care; who maketh all things to work together for good to me, even my falls, provocations, and sins. My slave, to hold me in His arms when I come to die, then to drive back my enemy, whisper His holy peace, and bear me through the valley, the avenue to home. My slave for ever above. There is but one anxious heart in the paradise on high. It is the heart of Jesus Christ, the slave of the human race. Upon Him alone rests the burden of providing enjoyment for ever, for His brethren redeemed. It is He who is to open up new fields of knowledge, to relate to us the wonders of the past, to unvail the mysteries of creation, and the deeper mysteries of providence. It is He who is to give us power to act upon matter wondrously; for in eternity we shall be workers, *unwearied* workers with the Mighty One. Taste, imagination, power, and skill, shall find full scope beneath the eye of an approving, teaching God. To supply eternal joy for all the myriads of the saved, to bring forward ever varying and magnificent scenes of beauty, to delight and expand the soul; ever deepening thoughts for an intellect vastly enlarged to feed upon; ever fresh and higher manifestations of divine goodness and glory, to make the heart swim in adoring love; this is the mighty task that is laid upon Jesus Christ. Yes, amazing thought! for me to be a slave of Jesus Christ, means Christ to be my slave for ever.

A little gracious sense would soon unite the various evangelical dissenting denominations. Drops of quicksilver have not a greater tendency to run into one mass, than grace in different hearts into one community of feeling, action, and aim. There is but *one* Holy Ghost, *one* kind of holy grace, *one* family, *one* home, *one* Saviour, *one* God and Father of all. Every believer must have observed that when grace is strong within, he is more powerfully drawn in affection to other Christians, and even to

his brother man in the world. Whenever we hear of men advocating separation, we know it is the voice of the fallen heart, not of grace. The fallen heart thinks it is far-reaching, and yet in spiritual things it is exceedingly shortsighted indeed. It imagines that a healthy denominational rivalry is necessary to the prosperity of the church; that without calling into operation the desire of superiority which is so strong in the human breast, all those efforts which are the offspring of emulation, would cease; every branch of evangelistic labour would decay. We do not believe the funds of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches would suffer by a junction. And what we most certainly believe is, that God looketh on the heart; that He is the God of unity and love; that He will not bless those who do not love their brethren; nor make their sacrifices for the gospel ripen into a glorious harvest. It is not money alone that is needed in the church. Bear witness Laodicea. It would be a stretch of charity to suppose that all the offerings of all the dissenting bodies in Scotland, during last year, were the means of *converting* as many souls, as did Peter after the day of Pentecost without a penny. God can make £500 go farther in evangelising the world, if that little sum were given out of pure love to Him and to man, than £5,000,000 contributed to keep up the honour of contending sects. Omnipotence will not work with pride or dissension; if we wish the salvation of the world, let us unite; let us give cause for men to repeat the remark of the primitive evangelizing times, "Behold how these Christians love one another." As to the stumbling block of the province of the civil magistrate, gracious sense perceives it not. The first, the paramount duty of man, whether ruler or ruled, is allegiance to God. Every one possessed of civil authority is bound to act in his civil as well as in his private capacity, according to his conscience, and in subjection to Jesus Christ. If he be true to Jesus Christ in private, and false to Him in public; Christian as an individual, and anti-christian as a member of Parliament, when the devil gets the member of Parliament, what will become of the individual? Every ruler is under solemn obligation to advance the cause of truth, virtue, and religion. Yes, but in what manner? Solely by the influence of his example, and by recommending and voting for the suppression of public evils, *but never by coercion.* "My kingdom is not of this world, said Jesus Christ, I scorn to have a subject bound to me by *force.*" Let rulers be nursing fathers to the church by the attraction of their example, not by the sword. Queen Victoria more assists the progress of religion, by her attendance upon holy ordinances, than she could by an edict, for her example is at once that of a woman and a queen. All the furtherance which Jesus Christ, the governor of the nations, demands for His cause, from rulers, is simple protection. They are to be a terror to evil doers; to

such whose *public* conduct tends to demoralize the people, and thus, *in its ultimate consequences*, produces public calamity. Give Christianity free room to grow; that is all that Christ requires from us. Still, protection from opposing forces, may look like persecution of these opposing forces. Thus, if Parliament were to enact a law against *public* Sabbath labour, many men would complain of it as an attempt to compel them to be religious, but a sensible man would call it merely an act of protection. If religion is to progress, it must have opportunity; public Sabbath labour deprives it of opportunity, and thus, in reality, assails its very life. Whereas, the prohibition of public Sabbath labour would not, of itself, make a single man religious; but it would give liberty to all to be religious or irreligious as they pleased. The prohibition would be universal freedom; without it, many thousands are at present in bondage. A Christian member of Parliament would certainly vote for this liberty to all. It is impossible to say how far men will yet go in wise prohibitions. We hope the time is not far distant when men shall vote for the suppression of everything which leads to public evil, and for our part we will never pronounce as tyranny the voice of the majority. With respect to the furtherance of religion by an Established Church, by a church whose revenues are collected under *civil penalty*, it is plainly coercion, not simple protection. And coercion in spiritual things will never be successful. Ask the ages that are past, and they will tell thee that an Established Church never could draw the inhabitants of a nation within its walls; never could long preserve purity of doctrine, or fidelity of discipline; never could equal the efforts and prosperity of the primitive churches, without a farthing of endowments; or even run side by side with the dissenters of modern times. It is a fact that the missionary gifts and labours of the Established Churches in Britain, will not stand a moment's comparison with those of dissenting evangelical denominations. Again we repeat the words of Jesus Christ, "My kingdom is not of this world," and must not be supported by taxes enforced, but by the love of a devoted heart. The Jewish religion was one for Judea, not for the world; for Jews, not for universal man. And who shall prove that the tithes of even that local temporary church were collected *under civil penalty?*

Anxiously should we pray for gracious sense to bleeding America. Common sense says the secession of the South was the occasion of the present war. Gracious sense has a larger range of vision, and sees that the sins of both North and South are the cause of God's heavy judgments. Jehovah gives proof that He is displeased with both. The course for both is clear and simple; but such is fallen human nature, that it will follow its own way even to death. Both should confess and relinquish past national sins; both should, for a season, cease from war,

that reason may calmly, in the sight of God, consider what is best to be done. Both should at once and forever wash their hands of the sin and curse of slavery. Unconditional emancipation may be best for some portions of the North. Conditional emancipation *is* best for the South. God never established slavery, it existed before He spoke a word to Moses. The laws regarding slavery in the Old Testament were not a full revelation of His will. For His own purposes He withheld a full disclosure, for He was under no obligation to give light to man. He satisfied Himself with announcing the plan which, *with the least disturbance to society,* would remove the dreadful curse. We will follow His example now. Let the South pass a law that all bond slaves within its territory are free, *so* free that hereafter they cannot be sold, nor families separated; that marriage shall be sacred; negro testimony received; education, both secular and religious, provided; food and raiment sufficient be supplied, and the hours of labour limited to what health can bear; and yet that all who are at present slaves shall remain servants to their masters till death. This latter clause is no hardship, for even the poor in Briton have to labour on to feeblest old age. All born after the passing of the law to be allowed to go out free when arriving at thirty years. A few large Government plantations could be formed to receive the slaves of proprietors deceased. By this conditional emancipation slave-holders retain all they at present call theirs, and since they can have no claim to the unborn, they should without a grudge pronounce the doom of slavery.

Gracious sense alone will bridge over the gulf between rich and poor, between capital and labour. We rejoice that a happier time is at hand, and we will accord to science all due praise. We have no sympathy with those blind Christians who undervalue the agency of science and art in promoting the happiness of our race. The discoveries of the last hundred years we regard as a *material* revelation from God. We are glad at every improvement which shall alleviate the labours and the suffering of man. Science advance! in God's great name we bid thee speed. Jehovah in the distant past hid countless treasures in the womb of earth, in kindness to His youngest child. Well He knew that mind, immortal mind, would search them out. Ransack the world, bring her riches forth, chain every force of nature to the car of human progress; lessen the primeval curse of hard laborious toil. God, with a father's joy, beholds your deeds; and angels held their breath when man the child of dust seized the dread lightning with a daring hand, when, swift as seraph's starry wing, it sped along o'er land, and sea, obedient to his touch. They hailed the rising of their younger brother nearer to the skies. Still, while willing to estimate at its full value every means in the power of man to elevate our race, we know

that nothing short of gracious sense can be the cure for the many vexations, disappointments, trials and sorrows, which, in spite of secular education, science, manufactures, and arts, will always abound in human life. It is hard for a working man to endure snash from foreman or employer, but if he could look up and smile in the face of God, "I get no frowns or insults from Thee, Father," the heart could bear in patience and in peace. It is hard for a merchant or manufacturer to read an invitation to a meeting of creditors, without a ruffled spirit. If he could breathe out, "All that I have is Thine, my God, take it now if it be Thy will. I know Thou wilt provide for mine and me; Thou art the riches of my heart," he could possess his soul in sweet tranquillity. Gracious sense alone will enable servants to make due allowance for the cares, the weight of responsibility that will not leave the mind of their masters; it alone will teach employers to feel in kindly sympathy for those beneath them. Not till Holy grace reign in the hearts of both, shall there be an end of hatred, strife, retaliation and strikes. We slate the roof of our dwellings, and we are comfortable, whether it be hail, snow, or rain. We must slate the roof of the heart by trust in the love and protection of God, if we would be safe from the many many storms of life.

We must now close, and let it be upon our dominant idea. We need 6000 missionary volunteers, for our city *is* sinking, and no other agency will ever lift it up, or prevent the progress of degeneracy. All our existing machinery is hopelessly inadequate and powerless. We are not blind to the importance of the means at present in operation in connection with our City Mission, Temperance League, Prohibition Society, Abstainers' Union, Society for Social Reform, &c., &c.; neither are we blind to the truth, that with them all the city *is* sinking, as our statistics prove. And why? Because the lowest stratum of our adult population, *that from which crime proceeds*, is almost entirely neglected. That lowest stratum *will not* come out to our meetings; it will lie where it is, and putrefy, if it be left alone, and therefore we *must* go forth to it. It is not the poorest or the dissipated portion of our people who attend our lectures or concerts, and that poor and dissipated portion we must no longer leave alone; we must act upon it with common sense, gracious sense, and benevolence. 1st. With common sense. Some Christians who call this world a wilderness, and life a weary pilgrimage, scowl at the idea of providing innocent amusement and recreation for our toiling masses. "Give them the gospel," they say, "and that is quite sufficient." Sufficient for what? Would it be sufficient for a man's supper, or for a bed? It never was intended to be a substitute for the necessaries or innocent demands of our nature. God no more designed the gospel to supplant permitted and beneficial pleasures, than He purposed

it should take the place of the sun. Let the Bible regulate all allowable gratifications, but let it not extirpate them; that, indeed, it cannot do; that, indeed, God will never let it do. Working-men, whose muscles have been strained, whose nervous system has been depressed at their daily toil, *do* require agreeable relaxation, and by all means let them have it, yet, so that it shall refine and purify as well as delight. The Christians we refer to, not having any common sense, suppose that society will be regenerated by merely plying the masses with religious discourse. They surely either have never tried to raise up the sunken, or they have apostolic gifts. If we had the power of conferring the Holy Ghost, we would certainly depend upon it alone. But what is to be done if the people turn with indifference from our exhortations, as they generally do, and wallow, as before, in the mire of their old sinful pleasures? In such circumstances an intelligent missionary volunteer, while not ceasing to urge religious motives, would introduce pleasures wholesome and moral, in order to banish the vicious. But in a word, human nature is human nature, and *we* are not able to alter it. It *will* have amusement, for this is an indestructible craving, and the church has only two alternatives, either provide and regulate proper enjoyment, and thus diminish the city's crime and misery, or let the devil continue to supply that which is sinful, and thus sink the city deeper in vice and woe. 2nd. With gracious sense. While we maintain the necessity of public lectures, concerts, soirees, &c., &c., we place them where they should be, only in the second rank. They will never suppress our intemperance, far less turn our people to God. At the close of one of the Abstainers' Union concerts, on a Saturday night, we observed 18 men and 5 women, walk straight from the City Hall into the public-house opposite. If 23 went into *one* whisky shop, how many more would drop into those throughout the town. We have gone to the lectures and concerts got up by the Social Reform Society, and, as we expected, found it was not the poor, ignorant, and degraded of our people who attended. And even if they did attend, they would feel themselves lost in the mass, they could not be so powerfully impressed as by the volunteer missionary going from house to house, taking each man by the hand, and showing he had a heart's desire for each one's elevation and happiness. Besides, innocent recreation will not for a moment be compared with the genial conversation of a loving heart, on how to rise in this world, and how to inherit the world to come. 3rd. With benevolence. All that we ask for the poor is education and work. Every member of society should, if possible, be self-sustaining.

To illustrate the value of the Christian visitation of the poor, which was started by Dr Chalmers, while he was minister of St John's, we will give a short passage from a life history. Twenty-

nine years ago, there lived in a little shop, in Kirk Street, Calton, a family, consisting of four girls and a boy, then about eight years of age, with their mother and grandmother. The father was dead. At the time to which we refer it was December; gloomy without the dwelling, but more gloomy within. All the inmates were lying helpless in spotted fever, except the boy who was now recovering, and who had then barely strength to carry to the rest a cup of water. It was Friday afternoon. The mother tried to rise, and with his aid she reached a chair. An expression of unutterable compassion came over the wild glazing eyes, as they rested upon her desolate children. Then she turned away her head, for tears were stealing down her fevered cheeks. Silently she sat, for memory seemed busy with the past. The boy spoke softly to her, for he feared the wildness of her dying eyes; but she answered not; only more sad became her look. Nursed in her infancy and youth with the too fond affection which an only child receives; surrounded in the opening years of womanhood with every comfort; dark, dark, had been her married life; so dark, that ere the fever laid her low, her heart was broke. Next day she died. The boy had been her only nurse, for none would come within the dwelling of the plague. The neighbours stood without the door, and when they learned her death, they brought a coffin, then a hearse. There were no mourners at the funeral, save that feeble boy, who, shivering in the cold, sat up beside the driver. He wished to know the spot wherein his mother, ever dear, was laid. The rest recovered, and then things grew worse. For now the demon drink seized the old woman. So changed had been the later years of life, that memory could not bear the retrospect, and so she sought to quench her sorrow with the fatal cup; the fatal cup that had brought on the sorrow. The May term arrived, and then she, with the children, wandered forth, not knowing where she went. For six weeks they begged and slept on stairs. At last one of those houses which we have justly called slaughter pens, was got. It, fortunately, was in St John's Parish, opposite the Barracks, in Gallowgate. A single apartment, some 12 feet square, earthen floor, with a diminutive window within two yards of a dungstead. The boy collected shavings from a joiner's shop, and on this bed the children slept as if in paradise. Still they begged. The first Sabbath morning after the house was got, an angel, sent by a pitying God, visited the dwelling. Some of his scholars were unwell, and the Sabbath school teacher of the district, making a call at 10 o'clock, before going to church, was informed by the neighbours of the new come family. He knocked, to invite the children to his school. Seeing the desolate appearance of the house, and desolate it was indeed, for there was not a morsel of bread for breakfast, he gave the old woman eighteen-pence, told her to

get some bread for the children, and wash their faces, as he would call for them in the afternoon, to go to school. He came, and took them by the hand. Was this not true and undefiled religion? Was the offering before the Sabbath-bell invited to church, not as holy as the voice of praise or prayer within the great assembly? This was all the alms he ever gave, for Dr Chalmers had wisely taught his agents not to carry the poor, but help them to walk. On the following Monday he informed the visiting elder, who was a gentleman living near Blythswood Square, of the condition of the new comers. He was the person who had been driven out by Dr Chalmers, into the vineyard, and for many years after the doctor had left Glasgow, that elder regularly went through the whole of his district every month. Thus the most obscure and destitute were sure to be found out. On inquiring into the past history of the family, he at once put things right. Some cast-off clothes from his own house decked out the children like gentry. One of the girls was sent to service, another to Millar's Charity School, while the boy was got into Hutchesons' Hospital. Before and after school hours, he, by being a message boy, earned his own bread. The regular kindly visit from teacher and elder induced the old woman to abstain from drinking, and to put to proper use a small life annuity which she had. From the hour these visitors entered the miserable dwelling, there was a complete revolution; it now became a home. Year by year things grew brighter. Before he was twenty, the boy could keep his sisters and grandmother in such comfort as steady working people enjoy. The hardships of his youth were needed to teach him some sympathy for the poor, and after Providence had thrown him into severer trials to teach him sympathy for the tempted, he sat down and wrote this book.

We are convinced that no agency but the *territorial* visitation, started by Dr Chalmers, will ever reach that neglected and sunken portion of our people, from which our crime mostly proceeds. When I was a beggar boy, sleeping on stairs, of what use to me would have been all the concerts, lectures, excursions, sermons, &c., &c., kept up by the Abstainers' Union, Society for Social Reform, Permissiye Bill Association, Temperance League, &c. All the means in operation are required, but to them must be added the greatest of all, the visitation of intelligent Christian men, otherwise the city will infallibly sink. Give us our 6000 missionary volunteers, and as few public houses in the poorer localities as there are in the wealthy districts, and we are certain that the statistics of 1870 shall show a diminution of at least fifty per cent. in our taxes, suffering and crime. No one can tell what good Dr Chalmers effected by the noble band of workers which he trained while minister of St John's. That good yet lives, and ever will. Would we could write a book to be his

monument, when that above his grave has passed away beneath the crumbling touch of time. His agents were men of common sense, and some of them of gracious sense. They sought to provide the poor with these two chief blessings, education and work. Some of these workers I can never forget. On my Sabbath school teacher's countenance I first saw a spiritual expression, the placid smile of sweet holy grace. It is many long years since he entered into his rest, yet at this moment his kindly hand is on my head, his gracious words are in my ears, and his smile of love is on my heart.

> "Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
> And fondly broods with miser care;
> Time but the impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

If there be a grave on earth over which I could shed the tear of affection, it is that of my first Sabbath school teacher.

We *must* go forth to visit our sunken masses. But is there not danger? Shall we not grow weary of our task; shall we not contaminate ourselves instead of raising our neglected people to a purer and a better life? Danger; yes there is danger, unless we grasp the drowning with the hand of love, and at the same time cling to Omnipotence with the hand of faith. He who goes into our lanes, closes, slaughter pens, in company with God, is perfectly secure. We have seen in the country a lovely little spring. The children amused themselves by casting earth and stones into its unsullied face. But it tired them out. How soon it brushed every impurity away. Pellucid as before it flowed, that lovely little spring. How doth it rise and flow? It cometh from the far off mountain's breast, and high as that it seeks to rise and flow. So, when from the mount of mercy infinite that is in God, there cometh daily to the heart the waters of sweet holy grace, when the life is hid with Christ in God, we may go forth unharmed. And if we don't, it is a sign of death. The spiritually living, by a law of their nature, sympathise with the spiritually diseased and dying.

We *must* go forth. Here are riches immortal for all. The riches of this world are for the few, and only for a time. How many in their pursuit have erred, have deadened conscience, seared the heart, blasted the character, and at the last been pierced with many sorrows. And even when honestly, honourably got, the soul is tenant only for an hour. "The fashion of this world passeth away," 1 Cor. vii. 31. Time shall lay his mouldering hand upon our hoary cathedral, and its ruins remain a relict of the past; all the architectural beauty of the city shall decay; our descendants shall remove the then crumbling edifices, which are now our boast; the splendid mansions, gorgeous adornments, rich attire, all that constitutes the lust of the